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MEMOIRS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

BY

John Holland and James Everett

VOL. IV.

The Home, Sheffield.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

INCLUDING

SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE, REMAINS IN PROSE AND VERSE, AND CONVERSATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

JOHN HOLLAND AND JAMES EVERETT.

VOL. VI.

"There is a living spirit in the lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language to the world unknown;
It speaks that language to the bard alone."

World before the Flood.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

1841.

Page

Appeal on behalf of Greenlanders. — Lectures at Bradford. — Letter to Samuel Roberts. — Conversation. — Puseyism. — Lord's Supper among the Moravians. — Jubilee of Rev. William Jay. — Letter to George Bennet. — Religious People and Slavery. — Parson's Gown on the Stage. — Sir Arnold Knight. — Philosophical Society. — Mr. Everett at the Mount. — Conversation. — Easter Monday and the Sweeps. — Death of Rev. Ignatius Montgomery. — Letter to George Bennet. — Thomson's Seasons. — Epitaph. — Montgomery sits for a Bust. — Chantrey. 1

CHAP. LXXXVI.

1841.

Montgomery accompanies Rev. P. Latrobe to Scotland. — Public Meetings at Glasgow in behalf of Moravian Missions. — Address. — Paisley and Greenock. — Complimentary Breakfast to the Poet at Glasgow. — Speeches. — Irvine. — Scenes and Incidents. — Montgomery receives the Freedom of his Native Burgh. — Ayr. — Ladies at Public Meeting. — Burns. — Kilmarnock. — Loch Lomond and Stirling. — Edinburgh. — Public Meetings. — Addresses. — Hawthornden - - - - 36

CHAP. LXXXVII.

1841.

Scottish Description of Montgomery's Personal Appearance. — Deputation Returns to England. — Illidge's Portrait

Page

of Montgomery. — Letters to and from Dr. Huie. — Seventieth Anniversary of his Birthday. — Letter to George Bennet. — Centenary Celebration of the Moravian Missionary Society. — Sudden Death of Mr. Bennet. — Lectures at Birmingham. — Letter to Mr. Holland. — To Dr. Huie - - - - - - 71

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

1842.

Robbery at the Mount. — Perfidy of a Servant. — Henry Vaugham. — Christening of the Prince of Wales. — Swain's Poem on "The Mind." — Conversation. — The "Lost Church." — Conversation. — Animal Magnetism. — Income-Tax. — Memento of the Poet to the Town of Irvine. — Letter to Bailie Dick. — to Miss Gales. — Robert's "Jews and Gypsies." — Monument and Testimony of Mr. Bennet. — Essay on Milton. — The Poor and the Corn-Law. — Letter to William Leach. — "Filtering" Old Poetry - - - - - - 92

CHAP. LXXXIX.

1842.

Slaves held by Missionaries at the Island of St Thomas. — Montgomery's Counsel and Protest. — Knibb the Baptist Missionary.—Montgomery accompanies Mr. La Trobe on a Missionary Tour to Ireland. — Public Breakfast to the Deputation in Dublin. — Meetings at Belfast. — Address to the Poet in Verse. — Speeches. — Gracehill. — Letter to John Holland. — Return to England. — Moffat the Missionary. — Letter to James Everett - - - 127

CHAP. XC.

1843.

Failure of Parker, Shore, and Co.'s Bank. — Montgomery Addresses a Public Meeting on the Subject. — Reading

Page

to Young Men. — Letter to Mrs. Gregory. — George Borrow. —David Brainerd and Spiritual Dejection. — Death of Southey. — The Poet Laureate. — Wordsworth.—Conversation. — The Cid. — Remarkable Comet. — Letter to Rev. P. Latrobe. — Worksop Manor. — Mrs. Sigourney. — Long Days. — Life of Francis Horner. — Abraham and Sarah. — The Jews. — Poetical Passages - - 150

CHAP. XCI.

1843.

Wesleyan Conference. — Montgomery goes to Buxton. — Letters to John Holland and Miss Gales. — Grass of Parnassus. — Conversation. — Birks on Prophetic Interpretation. — Swallows in a Snow-Storm. — Free Church of Scotland. — The Queen at Chatsworth. — Marriage of Harriet Montgomery. — Old Sheffield Cutlery. — Southey's Poetry - - - - - - - 176

CHAP. XCII.

1844.

Burns' Commemoration Festival. — Montgomery's Letter to the Committee. — Rival Gas-Light Parties. — Jocular Epitaph. — Pitman's Phonography. — Longfellow. — Lectures at Wakefield and Retford. — Indian Jugglery. — Puffing and Quackery. — The "Hindoo Convert." — Conversation. — Letter to James Everett. — Niebuhr. — Moravian Festival. — Lectures at Liverpool. — Letters to Mrs. Byrom. — To John Holland. — To Dr. Raffles. — M. Zula. — Mr. Congreve. — "Giving out" Hymns. — Memorial of Bishop Holmes - - - - 198

CHAP. XCIII.

1845.

Indications of Age. — Lord Eldon's Opinion on Slavery. — Letters and Autographs. — The "Sheffield Club." —

Page

Poetical Puffs. — Whit-Monday. — Ethnology. — The Fair. — Illingworth's "Voice from the Sanctuary." — Montgomery's Opinion of the Work. — American Theologians. — Swiss Visitor at the Mount. — Gift of a Silver Inkstand.—The Burying Beetle. — Interview with Bryant the American Poet. — Conversation. — The Maple in Autumn.—Verses on the Death of a Child.—Basalt Columns. — Pocahontas. — Pybus. — Letter to Rev. P. Latrobe - 230

CHAP. XCIV.

1845.

The "Two Montgomeries." — Egregious Mis-statements. — Rev. Charles Hoyle. — Wedding Rhymes. — Meeting of Medical Association. — Montgomery's Change of Dress. — Lady Hester Stanhope. — Bishop Ravenscroft. — Cooper's "Purgatory of Suicides." — Moravian Hymn Book. — Change of Ministry. — Death of Lord Wharncliffe. — Christmas Eve. — The Corn-Laws - - 253

CHAP. XCV.

1846.

Indications of Age.—"Whychcote of St. John's."— Sidney and Languet's Letters. — Astley Cooper and the Body-snatchers.—Needles in the Flesh.—Memoirs of Musicians. — Anti-polemics. — Dodsley's Birth-place. — Walk and Conversation.—Illidge's Portrait of Montgomery - - 274

CHAP. XCVI.

1846.

Howitt's Visit to Herrnhut. — Letter to Mrs. Brackenbury. —Autographs.—Norton-Hall.—The Infidel and the Christian. — Whit-Monday. — The "Grasshopper."—Wordsworth's Anti-railroad Sonnet. — Charlotte Elizabeth. — Letter to John Blackwell — Thomas Cooper, "The Chartist" - - - - - - 290

CHAP. XCVII.

1846.

Page

Bishop of Calcutta preaches at Sheffield. — Conversation. — Anti-slavery Meeting. — Letter to Mrs. Favell. — Visit to Harrogate.—Letters to John Holland.—Mr. Roberts' Donation to the Moravians. — Sonnet by Hartley Coleridge. — The Planet Neptune. — Visit to Raithby Hall. — Accident.—Conversation.—Lines on "Franklin."—The "Departing Year" - - - - - - 308

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

1841.

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF GREENLANDERS. — LECTURES AT BRADFORD. — LETTER TO SAMUEL ROBERTS. — CONVERSATION. — PUSEYISM. — LORD'S SUPPER AMONG THE MORAVIANS. — JUBILEE OF REV. WILLIAM JAY. — LETTER TO GEORGE BENNET. — RELIGIOUS PEOPLE AND SLAVERY. — PARSON'S GOWN ON THE STAGE. — SIR ARNOLD KNIGHT. — PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. — MR. EVERETT AT THE MOUNT. — CONVERSATION. — EASTER MONDAY AND THE SWEEPS. — DEATH OF REV. IGNATIUS MONTGOMERY. — LETTER TO GEORGE BENNET. — THOMSON'S "SEASONS." — EPITAPH. — MONTGOMERY SITS FOR A BUST. — CHANTREY.

On New Year's Day, Montgomery was, for the third time, unanimously elected President of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society.

A few days afterwards he published in the Sheffield newspapers an earnest and affecting address to the public, on behalf of the Moravian Missionaries in

Greenland, whose Christian converts were suffering severely from the want of food and fuel. * Confident of the success of this appeal to "those who were enjoying in abundance the proverbial comforts of the *Englishman's fireside*," he left home for Bradford, where he spent three weeks in the delivery of his six Lectures on the British Poets, before large audiences of "the highest classes the neighbourhood could afford." He was the guest of John Rand, Esq.; and among other persons, he met Dr. Scoresby, at that time Vicar of Bradford, and whom he had formerly known at Exeter. He had been "overwhelmed with Yorkshire hospitality," to use his words in a letter to Mr. Bennet, which concludes with, "I have just heard, when about the middle of this page, that Mr. Samuel Roberts, Jun., is married this morning to Miss Sorby: a great wedge of bridecake has arrived here. When will *you* send us one? Sarah and I will be glad to receive such a token of your *additional* happiness! but not unless it be for that in every good sense." In a subsequent letter to the same correspondent, he says, "I have *not* paid the bride a visit at Queen's Tower; but mean to do so in a *letter:* in the same way, through the Park Grange family, I did send them my congratulations and good wishes."

* "On that ice-bound coast, where the cold is not unfrequently forty or even fifty degrees below the freezing point, scarcely any fuel grows, and the measure of supply depends chiefly upon the drift wood which is brought by the sea, during the few weeks of summer. The little brushwood which is produced in the country is used for fuel, but in order to gather it the missionaries have to undertake a perilous expedition of forty miles in an open boat, exposed to furious storms, and those engaged are separated from their flocks for several weeks."—*Appeal*, Jan. 7. 1841.

James Montgomery to Samuel Roberts, Jun.

"The Mount, Feb. 4. 1841.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Will you now accept what I most sincerely offer,—my best wishes and congratulations on the new connection in life, and for life, which you have formed with a companion who, I trust, will be found all you have sought or can desire in one so nearly and dearly bound to you by ties the most solemn and sacred that unite persons of different sexes on earth. May these be bound in heaven with the vows which were made by you at the altar, and were at the same moment registered on high! Long and happily may you dwell together, being blessed in yourselves and in one another, and made blessings to the families, the neighbourhood, and the land, to which you respectively belong. I have been so much from home during the last four weeks, that I have not been well able to send an earlier expression of my good will on this occasion to yourself, though I included a brief apostrophe of the kind in a note which I had occasion to write to your honoured father a few days after your marriage. With kindest respects to your amiable partner,

"I am truly your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Samuel Roberts, Jun., Queen's Tower."

But more interesting to Montgomery at this moment than either the paying of bridal compliments or the acceptance of Yorkshire hospitalities, were his poor suffering brethren within the Arctic Circle. "I find myself," says he, in a letter, "on my return home amidst a crowd of epistles, received during my absence, and all demanding immediate acknowledgment—the greater number being communications of bounty, which

I have been publicly soliciting in behalf of our missionaries in Greenland, suffering from deficiency of fuel, and their widows and fatherless converts, distressed from want of food and shelter. Liberal contributions have flowed in during my absence, and I must close the account, and send off the pecuniary means of supplying the necessities of both cases, by coals and other commodities to be shipped from Denmark, where they can be furnished cheapest and most directly." He had the gratification of remitting to the fund in London the sum of seventy pounds.

Immediately on his return to Sheffield he called upon Mr. Holland, who had forwarded to him three parcels of proof sheets of the edition of his Poems, then in the press.— *Holland:* "Have you yet sold the stereotype plates of the last edition, as well as the copies of the work in stock?" *Montgomery:* "No: will you give 24*l.* (what they cost) for them; covenanting not to publish them during my life-time?" *Holland:* "There are many other things of yours, which I would have no objection to purchase on that condition." *Montgomery:* "Well, you mean manuscripts, most likely. Now, I'll tell you where you will find perhaps one of the best specimens of my handwriting in existence." He then proceeded, in his strain of pleasantry, to mention that while at Bradford, he had been shown a pencil sketch of a face, and was asked whether he knew it? He replied, he saw whom it was intended for, but he was sure the person whom it was meant to represent never sat for it. It had, in fact, been copied from Westoby's miniature of the poet. Accompanying it was a quarto sheet of letter paper, in his own handwriting; but what the subject was, and why in such a fair and legible character, he could not at first comprehend. On reading the introductory paragraph, he was still more puzzled,

having lost all recollection of the subject, which, it turned out, comprised the pith of arguments for and against judicial interference with blasphemous publications, and deciding, that, with reference to some particular case, if the law did not interfere, it ought to do. He discovered, in the end, that the paper was the original copy of one of his own newspaper articles which had been transmitted by him from Leamington in 1819, having been written thus fairly out, in order to avoid errors of the press, as he could not see a "proof" of it before publication. The conversation turning from the manuscript to the subject of it, he said, "I almost wish the law authorised some interference with the so-called 'Socialists,' who are at the present moment so openly, as well as insidiously, destroying the morals of thousands of the lower order of the community." *Holland:* "And yet here is a correspondent of the 'Globe' newspaper, who contends that *Puseyism* is doing a mischief to the upper classes similar to what socialism is doing in the lower, — a most absurd assertion: Puseyism is bad enough, but certainly not so bad as *that;* it does not foster immorality. Did you hear or meet with any thing of it at Bradford?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; I was sorry to hear too much of it from a young man who having been sent out by the 'Pastoral Aid Society,' would, I think, have been much better employed in preaching 'Jesus Christ, and him crucified,' than in discussing certain speculative notions entertained by the party in question. The 'Pastoral Aid Society' should be careful in general not to send out young men, belonging to either distinct sect in the Church; neither such as are of the extreme section of the party called Evangelical, on the one hand, nor High Churchmen on the other; much less Puseyites, who talk about lecterns, and fald-

stools, shew-bread, and candles, genuflexions, and such like matters, when they ought to be earnestly preaching the gospel." *Holland:* "But you did not actually meet with any of these things?" *Montgomery:* "No, I did not: and it is said that Dr. Hook, seized with a fit of economy, has blown out the candles on his altar at Leeds. I have seen our Moravian brethren use lighted candles at the sacrament, when it was administered late on a Saturday evening." *Holland:* "But did they ever use them at Midsummer, or when there was daylight enough to see without them?" *Montgomery:* "Certainly not." This led to some further remarks on the usual mode of administering the sacrament among the Moravians. *Montgomery:* "We make use of a wafer, instead of the common bread." *Holland:* "Do you mean such a wafer as the Roman Catholics use, on similar occasions?" *Montgomery:* "I never saw the wafer of the Romish Church." One of these wafers of the ordinary size, and a smaller one (the *viaticum*) being immediately placed in his hand, the poet looked at them with evident curiosity and interest, remarking with reference to the impression of the cross, that, apart from sacred associations, its form was pleasing in all the varieties of delineation which had been so ingeniously given to it as a symbol. He explained, however, that the term "wafer," as used by him in reference to the Moravian sacrament, must be applied to the thinness and consistency of the bread, and not at all to its form, which was not round, but oblong, and bore no markings. Moreover, it was broken into small pieces by the minister, as he delivered it to the communicants, who held it in their hands until he pronounced the usual words, "take, eat," &c., when each, placing the consecrated element in the mouth, they all knelt down together for a short time. He recollected when the

members of the old congregation at Mirfield, consisting, however, of perhaps not more than seventy persons, immediately after receiving, used to prostrate themselves on the floor, the men on one side of the chapel, and the women on the other. In partaking of the wine, the cup, instead of being given to each individual by the officiating minister, is passed from one to the other, the sexes occupying separate positions on either side of the chapel, as, indeed, they do during worship generally.

On Monday, February 1st, the friends of the Rev. William Jay of Bath commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as pastor of Argyle Street Chapel, in that city. A lady who took a considerable interest in this uncommon jubilee of ministerial service, applied to Montgomery to compose something to be sung on the occasion: he yielded to her request; and wrote two hymns*, the singing of which formed the most interesting portion of the special services of the day.

The following letter was addressed to Mr. Goodwin, the chairman of the Jubilee committee:—

"Sheffield, Feb. 9. 1841.

"Dear Friend,

"Accept my best thanks for your packet and the accompanying newspaper, which duly arrived on Saturday. I do heartily congratulate you and your brethren, as well as your venerable pastor and his partner, on the happy celebration of his jubilee anniversary in Bath. I have read the proceedings, both of the Sabbath and the Tuesday following, with great delight; for yet, amidst all the strife, envy, and uncharitableness *in* churches and *between* churches, so flagrant at this time, you have shown that there are occasions,

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* "A blessing on our pastor's head, &c."
Original Hymns, and *Life of Jay*, p. 217.

and there may be found professors, when and of whom even an ungodly world can say (reverence touching their hearts, and softening their tongues while they utter the words) — 'See how these Christians love one another!' Alas! how seldom is this exemplified! . . . . I thought much of you on the two days, especially on the Tuesday, when the meetings — the love-feasts I ought to call them — were held, because with us the weather was tempestuous, and I feared that with you, if the visitation reached so far, many of your friends might be disappointed of the 'hope deferred,' which they were already cherishing when I was at Bath, fourteen months ago, of being partakers and helpers of the joy of their brethren and companions on the expected jubilee of their venerated pastor's ministry among their fathers, already called to glory, and themselves I trust on their way thither, under the staff and rod of the Great Shepherd's ministry to the flock of God in your neighbourhood, over which he has been so long a watchful and faithful overseer. It appears, however, that whatever storms might rage without, there was peace within, and as many to enjoy it as the rooms would contain. I am greatly indebted to Mrs. Goodwin for the jubilee medallion, the workmanship of which seems to me admirable; the likeness of your good pastor excellent, and the simple register of dates on either side the most appropriate inscriptions in such a case. It was a beautiful and affecting sequel to the solemnities of the Sabbath, and the festivities of the breakfast on Tuesday, that the children and the youth were allowed to bring their offerings of gratitude and love to the father in the gospel of both old and young in your church and congregation. I have only to add my heart's desire and prayer to God for you all, that every one of the number of those who participated in the privileges of those two memorable days may be finally associated in that place where, a thousand and ten thousand ages hence, each may remember with adoring gratitude the blessedness of those meetings on earth, which many of you, no doubt, felt to be an earnest

and foretaste of the glory and felicities of that house of God, eternal in the heavens,

"'Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.'

"I am, your obliged friend and servant,
"J. MONTGOMERY.

"H. Goodwin, Esq., Bath."

In the beginning of February the feelings of the poet were intensely tried by the sudden recurrence of a crisis in the long-continued illness of his brother Ignatius, which threatened to prove fatal. He at once hastened to Ockbrook to suffer and sympathise with his nearest and dearest relatives in affliction. Writing to Miss Gales, he says (Feb. 19.): —

"It is most affecting and yet most delightful to hear his childlike, humble, fervent expressions of gratitude to our Saviour, and to those dear relatives around him, who are the ministering angels to his personal comforts. . . . . The fever that had forced his pulse to 120 has now nearly left him, while the doubleness and bewilderment of mind which might have issued in total eclipse and alienation have assumed a milder aspect: there is the dawn, the peep of day, by which his thoughts are quietly picking their steps, with small though frequent observations, towards the light of clear perception and consistent utterance. . . . . In fact, right reason never showed itself in a living or a dying man, in more full-grown man, after the measure of Christ in spiritual understanding, and spoke with the unconscious simplicity of one of those 'little ones,' of whom our blessed Saviour has said, 'of such are the kingdom of heaven.'"

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"Sheffield, March 22. 1841.

"My dear Friend,

"I enclose our good Mr. Fincher's Christian-spirited letter — his spirit is always Christian — to yourself, and the gentle 'refresher' for me which it contains. I have written to him to-day, as I ought to have written six months ago, according to the ancient date of his unacknowledged letter. . . . . Letter-writing has become the burthen and the business of my life, from the stream — 'the gulph stream' — which has set in upon me since the penny-post opened its flood-gates: from all quarters, persons with very kind feelings no doubt towards me, but also, in many instances, from not less kind feelings towards themselves, honour me with epistles dedicatory, complimentary, supplicatory, about everything, anything, or nothing at all, as affection, interest, or curiosity move them. I dare say I have offered this plea [for epistolary delay] twenty times or more, already to you; and I know that you admit it very good-naturedly, because you can better understand than most of my correspondents what an annoyance it is to be 'the bull's eye' — isn't that the mark? — in the target, at which epistolary practitioners feel themselves warranted to shoot their goose quills, which are the only part of the old English arrow necessary in this kind of archery. Since I wrote last, I have been much of the time at Ockbrook, whither I was summoned soon after to visit my long afflicted brother Ignatius, who appeared as near to the gates of death as life could be without the peril of instant dissolution. . . . . Nothing can be more affecting nor more consoling than his humble looks and language: yet absent in the body, his spirit is already present with the Lord. . . . . Mr. Roberts never, in my remembrance, looked better or heartier, — brown and ruddy, and full of muscular and mental energy on the verge of fourscore years. You will probably have

received proof of his redoubtable intellect in a new tract of 112 pages, denouncing the Poor Law Commissioners and the whole system of pauper treatment in this most humane and enlightened Christian country. You and he, when you meet, may discuss the merits of this performance. It is a subject beyond my comprehension. I am not sorry to find that you are already in the field against the War-fiend, who is struggling in various quarters, a second time, to embroil all Christendom in the horrors and crimes of that 'game,' at which, 'were their people wise, kings would not often play." The Duke of Wellington well said, in reference to the miserable outbreak in Canada, 'England cannot have a little war.' No ; if we fall out with America, we shall not long be at peace with France; and with the latter we cannot be long at war without all the powers of Europe being involved in the quarrel, some with, some against us. Then in the 'Dance of Death,' 'change hands, cross over,' with each in turn for our partner, and all in turn our enemies, the only worse thing than being our allies, as it happened during the revolution. I heartily wish you success in your campaign, and that 'the dogs of War,' whether in America, France, the Levant, India, or China, may have nothing to gnaw but their chains, till such engines of wholesale destruction shall be perfected as Bonaparte himself, which, though he would not have scrupled to employ, he would not have dared to encounter. Then, 'Farewell, War, for ever!'

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"George Bennet, Esq., Grove Place, Hackney."

March 30th. Mr. Holland dined with Montgomery at Queen's Tower, the residence of Samuel Roberts, Esq., whose father was, as already mentioned, a most determined opponent of the New Poor Law*, allusions

* It is a remarkable circumstance, not so much that Mr. Roberts should, in common with other individuals more or less influential

to which he repeatedly introduced; but the poet, who on all occasions was averse to controversy, and particularly on that subject, would not be drawn into any discussion upon it. Mr. Holland mentioned that Mr. Roberts had appended to a little poem of Montgomery's some verses of his own against the Poor Law. *Roberts:* "I think they are a great improvement on the original." *Montgomery:* "They may be so; but I promise you I won't steal them!" The poet then told Mr. Roberts that he had mentioned him as an old opponent of slavery, in the forthcoming edition of his poems. *Holland:* "I was forcibly reminded of the great change of opinion which has long prevailed with respect to slavery, on lately reading in the life of the Countess of Huntingdon, of a bequest of slaves, by the celebrated Rev. George Whitfield, as a part of his estate in Georgia! At this time, when the very idea of slavery is so abominable, that to say a single word in palliation of the act of holding slaves, under any circumstances, would expose a person to scorn, one hears with more amazement of the eloquent, fervent, and pious Whitfield, the 'Apostle of Georgia,' bequeathing 'his negroes' to the 'elect lady,' than even of Boswell's assertion, when meeting Dr. Johnson's manly repudiation of the system, that to abolish the Slave Trade would be

"'To shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'"

Montgomery: "It does indeed appear strange; but scarcely more so, than a fact recently mentioned by

than himself, have objected to the Poor Law Amendment Act, as that he should have acted on the notion of a special superhuman influence in his animadversions on that as well as on some other subjects.

Luke Howard, that among the items of 'suffering' by the Quakers in one of the West India Islands is entered 'two slaves,' valued at so much sugar, and taken as a fine for the refusal of their owners to perform some kind of military service." *Roberts:* "And yet all the parties considered themselves very good Christians; as those also did who, in the previous century, could adduce scriptural terms, which they deemed reasons for burning poor old women as witches!" Some reference was made to patristic learning in connexion with *Puseyism*, which led Montgomery to mention how remarkable it was that the Fathers, as they are called, who lived, some of them at least, immediately after the death of the apostles, should exhibit so wide a departure from the simplicity of the Gospel; in fact, that there was hardly any error which had found its way into the Christian Church, but something analogous in their opinions might be cited in its favour. It would almost seem, he continued, as if the providence of God had allowed the preservation of the patristic writings to show, by the immense discrepancy between them and the canonical books of Scripture, the exclusive inspiration of the latter. The alteration for the better, which had of late years taken place in the character of the clergy of Sheffield, as in other places, was mentioned. *Roberts:* "They used regularly to attend the theatre." *Montgomery:* "I have seen them there occasionally." *Roberts:* "Then *you* used to go there?" *Montgomery:* "Many years ago I went in sometimes for an hour; I had a free ticket: it was when Macready performed on the Sheffield stage; but I never thought much of any other actor there, except Mrs. Siddons." *Holland:* "I saw a respectable tradesman yesterday, who told me that, when young, he, with other amateurs, played 'King John' on the Sheffield stage, for the benefit of

the widows of the men slain at the battle of the Nile; that the character whom he personated requiring a clerical habit, he went to parson ——, and borrowed his gown, which he actually wore on the stage! On returning it, the clergyman told the actor he was glad to learn that his gown had not been disgraced." *Montgomery:* "We should be more than surprised to hear of an amateur actor applying to one of the present ministers of our parish church, or of any other church in the town, for the use of his gown for such a purpose." Dr. Knight, who lived the next door but one to Montgomery, had just been knighted.* Mr. Roberts thought it curious that the only pension and the only title which had ever found their way to Sheffield, should have fallen to gentlemen residing within a door of each other: he added jocularly, however, that he thought there had been a slight mistake,—the *title* should have been given to the poet, who had no family, and the *pension* to the physician, who had ten children! Montgomery shook his head in dissent; and said aside to Mr. Holland,—"Mr. Roberts is not aware how seasonable that pension was to me."

April 2.—A proposal having been made that the Philosophical Society and the Mechanics' Institution should unite in the erection of a hall, Montgomery asked Mr. Holland what he thought of the scheme. "I disapprove of it on every account," was the reply. *Montgomery:* "Why so?" *Holland:* "You remember, sir, the fable of the Pot and the Kettle: we could not float down the stream together for long, without coming into collision." *Montgomery:* "You

* The Queen was puzzled for a moment when about to confer the accolade, by the announcement of a name synonymous with the title,—viz., *Knight.*

think then, of course, that the fine crockery of our Society would be demolished by collision with their iron kettle?" *Holland:* "Undoubtedly it would." *Montgomery:* "Well; you are perhaps right. I shall take no part in the scheme, beyond attending the meetings, as president." *Holland:* "We ought, I think, sir, either to have a hall of our own, or remain where we are." *Montgomery:* "I think so too, if we could accomplish the former object: but who is to carry it out? I cannot; and will not make the attempt. I know I have some influence in the town, but I do not think I am called upon to exert, and perhaps to sacrifice, it in this hazardous project. If I were ten years younger in energy, I might then, perhaps, move in the matter, and I think I could bring it about; but as it is, I shall leave the labour to others, holding myself, however, prepared to give five-and-twenty pounds towards such a building, should it ever be fairly commenced."

Mr. Everett visited Sheffield April 24th, and remained a few days with Montgomery at The Mount. The following memoranda of conversations were made at that time:—

Montgomery: "In what part of York do you live, Mr. Everett?" *Everett:* "In Skeldergate." *Montgomery:* "Not where you and I lodged, on our visit to Mr. Wood, — in one of those pasteboard houses which a person can almost breathe through?" *Everett:* "No; but nearer the Ouse; indeed close by the side of the river; and my study window commands one of the most interesting views of that part of the city — embracing Clifford's Tower, the Castle, &c.; and of which, by the way, I have just had a sketch lithographed, from a painting by Parker, which he executed

when on a visit to me;—the picture represents the view as seen from my window, with the casement thrown up, and a part of the library, with a few curiosities on a table, in the foreground." *Montgomery:* "You are the man for finding people employment; you suggested the subject of the Wesleyan Centenary Picture, I understand." *Everett:* "Besides suggesting the subject, I visited the studio of the artist daily to direct him in the historical details, as well as to cheer him in a work which involved both artistic credit and pecuniary hazard. The rogue, while I aided him in some of his attitudes, caught my profile, and placed it in the picture, where I appear, with outstretched arms, running to the scene of the fire at the parsonage, and ready to receive young Wesley, should he by any mishap fall over the head of the person elevated on the shoulders of John Brown!"*

The subject of Hymnology being introduced, *Montgomery:* "I requested you, Mr. Everett, to make a memorandum many years ago, and have never lost sight of the subject in my own reading, respecting the hymn, 'Rock of ages cleft for me.' Can you satisfy me as to who was the author?" *Everett:* "I have neither forgotten your request, nor been able to obtain satisfactory information." *Montgomery:* "I cannot give it to Charles Wesley; not because he was incapable of writing it, but because I have so generally found it attributed to Toplady, and it is inserted in all his collections. When at a Missionary Meeting, in London, I adverted to a particular hymn, noticed in one of my

* This picture, of which a large mezzotint engraving was published, represents a very striking incident in the history of the Wesley family at Epworth.

Introductory Essays, as Charles Wesley's: in consequence of this, a lady of the name of Tooth forwarded a small parcel to me, with her respects, requesting my acceptance of the enclosed. I was delighted to find it was the hymn in question, in the handwriting of Charles Wesley, with variations. I hold it as a treasure; and much as Mr. Everett," continued he, pleasantly, "may desire the autograph, no price, which even he might be disposed to give, would purchase it. By the way, can you tell me whether Thomas Olivers composed any hymns besides 'The God of Abraham praise,' and 'Lo, He comes with clouds descending?'" *Everett:* "He wrote one on the Last Judgment, consisting of several stanzas; and another, entitled a 'Hymn of Praise to Christ.'* The former was set to music by himself, and had reached the twentieth edition in 1779; the latter was set to music by a gentleman in Ireland, and was performed before the Bishop of Waterford in his cathedral on Christmas Day. The tune to 'Lo, He comes,' in Wesley's 'Sacred Harmony,' was also composed by Olivers, and does him as much credit as his verse. He was the author of an 'Elegy,' of considerable length, on the death of Mr. Wesley." *Montgomery:* "The man who wrote 'The God of Abraham praise,' must have had the finest ear imaginable; for, on account of the peculiarity of the measure, none but a person of equal musical and poetical taste could have produced the harmony perceptible in the verse. John Wesley," he proceeded, "had a heart of adamant, as compared with that of Charles in respect of poetic feeling; but no man could throw more sense into a smaller

* Wesley's Works, vol. iii. pp. 44. 195.; vol. x. p. 510., 8vo. 1829.

compass of words than he did." As an instance of condensation, he referred to Wesley's remarks on Apostolical Succession, and the Consecration of Churches, especially the latter, where he compresses the whole controversy within the following paragraph: —

"I went to Canterbury, and opened our new chapel. How is it that many Protestants, even in England, do not know, that no other consecration of church or chapel is *allowed*, much less *required*, in England, than the performance of public worship therein? This is the only consecration of any church in Great Britain which is *necessary*, or even *lawful*. It is true Archbishop Laud composed a form of consecration, but it was never *allowed*, much less *established*, in England. Let this be remembered by all who talk so idly of preaching in *unconsecrated* places!"

His own lines on "Our Saviour's Miracles" being mentioned in connection with a remark on the generally unsatisfactory character of "Scripture paraphrases" in rhyme, he said that he had recently read a sparkling versification of the account of Christ stilling the tempest, with which he was inclined to be pleased. But, he said to a friend, "let us compare it with the prose version of the narrative in the authorised translation. We did so; and the verses fell into dust and ashes at the touch!" The Bible was laid on the table, and the reading falling on a chapter in the gospel according to St. Mark, he adverted, as we have heard him do on other occasions, to a peculiarity in this evangelist, who is allowed to have followed the narrative of St. Matthew. But Mark takes up little incidents, totally omitted by others, which proves him not only to have been an eye-witness, in many instances, but, apart from inspiration, a man of minute and nice observation; yet all is simple and natural, and sometimes presenting a perfect picture

of the scene described. The story of the man with a "withered hand," Mark iii. 1—7., was read, and compared with the same case as given by Matt. xii. 9—15.; also that of the demoniac among "the tombs," Mark, v. 1—20., with Matt. viii. 28—34.; and the stilling of the tempest, Mark iv. 35—41., with Matt. viii. 23—27. In reference to the *first* case, he noticed, as little additions inserted by St. Mark, our Lord entering "*again*" into the synagogue,—his "*looking round* with *anger*, being *grieved*," and commanding the man to "*stand forth*," as well as to "*stretch forth*" his "hand." On the *second* case, he dwelt with force on the expression in Matthew, "*exceeding fierce*," and the pure Saxon of "*no man might pass by that way;*" and then entered upon the little niceties in Mark, as the man having his "*dwelling*" in the tombs, no man being able to "*bind him*," not even "*with chains*,"—his having been "*often bound* with *fetters* and *chains*,"—their being "*plucked asunder* by him,"—the "*fetters broken* in *pieces*,"—his dwelling in "the *mountains* and in the *tombs*," "*night* and *day*, *crying*, and *cutting* himself with *stones*," &c. &c.; rendering the narrative much more graphic than Matthew. On the *third* case, he observed, that Mark pointed out the period of the day, at "*even*,"—the course the vessel was to take, to "*pass over* to the *other side*,"—those in company with them, "*other little ships*,"—the place where our Saviour lay, "the *hinder part* of the *ship*,"—the comfort afforded him, "*a pillow*," &c.; the whole being simple, touching, and sublime; indeed, he knew of nothing in the whole range of uninspired literature equal to it. It reminded us that perhaps these were little niceties more likely to attract the *poet* than the *divine;* the one being in quest of beauties, and the other of food for the soul.

Southey was mentioned; and a fear being expressed

that his case was hopeless,—*Montgomery:* "He must have broken down very suddenly: I had a letter from him in 1838, just before his second marriage. He said his general health was good, his sight tolerable, that he often walked twelve miles in a day, and could walk as many more. The letter was forwarded to me through the medium of Wordsworth, along with the last edition of his poems." *Everett:* "Ebenezer Elliott has informed me, since I came to Sheffield, that his eldest son lately saw both Southey and Wordsworth, and that the former is not impaired so much in health as in memory, being unable to recollect either persons or things. Elliott at the same time complained of the failure of his own memory; he could recollect *faces*, but not *names;* consoling himself with the reflection, that the loss was not of a *person*, but of a *word*." *Montgomery:* "Elliott himself, like others, is moulting I suppose at present. You would find him grown so gentle, that you might stroke him." *Holland:* "I suppose you mean in the right direction?" *Montgomery:* "Aye; and even in the wrong way, till you elicit sparks, as from the back of a cat." *Everett:* "He has had sufficient of trial, either to tone down or excite his feelings, if, as he tells me, he has lost 4000*l.* within the last three years." *Montgomery:* "Four thousand pounds, over and above what he retains, is a very considerable sum for a man like him so soon to have acquired in the Sheffield trade. I met him in the news room a short time ago. He told me he had two sons clergymen. But I was most impressed with the gentle tone of his voice, in the tender, mild manner in which he inquired after my health. It went to the very bottom of my soul; and, comparing it with some of his boisterous speeches at public meetings on the Corn Law question, it haunted me afterwards like a spectre." *Everett:* "I was amused with some of his

half-jocose and half-serious remarks on public speaking. He said he felt great trepidation in facing a few thousands in open field: yet, continued he, all public speakers of eminence had been remarkable for health, as Demosthenes, Cicero, Wesley, Whitfield, Burke, Pitt, Chatham, Fox, and so on. They were constantly inhaling vast quantities of oxygen *, the distinguishing properties of which not only render combustion more vivid, but in an extraordinary degree support human life. Then, turning to Mrs. Elliott, he playfully observed,—'That is what supports you, my dear, and others of the fair sex; for the ladies are proverbially great talkers.' *Montgomery:* "He is an extraordinary man. Take him away from politics, and even religion smiles at his touch. There is scarcely anything more beautiful than the opening lines of his 'Ranter.'" *Everett:* "Southey, he informs me, wrote a favourable critique on his poems, and sent it for insertion in the 'Quarterly Review,' but Lockhart refused to admit it." *Miss Gales:* "You would be sorry, Mr. Everett, —for I believe they were favourites with you as well as with me—to hear of the painful circumstances connected with the death of Miss Jewsbury and Miss Landon, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. McLean?" *Everett:* "I was; particularly with the latter." Turning to Mr. Montgomery, Mr. E. asked whether he had any personal acquaintance with either of them? *Montgomery:* "Miss Landon attended my lectures in the Metropolis; and she sent me a copy of her verses on the Queen attaining her majority, a few months before her own marriage, accompanied with a small note about the size of the wings of two butterflies: I wrote her a letter of acknowledgment. She appears to have been

* Some of them imbibed other stimulants besides oxygen, whatever may be said of their health.

unhappily married: taken away from literary coteries and friends, some of them moving in the highest ranks in London, and placed, as in 'Giant Despair's Castle,' in society for which she was totally unfit. The circumstances of her death were exceedingly distressing; and the exact particulars were first communicated, if I mistake not, by Mr. Freeman, one of your missionaries. Ah! there is no romance in misery! There may sometimes be romance in its *anticipation*, and in its *recollection;* but not in its actual endurance. I met with Miss Jewsbury at Wordsworth's once, when on a visit to the Lakes; and saw her also in Manchester; but, to tell you the truth, Mr. Everett, I am always afraid of literary ladies, awe-struck with blue stockingers!" Recollecting that it was Saint Mark's Eve, Miss Gales, in allusion to it, quoted the following verses from Montgomery's "Vigil of St. Mark:"—

"She spoke,—and, like the nimble fawn,
From EDMUND'S presence fled:
He sought, across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead.

. . . . . .

"That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot,
Where human follies cease."

Montgomery: "That belongs to Wath, where I met with the tradition; such things were common in my boyhood in country places." *Miss Gales:* "We are brought into very small compass, Mr. Everett, since you first visited us in the Hartshead: only two of us left! by and bye there will be one, and then none!" *Montgomery:* "Sarah is placed under similar circumstances with myself. I am in daily expectation of hearing of the death of my brother; and she is looking to every

post for the news of the death of hers." *Miss Gales:* "My brother, who lost his wife about two years ago, and who has four sons, intended to have visited us in England; but retired to his favourite place, Raleigh, in South Carolina, where he had a stroke, and was prevented. It was there I visited him." * Montgomery alluded to his projected visit to Scotland. *Everett:* "You will be pleased with Edinburgh; and let me advise you to view it externally, as I did. Ascend the stupendous rock on which the castle stands, and there you will have the city, with all its rich historical recollections, at your feet, an expanse of water, and a large tract of country full of picturesque beauty. Next, mount the Calton Hill, with its monuments, and you will overlook the castle itself. Proceed from thence to Salisbury Crags, and then the Calton Hill, like the rock on which the castle stands, is reduced to a mere mound below the eye. Lastly, take your stand on the highest point of Arthur's Seat, and each of the preceding objects appears as if placed at an immense depth at its base." *Montgomery:* "It gives one the notion of four editions of the same view." *Everett:* "Each edition brought additional charms to me, when I beheld the scene."

Easter Monday. Montgomery attended, as usual, the dinner annually given to the chimney-sweeping boys, at the Cutlers' Hall, by himself, Mr. Roberts, and some other friends. He mentioned in his address to the

* Mr. Joseph Gales died at Raleigh, on the 24th of August, aged 80. On the following day the Board of City Commissioners met, and, after expressing their "deep regret at the loss of a valuable and beloved citizen, and their sympathy with his bereaved relatives," &c., they resolved to attend his funeral, which was a public one, — the greater portion of his fellow-citizens, by whom he had been long and justly respected, being present.

lads, that it was thirty-four years since the festival was instituted.

In the evening he presided, and spoke, with his wonted animation and fervour, at a meeting of the London Missionary Society.

On the following day he was present at the opening of a small school at Wincobank, when the boys and girls sung the hymn, "A children's temple here we build," &c.*, which he had written for the occasion. A circumstance occurred here indicative of Montgomery's unfailing taste for flowers. It had just been mentioned, with surprise, by a writer in one of the local newspapers, that no primroses grew in the shady lanes about Sheffield. Our friend thought that, many years before, he had seen them growing plentifully in a lane beyond Wincobank: to satisfy himself, he stole away from the company at the hall, indulged in an hour's solitary walk, during which, to his great delight, he saw plenty of primroses, exactly where he expected to find them.

April 30. Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland, and after a word or two on indifferent subjects, said, in a choked utterance, "I am going to Ockbrook to-morrow; my poor brother is in heaven! He expired, as I have for some days past expected he would do, in the stupor which had seized upon him." *Holland:* "As there will be a newspaper published in Sheffield in the morning, either you or I must write something in the form of an obituary." *Montgomery:* "I would rather nothing was done this week." *Holland:* "But something will certainly be copied from the Derby paper; and perhaps it may not be in the form you would approve." *Montgomery:* "Well; I will think

* Original Hymns, CCCXIII.

about it." In a few hours he called again, with the following brief notice : —

" At Ockbrook, near Derby, on the 29th ultimo, the Rev. Ignatius Montgomery, formerly minister of various congregations of the United Brethren in Ireland and England. Having found grace to prove himself a good and faithful servant, through long labours and longer sufferings, he entered into the joy of his Lord at the age of sixty-five years."

On the following morning — " May Day " — Montgomery went to Ockbrook, where, a few hours after his arrival, he was joined by his elder and only surviving brother, Robert, from Woolwich. They soon proceeded together to take a last look at the face of him who had so lately been released from a life of suffering. " And there," said Mr. Montgomery, " we three, after an interval of twenty years, met once more upon earth ; but the last-spun thread of our threefold cord of brotherhood had been the first to be severed by death, leaving the two elder survivors to profit by this lesson of mortality. There were yet visible," added the bard, " in the countenance of our beloved brother, some traces of that placid resignation which had always marked it in life,— the lingering twilight which followed the shining of that Sun of Righteousness amidst which the spirit of a good man had passed into a better world." He was interred on the 3rd of May, in the burying-ground adjoining the chapel at Ockbrook, with the usual affecting services of the Moravian church on such occasions : the lark, as the poet remarked, singing sweetly overhead, and the finches doing the same in the trees around, during the ceremony.

At the request of the widow, Montgomery drew up a brief character of his deceased brother, which was read by the minister in a " love-feast " of the Brethren

held the day after the funeral. This memorial was, on several accounts, of an affecting character; and the reading of it produced an ineffaceable impression on the minds of the audience.

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"The Mount, Sheffield, May 13. 1841.

"My dear Friend,

"My late suffering and now sainted brother languished for nearly two months after my visit to him at Ockbrook in the latter end of winter. He was not released from his long, and in the end his very sore affliction, till Wednesday, April 28. On Monday, last week, I accompanied his mortal remains from his *late* home to their *last* home in our quiet burying-ground, amidst the glory and beauty of as sweet a day as Heaven has sent down to earth in all this lovely spring. Never were joy and grief more solemnly and happily mingled than on that occasion, when, after our simple burial service, the members of our small congregation had a social meeting (we call such, 'Love-feasts,') in the chapel, where a brief memorial of the departed was read, and an ode of collected verses, according to our practice, of various measures and tunes was sung, treating of the blessedness of those who are for ever with the Lord. To the end, my dear brother had glorified God by the life which he had lived by faith in the Son of God; and bore witness, by the simplest evidence of childlike submission to his heavenly Father's will, that the gospel which he preached in health, and adorned in sickness, had been indeed to him the power of God unto salvation. I left his mourning widow and daughter in their lonely habitation, 'not comfortless, but believing,' resigned to the painful bereavement *because* it was 'the Lord's doing;' but feeling as flesh and blood, yea, as soul and spirit, must feel, when the desire of the eyes and the delight of the heart is taken away. My brother Robert from Woolwich, who met us at Ockbrook, is now with me at Sheffield, and next week accompanies me for a few days

to Fulneck. In the beginning of June I am engaged to accompany our friend the Rev. Peter La Trobe on a missionary visit to Scotland, my native country, on which I have not set foot since the year 1776, when, as a child, I was transplanted to Ireland, and thence, in 1777, transferred to England, where I have become so rooted, and apparently so irradicable, that neither our late Rowland [Hodgson] nor yourself could, even for a short time, carry me off to the Continent, or across the Atlantic. But I believe I am where I ought to be, and have *no choice that I dare make*, except manifestly directed by that good Providence which, after I had once made a *bad* choice for myself, has not forsaken me, but overruled my apostasy, perversity, and rebellion to my advantage in temporal matters, and I trust finally to his own glory in my salvation through sovereign grace and mercy. I hope you have escaped the prevailing influenza. I have had a slight attack, but am much better; though after passing the deep waters of heart-sorrow, I feel myself as dust and ashes, 'faint, yet pursuing,' amidst many cares and perplexities relative to the things of the present life; still cherishing the desire, through grace, to be prepared and preserved to a better and a heavenly state. . . .

"I am truly your friend *,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"George Bennet, Esq., Grove Place, Hackney."

The Scottish journey was postponed for a while, partly on account of illness in Mr. La Trobe's family; "and besides this," as Montgomery notes under date of June 11th, "there will be peace neither in the church nor state in Scotland for months to come; while, in addition to the polemical strife among her religionists, there will be an early visitation of that political plague—a general election."

* Appended to this letter were the lines in "Original Hymns," beginning "Father! thy will, not mine be done," composed "during family affliction at Ockbrook."

June 14. Montgomery appeared to be reading Thomson's Poems with some special object. He asked Mr. Holland to get for him the second and third volumes of "Censura Literaria," which contain some various readings of "Winter." He mentioned, that in the first edition of "Summer" the well-known bathing scene does not occur; and when first introduced * *three* females figured in it — Sacharissa, Amoret, and Musidora; while Damon, instead of sitting, as he does in the current version of the poem, —

> "Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful song,"

sat

> "Thoughtful and fixed in philosophic muse;
> Damon, who still, amid the savage woods
> And lonely lawns, the force of beauty scorned,
> Firm, and to false philosophy devote."

The whole episode was considerably altered, the poet dismissing two of the figures, and individualising the effect upon Musidora.

Holland: "And, in my opinion, he acted judiciously in so doing. It is one of the most exquisite poetical sketches in the 'Seasons.'" *Montgomery:* "I think otherwise; the story were better away altogether. I don't know whether or not *you,* when a young man, could read it without its exciting any improper ideas; I know I did not; and I am sure that has been the case with others: I wish it had never been introduced." *Holland:* "I must confess that I cannot but entertain,

* Probably in the 4to of 1730, which Mr. Bolton Corney thinks "may be the second of 'Summer':" for a sight of the 8vo of that date, which also contains the story in its original shape, and of the first edition, 1728, I am indebted to the courtesy of the gentleman just named, whose charming edition of the "Seasons" is also before me. What a contrast in the style of getting up do these volumes exhibit!

though with great deference to your judgment, a less unfavourable opinion: it certainly contains nothing contrary to modesty; and, I think, belongs to the common category of love-stories, the question in this case being simply one of degree, so far as the taste of the poet is concerned." *Montgomery:* "I grant you it is so: but do you believe that any female, after ascertaining, from a billet written by her lover, that she had been discovered bathing, as described in the poem, would stay to write an acknowledgment on the bark of a tree?" *Holland:* "Most assuredly I think she would not; but that is rather a point of taste than of morals, and does not affect the general question. I object to the hypothesis, that when a man who once felt, and wrote, with the natural fervency of youth has become staid, and advanced in life, he must needs reject or deride, even if he cannot obliterate entirely, the records of the warmer, but still innocent, feelings of youth. I mean, of course, those that were pure and blameless. Will you allow me, for example, to take a case in your own experience? I should have been as sorry had you omitted, in the new edition of your poems, one of the most exquisite and generally admired of your smaller pieces*, as I should have been surprised had you recently written it; and yet, only the other evening, I had to defend your conduct, in having written it at all, against a worthy minister of the gospel, who, forsooth, considered all love-themes, whether in prose or verse, as *unmanly!*" *Montgomery:* "He knew nothing about the matter: but see," he added, pointing to the smoke at a distance, "the wind has changed; and let us change the subject."

The next time, however, that the parties met, he

* "Hannah."

resumed the subject. *Montgomery:* "Thomson is a great favourite of mine, and I would fain think as well of him as I do of his works; but the more we learn of him, the less we esteem him: it is a lamentable fact that most eminent men appear to the greatest advantage at a distance. Thomson seems to have been a voluptuary in his living, as well as in his imagination." *Holland:* "And yet he does not appear to have been chargeable with the grosser immoralities of his contemporaries. Often as we have to lament the indecent expressions or allusions of some of the poets of the last century, the fault seems in many instances to have belonged to the age at least as much as to the individual: nor must we imagine that allusions, which necessarily excite improper emotions, commonly in the degree with which we are unhappily familiar with the *double entendre*, did really produce the same effects on the minds of general readers at the time when they were first published. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu contain expressions of this character, which nobody can believe she would have used, even to the same correspondents, had she been writing at the present day." *Montgomery:* "All that you say is very true; as for Lady Mary's Letters, they contain expressions which would now only be tolerated, or rather expected, from a prostitute. The fact is, that offensive phraseology which was used without offence, even among respectable persons of both sexes, was a remnant of the licentiousness of the age of Charles the Second; and the labours of the Wesleys and Whitfield were required to give a better tone to public morals, and public taste too: and this they *have* done, let opposers say what they will. You defend the story of Damon and Musidora; but is it not indirectly a proof of its unfitness for general reading, that you never see it quoted? Did you ever meet with

it in any selection of the Beauties of the Poets?" *Holland:* "Certainly not; nor should I expect to meet with it in such a relation, any more than I should expect to meet, among 'images to sell,' with casts of particular parts of the 'statue which enchants the world,' essential as those parts undoubtedly are to the beauty and perfection of the figure as a whole." *Montgomery:* "The Venus de Medici is not, properly speaking, indelicate: you may see a fine copy of it in marble at Wentworth House; and yet I do not think even such subjects ought to be exposed, as they commonly are: perhaps to persons who are brought up in familiarity with them, they become in effect indifferent; not so, I am persuaded, with most of those who only see them casually." *Holland:* "I entirely agree with you on that point; indeed, I think many objects are frequently exhibited in sculpture which are of a highly objectionable description; yet I do not recollect that any writer has so much as adverted to this subject except the Rev. Mathias Bruen, an American minister, who visited this country some years ago, and died shortly afterwards, when a memoir of him* was published, containing, in a passage from one his letters, the strictures in question." *Montgomery:* "Poor Bruen! He was a young man of considerable piety and taste; he called upon me, during his stay in England, with a letter from the late Dr. Mason of New York." *Holland:* "Shall I get for you the old edition of Thomson, at any rate?" *Montgomery:* "No; you need not: I shall say nothing about the story; it would only be drawing attention to the subject, which had better perhaps, be let alone." The fact was, he had consented

* Written, we believe, by Mrs. Lundie—afterwards Duncan.

to write an essay on the poetry of Thomson, to be prefixed to an embellished edition of the "Seasons" about to be issued by a London publisher; but notwithstanding the pledge he had given and the progress he had made, he found himself conscientiously compelled to abandon the undertaking. What he had written he freely handed to the publisher, who afterwards thanked him for his kind assistance in preparing the work, which duly appeared.

We have recorded the conversation on this subject somewhat at length, not for the purpose of counteracting the opinions of Montgomery on a particular point, much less to apologise for the exhibition of prurient ideas either in verse or stone, but chiefly to show how sensitive he was to the danger of uniting with the blandishments of poetry any sentiment even bordering on indelicacy. It is equally worthy of remark, that at no period of our revered poet's career, either when he was young, ardent, and thoughtless, or in the heyday of his unsanctified aspirations in after years, do we find the least trace of anything approaching to sensual impurity in any of his compositions, whether prose or rhyme.

On the 5th of July, fifty individuals, chiefly boys, were drowned by the sudden upsetting of a small vessel, on which they, with many other persons, were standing at the moment of its being launched into the canal at Rotherham. A subscription having been set afoot for the erection of a monumental tablet to the memory of the sufferers, Montgomery, among others, was asked to write an inscription. Recollecting that there used to be over the sun-dial of Rotherham church the following sentence, he made it the foundation of his composition,—

"In hoc momento pendet æternitas." *

Mr. Holland and Miss Gales having arranged to pay a visit to Mr. Blackwell at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, were whirled thither at a much more rapid rate than was agreeable to the lady, who expressed to the poet in a letter her regret at being unable to see various objects by the way.

"The disappointment," said he, writing to her, July 21., "of being hurried through York without seeing any of its lions, especially its dead ones, which are yet as much alive as ever they were, though the larger of them, St. Mary's Abbey, Clifford's Tower, and the Cathedral, are well towards a thousand years old each,— that disappointment in which I deeply sympathised with you, having an inveterate affection for those stone worthies, — that *disappointment* (I write it the third and last time) may be repaired on your return; for if the railway train will not allow you a respite at York long enough to have a peep at the relics of past ages, which will surely last a fortnight or three weeks longer,—and, moreover, if you and Mr. Holland cannot find lodgings in Mr. Everett's snug parsonage, or in my old

* The inscription adopted was written by a person resident at the place, of the name of Guest. The lines presented by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Mr. Holland, and Montgomery, were printed in a Sheffield newspaper from which we copy those by our poet: —

"Time from the church-tower cries to you and me,
'Upon this moment hangs eternity:'
The dial's index and the belfry's chime
To eye and ear confirm the truth of time.
There was a moment, as yon shadow passed,
To these lamented little ones their last;
There is a moment, reader, on the wing,
Which the same shadow o'er thy sight shall bring:
Prepare to meet it; death will not delay;
Take then thy Saviour's warning—'Watch and pray.'
"September, 1841."

quarters at the Castle,—there are inns enough in *all* the city to accommodate you both, *many* and *mighty* as you two are! Now pray, for your own sake, if not for mine, do not miss the opportunity of seeing objects which millions, no doubt, of eyes have looked upon, and under whose shadows myriads of bodies of generations gone by have been buried, and will be dust beneath your feet,—ruins more awful and sacred than the piles themselves, that are at once their tombs and their monuments,—while you are pacing over the ground so honoured and so humbled by mortal hands and immortal spirits that left these dumb memorials of the grandeur and the fall of man."

Accordingly, the two friends on their return stayed a night and part of two days at York, with Mr. Everett, who accompanied them to the leading objects of interest; particularly the Minster, the Museum, and the Castle. In the latter, that part of the buildings containing the rooms occupied by Montgomery during both the periods of his imprisonment, was, as might be expected, looked upon with a peculiar degree of curiosity and interest by Miss Gales, as connected with the remembrance of events in which she, and other members of her family, had been so nearly and painfully concerned forty years before.

On his return to Sheffield, Mr. Holland found that Montgomery had been induced to sit for his bust, to a clever local artist of the name of Smith, who had previously modelled with success the head of his friend, Rowland Hodgson, Esq. The bust, when finished, was considered a good, and withal a pleasing likeness of the bard. Mr. Holland reminded him of the interview with the Doncaster modeller, described in "Prose by a Poet."* Montgomery laughed at the recollection of the escape alluded to, and said that he should probably

* Vol. II. p. 19.

not have yielded in this instance, but for the importunity of his friend Mr. Roberts. *Holland:* "I had repeatedly been solicited by the sculptor to ask you to sit to him, but postponed the matter in the hope that some opportunity of placing your head in the hands of Chantrey might occur. I am glad, however, that Edwin Smith has done so much, at any rate, though I still think Chantrey would only require such a thing to be suggested to him, to have acknowledged in plaster the tributes of respect which you have paid him both in prose and verse." *Montgomery:* "I dare say Chantrey would readily have *promised* to do such a thing, if he had been asked, and then might never have thought anything more of the matter: he makes promises which he does not fulfil:"— and then, lest this might be misinterpreted, the poet suddenly added, "I do not mean that he *breaks* his promises, but he *forgets* them. Several years since, he promised to give me a sketch of Christ and the Disciples on their way to Emmaus, the last picture, I believe, which he attempted on canvass, and which I should have prized both for the sake of the artist and the subject: he also promised me a cast of the head of my friend Parken; but neither of these have I received, and probably never shall receive them."

CHAP. LXXXVI.

1841.

MONTGOMERY ACCOMPANIES REV. P. LATROBE TO SCOTLAND. — PUBLIC MEETINGS AT GLASGOW IN BEHALF OF MORAVIAN MISSIONS. — ADDRESS. — PAISLEY AND GREENOCK. — COMPLIMENTARY BREAKFAST TO THE POET AT GLASGOW. — SPEECHES. — IRVINE. — SCENES AND INCIDENTS. — MONTGOMERY RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF HIS NATIVE BURGH. — AYR. — LADIES AT PUBLIC MEETING. — BURNS. — KILMARNOCK. — LOCH LOMOND AND STIRLING. — EDINBURGH. — PUBLIC MEETINGS. — ADDRESSES. — HAWTHORNDEN.

Having, in the course of the preceding year, yielded a hesitating assent to accompany the Rev. Peter Latrobe on a tour to Scotland, in behalf of the Moravian Missions, and the visit having, as we have seen, been once postponed, Montgomery became so nervous as the time for starting approached, — indeed, so very unwell, — that, to all appearance, he was very unfit to go at all. However, he started from Sheffield on Friday, the 24th of September, intending to go to Glasgow by way of Newcastle and Carlisle, and resolutely determined not to call on any of his friends by the way. By a series of mischances connected with coaches and railways, he did not reach Glasgow until Sunday evening.

As this visit of the bard to his native country was not only an event of considerable interest in his personal history, but was characterised by a number of circumstances equally honourable to all the parties concerned, no apology can be necessary for giving, at some

length, the leading particulars. These will be derived partly from the Scottish newspapers, and partly from information afforded by our friend himself. During Montgomery's sojourn in North Britain, we were much struck by the reflection that, not long before, one of the English journals had spoken of him as the "venerable poet," for the first time: whereas now, one of his countrymen, with the kindest compliments as to character, designated him as the "venerable old man."

Montgomery's first public appearance in his native country, was at a large meeting held in the Trades' Hall, Glasgow, on the morning of September 27th, on behalf of the Moravian missions and schools, and at which John Wright, Esq., presided. The meeting having been opened with an impressive prayer by Dr. Henderson, the chairman introduced the business of the day by a brief allusion to the history, character, and success of the Brethren's missionary operations. Dr. Wardlaw followed with an eloquent speech, from which we cannot forbear making an extract, as it is equally honourable to the talents of the speaker and the character of the deputation:—

"I never rose," said the reverend Doctor, "with greater pleasure on any occasion than I now feel in introducing these dear Christian friends, who will best and most effectually introduce themselves, and will recommend both themselves and the cause of their visit to Glasgow. I now rise however, with the more pleasure, because I take delight in looking these friends in the face, in seeing them amongst us, in hailing their presence, in giving them the right hand of fellowship, and in co-operating along with all who are now present in that good and blessed cause to which we are indebted for their presence. With regard, sir, to the friend on your right hand, I have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance; but the name of Latrobe is associated with

every hallowed recollection. I cannot forget the name of him who was the intimate friend of Wilberforce and other eminent Christian philanthropists of his day; and in connection with the African mission, many a time have I heard the name of Latrobe, under my father's domestic roof, from the lips of the late Dr. Balfour, whose name cannot be mentioned in this city without calling forth feelings of affection and veneration in every bosom which had the happiness to know him. And it is a very delightful thing when the work of God is thus handed down from father to son, carried down from generation to generation, and race after race helps it towards its perfection. With regard to the other dear friend on your left hand, my acquaintance with him is of a far, far more remote date; for it began in the 'World before the Flood.' I had known a little of him before; but it was there that I became first intimately acquainted with the character of his mind, and with the intellect, the genius, the imagination, the taste, the feeling, and the piety with which that mind is distinguished. I do delight, Mr. Chairman, and I trust that all here will respond to the expression of delight, in the contemplation of sanctified genius — of genius baptized into Christ, and invested with a halo of heavenly purity and love. There was a time, and that not far distant, when we were accustomed to use the designation of *the* Christian Poet; and every one who heard that designation knew to whom it referred — the poet Cowper,— and he eminently deserved the designation. But it is the delight of our hearts to know that the definite article is now superseded. We have more Christian poets than one; and pre-eminent amongst them stands the friend on your left hand. I cannot imagine any responsibility more heavy than the possession of lofty powers of genius, unconnected with piety, and unconsecrated to the praise of that God by whom they were bestowed. Such powers have always appeared to me like lamps of pure oil gleaming in the midst of sepulchral darkness and corruption. There is a deep responsibility connected with the possession of such powers; but we rejoice to know that these powers have been in an eminent manner,

by our friend, devoted to the honour and consecrated to the service of God, and the advancement of human happiness in the highest degree. He has consecrated these powers to the service of God and the promotion of all that is connected with the present and everlasting happiness of mankind. We rejoice therefore in having him amongst us; and we rejoice because we regard him as a Christian poet, and one belonging to our own land. When first I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him personally, I found him, I may be allowed to say, in the most unpoetical place it was possible for a poet to occupy — in the very centre of the dark, dusky, smoky town of Sheffield; and it seemed to me as if he had chosen that particular place to illustrate the words, 'Ex fumo dare lucem!' He has now changed his residence — he is now on The Mount, the very place where a poet ought to be. He belongs to ourselves; Scotland claims him for her own; and it would 'ill the bard beseem' to be ashamed of Scotland; but whatever may be the feeling on his part, Irvine and Scotland will never be ashamed, but consider it an honour to have given him birth. But he is now amongst us in another capacity. As has been publicly announced to us, he is the son of missionary parents, and that is no small honour—of missionary parents too, who, after having submitted to terrible calamities, sleep, as the poet has told us, where the sun

"'Shines without a shadow on their graves.'

I cannot help being struck with that line, not only from the fact it states, that his parents sleep under a vertical sun, but because associated with that fact is the pleasing thought that all is light over that hallowed spot far away,

"'Where rest the ashes of the sainted dead.'"

On rising to reciprocate the kind expressions of Dr. Wardlaw, the Rev. P. Latrobe said,

"He held out the right hand of fellowship to all who call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and

truth; and adopting the words of one of the missionary brethren in describing such a meeting as this, where ministers of various denominations were present, he could say, he rejoiced that they were all United Brethren, although not all Moravian Brethren. Reference had been made to his own connection with missionaries. His father had, indeed, been a hewer of wood and drawer of water to the missionaries, and his grandfather was mainly instrumental in founding the mission to Labrador. But his brother who accompanied him on the present occasion was also descended from missionary parents—from those who went down to the battle and contended with Satan in his stronghold. This was the first occasion Mr. Montgomery had been in Scotland since his infancy; and he (Mr. Latrobe) was sure they felt that his friend could not have reserved his first visit for a worthier or more interesting occasion. He came as a native of Scotland amongst his fellow-countrymen, to claim the warmth of heart, the cordiality of friendship, the steadfastness of regard, and the earnestness of co-operation, for which he knew from experience the natives of Scotland are distinguished. He came with the view of so disposing their arrangements, that he might reach the coast of Ayr, where he first drew breath, and there, as in other places, plead in behalf of those Western Islands where his father faithfully laboured and drew his latest breath."

Mr. Latrobe spoke at considerable length, in reference to the direct missionary objects of the deputation; and was followed by Montgomery, from whose speech, as it is the first which he delivered in Scotland, and contains besides some interesting particulars, we give the following extract. A full report appeared in the "Scottish Guardian" newspaper, of Oct. 1. 1841 :—

"Dear Christian Friends, — In this place I ought to address you as brethren and sisters. I am your countryman; and for the first time after a lapse of threescore years I appear on my native soil. I feel it to be a high and humbling

privilege to be permitted to meet you, and to make my public appearance as your countryman, in a place where, in one of the first sentences I heard from the reverend gentleman who offered up the opening prayer, the name of Jesus was mentioned. That is the name in which we meet; that is the name that is peculiarly preached as Jesus Christ and him crucified — as the only hope, the only ground of the hope of salvation for perishing sinners. My friend and brother Latrobe alluded to one of the peculiar institutions of our Church, namely, the body of intercessors, whose duty it is to bear the congregation on their hearts in faithful prayer; but we do not thereby set aside the all-prevailing intercession which is continually made before the throne; we know only God the Father, and the only mediator we hold is the Lord Jesus Christ. [After explaining this peculiar institution a little more at large, Mr. Montgomery proceeded.] You have heard great, and wonderful, and glorious things spoken this day concerning the United Brethren. Their first denomination was derived from those followers of Huss, who did not choose to defend their liberty and religion with the sword, but preferred rather to suffer than to fight. Their first denomination was, Brethren of the Society of Jesus; but there was a certain reason why it was necessary to change that to a simpler form, and they chose to be called the 'United Brethren;' united in Christ as the Head, having the everlasting strength to support them, and infinite wisdom to guide them. But who are the United Brethren? We are not a national Church, we are not a provincial Church, we are not a denomination separated from any Church, and confined to any one locality. The United Brethren have been a poor and an afflicted people for four centuries past, but whose trust has been in the Lord; and they have been scattered here and there over the world. At the time of the persecution, which for two centuries threatened to extirpate the Church, they expatriated themselves. When the Church seemed consumed by the flames of persecution, becoming seven times hotter from century to century, and its members were scattered to all the winds

of heaven from the mountains and forests of Bohemia, sparks fell from beyond the boundary of that country—sparks which the Lord's Spirit breathed upon, till they became a flame, which will not be extinguished so long as there shall exist hearts in which that flame is put, and whose duty it is to keep it continually burning. It was not an earthly flame that issued out of that burning persecution, but a light kindled at the altar before the throne of God, and which those who received the gospel in their hearts promised to go forth and preach in the simplicity of men who were determined to know nothing on earth but Jesus Christ and him crucified as the Saviour of sinners. That Church has some other peculiarities. It is the least of all the tribes of Israel; it is divided into widely separated sections; yet still it is the Church of the United Brethren at home and abroad, in the islands of the West Indies, in Greenland, in Labrador, in North America, and South Africa. Wherever it has carried the gospel, it has still been as a united Church — united in spirit, and that spirit under the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit of God. We are peculiar in another respect. The great work we are called to perform is far beyond the temporal means of support of those engaged in it. It has pleased the Lord to make the Church of the Brethren dependent more or less on every other Christian Church with which we hold communion and fellowship in doctrine and worship. The annual expense of 12,000*l.* for supporting our missions is not raised amongst ourselves. We cannot, with the utmost exertion, produce more than one fourth, or, at the most, one third of the amount; but the Lord has made his people willing, on every hand, out of their abundance to communicate to our necessities. The Lord Jesus himself said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The greater blessing belongs to those of our friends on whom He has conferred the privilege of giving; and we must hope to enjoy the smaller by receiving of their bounty. What the Lord Jesus Christ has given to you, and what you, as his stewards, have bestowed upon us, must be accounted for by us both

to Him and to you; and when the details of that expenditure come before you, it will be apparent that there has been no want of economy in all our arrangements. My friend has intimated how self-denying the Brethren are. Our missionaries labour without hire, except a very small provision for the education of their children, and a small retiring allowance. But do they labour without wages? No; they ask and they receive the greatest reward which they can enjoy under heaven; they are not content with a less price for their labours and privations among the heathen than that which will satisfy the Redeemer, when He shall see of the travail of his soul. They require souls for their hire; and souls in the last day shall rise up and come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down with them, and with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of their Father." Mr. Montgomery proceeded briefly to sketch the history of the Moravian Church, the origin of which he dated about the ninth century, when missionaries came into Moravia, Bulgaria, and Bohemia, with the Scriptures in their hands, and translated them into the languages of these provinces. "It was a remarkable fact," he observed, "that a princess of Bohemia was married to Richard the Second; and when she came to the Court of Britain she found herself among those who professed the same Christian doctrines as herself; and she became the patroness of Wickliffe and the Reformers in England, as she had patronised those in her own country who maintained the truth in opposition to the House of Austria. They held the Scriptures in such respect, that previous to the Reformation three editions of the Bohemian Scriptures were printed by these people, and used throughout that province. The last effort of persecution threw them with their families into Alsatia, where they founded a flourishing Church; and thus they became a missionary Church, as soon as they were called to bear the cross as a Church of martyrs. He could not, after three days of fatiguing travelling, which was more than could well be borne by a bruised reed which was not yet broken, and

smoking flax which was not yet quenched, enter at large into the statement to which Mr. Latrobe had invited him. He proceeded to refer to a few of the features of the West Indian missions. Adverting to the Danish island of Santa Cruz, he stated, that it had been proposed to him to suggest to the leading men in the Church the propriety of superseding the mixed French, German, Dutch, and English, which form the language of the islands, with the English alone, which it was proposed should be taught in the mission schools. This, he remarked, was a proposal not to be hastily taken up, nor to be hastily laid down; for he was persuaded that the time might come, and he trusted that the time would come, when all the nations should have one language, and that language the English. This island of Santa Cruz was without a parallel in the history of missions, and without an example in the history of the world. It was purchased by a Danish councillor from the French who had deserted it, and left it to lie waste forty years. They had heard to-day that it now embraces a population of 25,000. It occurred to this councillor to call in the aid of the United Brethren, with whose self-denial and patient endurance he was already acquainted; and he prevailed upon fourteen of them to settle amongst the negroes whom he placed upon the island. During forty years it had lain fallow, producing rank luxuriant vegetation and poisonous underwood. In the first year, ten of the Brethren,—so it was ordered in the Divine government, — laid their bones in the soil of that inhospitable island; but others were ready to take their places, and the work of God, under all possible difficulties, continued to flourish. He did not attribute all the prosperity which had attended the colony to the missionaries; it was not altogether the effect of their labours, but it was intimately connected with them. It was objected by many who misunderstood the character of missionary labour, that they went among the heathen to Christianise them before they civilised them. Our brethren," he continued, "go with the gospel in their hands, and the power of the gospel in their hearts. Their system is aggressive. They do not begin

with the young, or with the middle-aged, or with those who are verging towards the close of life; they preach to old and young the simple testimony which converted the first Greenlander, and which in every place where the Brethren have carried the gospel, has been the means of conversion; they simply, faithfully, and fervently preach Christ crucified, which proves itself to be the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation."

In the evening a still more densely crowded meeting was held in the same place, at which Mr. Collins, the respected Glasgow publisher, presided. Of Mr. Montgomery he said:—

"I have now enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance for twenty years. If I were to give expression to the fulness of my heart, I could say much; but his presence must repress my praises. And even were I able to overcome the delicacy of my own feelings, I should find a still more insuperable obstacle in the delicacy of his; and I shall only say, that Mr. Montgomery, the distinguished Christian poet of Great Britain, stands before you — a man whose genius has been sanctified and inspired with fire from the altar of Heaven, and which he has always consecrated to the honour of God, the service of his Redeemer, and the good of man."

Montgomery afterwards spoke at length, and with considerable animation; but his remarks had exclusive reference to the Brethren's missions. It may be mentioned that the resolution moved by him was seconded by a local namesake, Mr. Montgomery.

From Glasgow the deputation proceeded to Paisley, at which place a crowded meeting was held in the High Church to hear their statements; and where, according to the testimony of Mr. Latrobe, a spirit of truly kind and generous participation was manifested, the value of which was not a little enhanced by the distress so gene-

rally prevailing. On the following day they held a similar meeting at Greenock, with a like pleasing result. On the 30th the deputation returned to Glasgow.

While the Scottish public were thus warm-heartedly and liberally responding to the claims of their countryman and his colleague, in behalf of that important Christian object in reference to which the deputation had been appointed by the Moravian authorities, the character of Montgomery, as entitling him to consideration as a national poet, was not forgotten; and arrangements were accordingly made for doing him honour in this respect.

On Friday morning, October 1st, a public breakfast took place at the Black Bull Inn, Glasgow, in honour of the visit of the venerable Christian poet to his native country. Although the avowed design of the convenors was that the meeting should not be large but select, yet upwards of a hundred gentlemen were present, and the room was completely filled. The Hon. the Lord Provost was in the chair, Mr. Montgomery being placed on his right, and the Rev. Mr. Latrobe on his left. Henry Dunlop, Esq., and William Stirling, Esq., officiated as croupiers. Grace was said by Dr. Buchanan, and Dr. King returned thanks.

After the company had partaken of an abundant breakfast, the Lord Provost rose, and said: —

"Gentlemen,—As I am perfectly unacquainted with doing the honours of a breakfast table, I will require all the indulgence at your hand which you can possibly give. Our excellent guest has been now long absent from his native country — I believe sixty years; and although he has not been conversant practically with the customs and habits of Scotsmen, no doubt he has made himself very well acquainted with their history and characteristics, and, amongst other things, as he has already told me, he has not overlooked the

importance of a Scottish breakfast. However we are not met here to-day for the purpose merely of showing our friend the luxuries of a Scottish breakfast; but to do honour to the genius, and talents, and literary acquirements which have won him the respect and admiration, not only of his native land or of Britain, but of the civilised world. He has devoted those eminent talents which he possesses to the most distinguished, the most important, and the most praiseworthy pursuits: not only has he applied his great mind to works of the purest philanthropy, but he has chosen the most acceptable mode of conveying to the world the effusions of a mind so happily constituted as is that of our highly respected guest. I should like to dilate on what I myself feel and know of the character of Mr. Montgomery, but I shall leave that to be more fully gone into by the gentlemen who will afterwards address the meeting; and I will only add, that it surely becomes us to express our heartfelt sentiments of gratitude and admiration towards our excellent guest for his presence amongst us on this occasion."

Mr. Montgomery then rose amid the most rapturous applause.

"He said they had met in a threefold character that morning — as countrymen, as friends, and as Christians, and as such he would take the liberty of addressing the meeting. He had only been a few days in this country since the period of his leaving it, at four and a half years of age, and though he had seen little of it, he had much to carry away with him, and when he again arrived at home, and resumed his retirement, his mind would enable him to live over again the few days he had spent in his native land — Scotland. He met them on the present occasion in weakness, in fear, and in trembling, but he would not tire them with apologies. As it was out of his power to inflict upon them a long speech, even if he were inclined so to do, he would only detain them by giving a few incidents of his history since he left his native town so many years ago. He was now in the land of his birth, and he had seen the fathers

and grandfathers of many who were now present, and who had gone, he hoped, to that better world, where they all hoped to follow. He was now verging upon threescore and ten years; and, having acquired something like a name among his countrymen, he could not do better than give them a short sketch of his history."

The poet then went over, in his own happy and affecting terms, the leading events of his life since he left Scotland, when only about four years and a half old. He spoke at considerable length, observing in conclusion, that—

"He was bound to Britain by a threefold cord; he had lived in Scotland, in Ireland, and in England, and that threefold cord which bound his affections to the former country would never be broken till that silver cord was broken which united him to the world. He was not an adept at expressing his views in prose, and he held in his hand what would better express his feelings—an 'Address to Britain,' which he had written twenty-five years ago to accompany the work of a friend, and with their permission he would read it."

The poet then read the lines commencing "I love thee, O my native Isle!" The reporter of the speech in one of the newspapers, says,—

"The poetical passage was read in a very striking and pleasing manner by the poet, who dwelt with tones of peculiar tenderness, which must have sent a thrill of sympathy into every heart present, upon the simple *refrain* of the verses—the words, 'I love thee.'"

Among those who spoke at this social breakfast-meeting was Mr. Charles Hutchison.

"It is a proud day indeed, for our city," said this gentleman, "when one whom we so well know by his works has

come amongst us; and it is a proud day for the literature of the country that we have had one, although surrounded by many literary influences too well calculated to withdraw the mind from the highest and most important objects which can occupy it, who still persevered, and, through good report and bad report, followed out the principles which he imbibed in early life, and who has become, what is indeed a great triumph, a Christian poet. He has already alluded to his early love of liberty; and, if my memory do not deceive me, the earliest, or one of the earliest, of his productions was placed amidst the scenery of Switzerland, where Tell fought in the cause of freedom. But there was another subject which he has also followed with the eye of the patriot, with the mind of the philosopher, and the feeling of the poet; he pleaded the cause of the injured African, and assisted to destroy another link of the chain with which we have so long fettered her unhappy sons. Proceeding in another direction altogether, he has devoted himself to the missionary exertions of the Moravian Brethren in Greenland. The topic, indeed, was new, and none but a true poet could have ventured to undertake it; but, with genius and feeling, the humblest objects can be rendered interesting, and even poetical; and when you hear of such expressions in the description of natural scenery as

"'Winter's eternal palace built by Time,'

you can easily see what mind can render immortal, although to the common eye it may appear unpoetical and prosaic; and hence our esteemed guest, in viewing the benighted islands of that dark region, watched when the gleams of sunshine fell upon them, seized the prismatic colours they reflected, and rendered them immortal in his verse. It is pleasing to recollect, that at no time in the history of Britain, has it wanted a poet to plead the cause of morality and religion; for

"'Even in Charles's days,
Roscommon still could boast unsullied lays.'

And amongst the long line with which the country has been illustrated, we can still at every period point to one who has ranged his abilities on the side of virtue. But to command the fame of a great poet, it is not only necessary that his name should be linked with important works, but also that those lyrics which take such a hold of the public mind should occasionally be produced by him; and I am not aware of any name in Britain more illustrious in that respect than that of the bard before us. It must be in your recollection that one, who once occupied a high station in connection with a respectable mercantile body in London, but, yielding to temptation, lost at once his character and his life, was soothed, amidst all the horrors of his condemnation, by the continual repetition of Mr. Montgomery's lines upon 'Prayer.'* And I believe that few who know anything of his writings at all, have not been delighted with another lyric, characterised under the name of 'Night.' These are specimens, and they are well known to you all; but it is the poet's larger works which claim the most distinction. The name of Montgomery seems to be deeply associated with Scotland. About the middle of the seventeenth century, there was a Robert Montgomery, who offered to compose a metrical version of the Psalms for the Church of Scotland. Towards the middle of the nineteenth century we have another gentleman of the same name; and, again, we have amongst us the third of this name, all connected more or less with Scotland. It is not for us, gentlemen, to make any request of Mr. Montgomery, but you will perhaps indulge me in offering a suggestion. Our distinguished guest proposes to visit his native town of Irvine; and we are well aware of the magnificent and hospitable mansion of the castle of Montgomery there situated. There is no Scotsman but has felt delight from the strains which our Scottish national poet has drawn from that scenery; but, while his lay was animated by the splendour of the country around him, and by the peculiar feeling with which that poem is more especially concerned, might not our respected friend, during his visit,

* Alluding to Fauntleroy, executed for forgery.

complete the subject, by giving an ode, or a few verses, composed amongst scenes which are so well calculated to animate him; and sure am I, that if, under such circumstances, he was ever visited by the Muse, or if the Muse can be commanded at all—because that is rather doubtful!—but I am sure, if she is ever to be wooed at all, she will be worshipped while there, and I doubt not will be willing to meet the poet in that beautiful and happy land. Gentlemen, I have only now to state a sentiment, and I am sure you will all agree in it, that we desire the health and happiness of Mr. Montgomery in all his pursuits; and we only regret that his visit has been so extremely short, and that there has been so little time to pay him those heartfelt attentions which we would have been delighted to show him. I trust that he will also feel convinced that, if he has not forgotten us, Scotsmen will never forget him."

The foregoing allusion to the three poetical Montgomeries, in Mr. Hutchison's speech, may not unreasonably suggest to the reader the enquiry as to whether or not another who bore the name, and was then a popular Glasgow clergyman, attended any of the meetings to render the aid of his influence to the cause of the Moravian missions and schools, or paid the Sheffield bard the compliment of seeking a personal interview? He did neither; for among the foremost questions which, to our surprise, Miss Gales put to Montgomery, after his return home, was,—"Well! but did you see Bob?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; I went to his church, and heard him preach." *Miss Gales:* "Is that all? Did he neither introduce himself to you, nor attend any of your meetings?" *Montgomery:* "He certainly did not do the former; nor am I aware that he did the latter; though, according to all accounts, he is in the habit of attending, and speaking at, public meetings." *Miss Gales:* "But you would hear some-

thing about him?" *Montgomery:* "I *did* hear a great deal about him; for, as it happened, I was the guest of one of his hearers: but *I* cannot be one of his eulogists, and I will *not* say any thing to his disparagement." *Miss Gales:* (Returning to the attack.) "Well; but do not the ladies of Glasgow admire his person and his address?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; I heard some of them praise the delicacy of his hands; but, it seems, none of his fair admirers can get fast hold of them." *

After the public breakfast the deputation left Glasgow, and in the afternoon of the same day they reached the small town of Irvine, in Ayrshire, the birth-place of Montgomery.

"On my arrival at my native town of Irvine," to use his own words, in a letter to Miss Gales, "I was met at the station by the Provost, the magistrates, and the council, and being immediately conducted to their hall, was made a burgess of that ancient and royal burgh; and my freedom-scroll presented with many very fine and cordial congratulations. I cannot say more than that the heart of all Irvine seemed to be moved on the occasion, and of every soul in it, old and young, rich and poor, to 'hail' me to my birth-place. My heart was almost beyond feeling by the overpowering kindness that oppressed it, and the outflowing gratitude that could scarcely find vent in words or tears."

Under the guidance of his townsmen, the venerable poet visited the humble cottage in which he first drew breath, and was surprised to find the interior marked with a memorial of his having been born there. Aware of the interest with which their illustrious townsman was regarded by the inhabitants of Irvine, and no less assured of the pleasure it would give the poet to be

* The Rev. Robert Montgomery died Dec. 3. 1855, leaving a widow and one child.

introduced to any one who remembered him before he left his native place, — "You must," said the Provost to Montgomery, "see Mary Neele*; she has long been confined to her chamber, but is very anxious to see you." And off they walked to a very comfortable cottage, where they found the venerable woman seated amongst her grandchildren. "Ah!" she exclaimed, on the entrance of the poet, "and have I lived to see you again?" adding, "I've carried you on my back many a time. I knew your parents very well, and used often to go to their house. Your father told me, if I would come constantly, he would make me a good reader, and he did so. And you had a sister." "Yes," replied the poet, not a little affected by the tender and straightforward simplicity of the ancient dame's remarks. "Yes, I had a sister, who was born, lived, and died, before I came into the world." "Aye," rejoined Mary Neele, "I carried her, and played with her, as long as she lived: when she died, her mother gave me this little *pincushion*, which had been your sister's, as a keepsake of her." A mind less susceptible of emotion than Montgomery's would have been touched by such an incident. Here was a venerable female who, more than threescore years before, had often carried "*a-hug-a-back*," when a child, him who has not sung sweeter of infancy and youth than he has, many a time and oft, pleaded the cause of "old women,"—a Scottish grandame who, verging towards ninety years of age, had still treasured, as a memento of girlish friendship, through that long period, this "precious trifle," probably the only tangible memorial on earth of Mont-

* Mrs. Robertson—Neele being in fact her maiden name, and by which, according to Scottish custom, she was best known.

gomery's departed sister, besides her little grave-stone. He felt a strong desire to possess it, but knew not how, with any show of delicacy, to compass his object. The good woman, however, soon relieved him, by presenting it to him, when he said, "I will keep it for *your* sake." "No," she replied, with no small degree of emphasis, "Keep it for *Mary's* sake."

The poet was somewhat puzzled what sort of return to make; but having a handsome silk neckerchief with him, he gave it to Mary Neele, to wear in remembrance of him. He was next led to call upon another ancient dame, who had not only known and nursed him when a child, but who was present at his birth. With her he was likewise much pleased, describing her as "a very neat little old woman." And then he must call upon Hugh Watts, because his wife's mother had presented the poet, when a babe, to the minister, on his christening!

In the evening of October 1, a meeting was held in the High Church at Irvine, to promote the special object of the deputation, and on the following morning Montgomery and his colleague attended a public breakfast, which was respectably attended, Provost Salmon presiding. It is to be regretted that we have no report of what was said on this occasion. On mentioning this omission to Montgomery, he always smiled off the subject, remarking that he said just what he felt at the time, and which, while it was very proper to be spoken under the circumstances, was not suitable to be recorded.

From Irvine the deputation proceeded to Ayr, where they held missionary meetings. Here, on Monday, October 4th, a public breakfast was given to Montgomery, in the hall of the King's Arms Inn. A. Hunter, Esq., occupied the chair; and the Rev. Messrs. Ren-

wick and Stevenson respectively asked the blessing and returned thanks. Different from previous meetings, and, contrary indeed to the ordinary custom in Scotland on similar occasions, the great proportion of the assemblage was composed of ladies.

The chairman, after passing a brief but very appropriate eulogium on the character of Mr. Montgomery, as "the Christian poet of the age, and the respected advocate of the Missionary cause," bade him a hearty welcome to his native county, and expressed a fervent wish that he might be long spared to be an honour to Ayrshire, as he was an ornament to Britain.

Mr. Montgomery then rose, and was received in a very cordial manner. He spoke at great length, acknowledging especially the generous manner in which he had been everywhere received since he came into Scotland.

After going over a number of circumstances connected with the exercise of those talents, for the right use of which he considered himself accountable to God, and quoting an illustrative passage from the lines entitled "Departed Days," Montgomery, not forgetting that he was in "the land of Burns," paid an appropriate compliment to the memory of the earlier Ayrshire poet:—

"I cannot," said he, "in this place stand forward in the character of a poet, without alluding to one greater than I—the Ayrshire poet, as he is designated—a man who has established for himself a fame as pre-eminent as it is possible to possess, and great as is able to be accomplished, by any man. Robert Burns is indeed the honour as he is the boast of his countrymen. He was, however, but a poor frail child of flesh and blood. It is not for us to particularise his errors, or to follow his example. There has not existed a human being that could do more honour to his native land, or whose poems could

have more influence on his countrymen, than Robert Burns. With all his merits and demerits, his poems, good, bad, and indifferent, will take hold of the public mind wherever a Scotchman is a resident—and a Scotchman always loves his country. He takes that along with him wherever he wanders. I have always observed that wherever there is one of our countrymen there is a mind in which the poetry of Burns is cherished and read. The early religious impressions imprinted on his mind he has given to the world in his 'Cottars' Saturday Night;' which convey to us some idea of the manner practised by the father of Burns in his own family. One of the objects that I had in my mind in visiting Ayr, was to see some of the places he has celebrated in his poetry, which will remain in the minds of his countrymen when the substantial forms have passed away. I have not yet had an opportunity of having that wish fully gratified."

Montgomery then repeated the story of the Roman sybil and her nine books, as he has elsewhere done in a review of Burns, adding,—

"Just in this manner will it be with the works of the Ayrshire poet. At first they will be received in full, but by degrees they will be reduced a third, and ultimately only a third, and necessarily the best portions of his works will remain. The words of Shakspeare, in one of his sonnets, may be appropriately applied to the portion that will exist of the productions of Burns:—

> "'Your monument shall be your gentle verse,
> Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
> And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
> When all the breathers of this world are dead.'

I have not been niggardly in my praise, nor yet in my censure; for there are portions of his works over which we must lament that they were ever written."

Montgomery concluded by complimenting the ladies for attending; and stated that, there being no precedent, the ladies of Glasgow had not ventured to come to the public breakfast given him in that city; but those of Irvine, overstepping the distinction, had set an example which he was glad to see followed in Ayr, as he conceived the gentlemen should never be where the ladies could not be present.

After visiting "auld Kilmarnock," the poet and his companion returned to Glasgow, spending four days chiefly in waiting upon individuals known or likely to be rendered favourable to the pious purpose of missionary solicitation. This interval was, however, likewise happily embraced by their hospitable Scottish entertainers, to show the strangers something of the far-famed scenery of Loch Lomond, and the surrounding country. And it was with no little gratification that Montgomery, combining with his strongly awakened feelings of nationality his taste as a poet, found himself standing or looking on so many spots which are not only generally identified with characteristic events in Scottish history, through all its periods, but which have of late years been stamped with a new, and in many respects more vivid and widely extended, interest, by the splendid genius of Walter Scott.

Having spent Sunday, October 10th, in Glasgow, "and found it truly a day of rest and spiritual refreshment" — and there is something in the decorous public observance of the Sabbath in Scotland* which impresses travellers from the south generally — the deputation bade farewell to their esteemed friends in this city, and

* He was much struck with the practice of placing an almsdish in the entrance to a church, so common in Scotland; and some of these platters, as he said, "were large enough to hold the national debt if it were in paper."

continued their journey to Stirling, whose castle and surrounding scenery afforded a rich treat.

The deputation arrived at Stirling in time to take a share in the solemn service wherewith the members of the several congregations in that town, being "assembled with one accord in one place," closed the season of united prayer and intercession, observed in the Scottish and many other churches, between the 2nd and 11th of October; nor could they fail to acknowledge with thankfulness, that "it was good for them to be there," and to unite with their brethren in supplication to the same Lord, even to Him who is rich in mercy to all that call upon Him. *

"Stirling Castle," writes the poet to Miss Gales, "overlooks the richest and the grandest prospect that we have yet seen of mountains, plains, and the river *Forth*, winding like the Rother at Eckington, but a hundred times as broad, and doubling upon itself in so many links which almost touch, that it looks like a mighty chain of water thrown down from heaven upon the earth, and lying *just as it fell, without stretching into length.* I wished, as I have done many times in this romantic land of my birth, that you had been at my side, looking down on the glorious horizon about Stirling Castle, where the least striking passage is one of the most famous in Scottish history — the field of Bannockburn. Mr. Holland will tell you all about this, and why it is to this day the proudest boast of *my* country, and the recollection of it the deepest humiliation of *yours.* You will thus understand what a Scot I am in Scotland. What an Englishman I am in England you know well; and what an Irishman I can be in Ireland you may see when you and I cross the Channel, and visit Gracehill. When that will be I believe depends upon yourself; for when you are ready,

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* Latrobe's Report.

bonnet, cloak, and all, to set out, I will try to show you the way."

On the morning of October 12th the travellers held, and addressed, a hastily summoned, but very attentive, meeting in the High Church; after which they proceeded to Perth, where they were introduced to another and very numerous assembly, convened in St. Leonard's Church, under the presidency of the respected sheriff of that city. Calls on Christian friends, neither few nor unfruitful, afforded occupation for the following day; and on the 14th the deputation reached Dundee, after traversing the rich and beautiful Carse of Gowrie. The same evening they attended a meeting of the friends of missions in the Gælic church; and devoted great part of the following day to personal appeals.* The 16th saw them safely conducted to Edinburgh, after they had reluctantly declined an invitation to extend their tour to Aberdeen. Here they proceeded to George-square, the residence of Dr. Huie, who claimed the right of entertaining Montgomery as "a brother poet," as well as an active friend of the Moravian missions.

The arrival of Montgomery in the capital of the land that gave him birth, was the signal for fresh demonstrations of respect on the part of his countrymen; but there, as elsewhere, the first anxieties of the deputation were for the success of the leading object of their mission. Accordingly, the requisite arrangements having been made, sermons followed by collections were, on the 17th, preached by Mr. Latrobe to large congregations: in the morning, in Dr. Brown's church, Broughton-place; and in the evening, in the parish

* Latrobe's Report.

church of St. George's. On Monday, the 18th, a highly respectable company assembled in the Hopetoun Rooms, the Lord Provost in the chair, who testified by a liberal collection their interest in the cause so earnestly commended to them, as well by several respectable residents as by the gentlemen of the deputation. The following day a numerous meeting was addressed at Leith, "and an opportunity was afforded to the deputation to make the personal acquaintance of several individuals who remembered the providential visits of the brethren, C. Kleinschmidt, Müller, and Gorke, in the years 1811 and 1812, and had shown kindness to these strangers, believing them to be faithful servants of Christ." *

At Edinburgh the poet visited with intense interest the far-famed Castle, and the celebrated Holyrood House, especially the latter, in which the murder of Rizzio, so intimately identified with the cause of that lovely and unfortunate queen, whose character, after all that has been written upon it, remains one of the enigmas of history. Of course, the very room in which Mary sat, the spot where Rizzio fell, yea, the still apparent stain of his blood upon the floor, were duly pointed out; and if for these ordinary stimulants of the merely horrible, Montgomery had less relish than many others may have possessed, he was not, on that account, the less deeply affected by the crowd of strange associations which such a place as that was calculated to call up in a mind like his.

On the morning of the 21st, a public breakfast was held in Gibbs's Royal Hotel, Princess Street, Edinburgh, in honour of the deputation, and was most respectably attended. Mr. Campbell of Carbrook pre-

* Latrobe's Report.

sided, who, after grace had been said by the Rev. Dr. Dickson, and thanks returned by the Rev. S. J. Wood, introduced the business of the meeting in an appropriate speech. Mr. Latrobe then rose, and said,—

"It was only the missionary character of the work in which they were engaged, that would furnish him with an apology as excuse for addressing them before his dear, and esteemed, and venerable fellow-servant, Mr. Montgomery. He (Mr. Montgomery) came before them as their countryman, of whom they were justly proud; and having received him back after a long absence of sixty years —a period of time which was not spent in prodigality or riotous living, but in the use of those distinguished faculties with which it pleased the Lord to endow him,—they again received him among them. He came before them as a poet and a man of letters, whose writings had adorned and instructed the age in which he lived,—as a Christian philanthropist, whose subjects ennobled his song, who sung of themes of the highest interest —themes involving the glory of God and the welfare of his species. His friend and he were not a little surprised and put to shame by the kind and generous reception which they had met with from their friends in Scotland; and he could not omit this occasion of recording his gratitude for the generous hospitality which they had everywhere received, and nowhere more than in the Scottish metropolis."

Mr. Latrobe then entered into the details of the Brethren's mission, after which Montgomery rose, amidst loud applause, and said *:—

* The substance of some portions of Mr. Montgomery's address will have been recognised in other passages of this work; but there appeared a sufficient reason in the interest of the occasion, to give the whole in this instance, as it was delivered by the speaker, on the authority of an excellent report in the "Edinburgh Witness" of Oct. 23. 1841.

"Christian friends and countrymen, I am glad that on the present occasion I do not address you as my countrymen only, but as those who are the most patient and most persevering supporters of that holy cause in behalf of which I and my reverend friend have come hither, and who cherish its interests 'with hearts resolved and hands prepared' to labour diligently for the prosperity of missions, even so far as they are connected with our poor humble Moravian Church. On the present occasion, during the whole of my course with my friend through the various towns and cities we have visited, I find, in addition to the welcome we received as messengers of our church, that certain personal considerations connected with my own history and my standing before the public have exacted an interest towards me which is exceedingly gratifying. And this circumstance I must make my excuse for speaking of the last subject on which otherwise I should have spoken,—I mean myself. You have most kindly welcomed me, not as a stranger only, but as a friend; not as a friend only, but as one of kindred blood with yourselves. I have been an absentee; but never for one hour—never for one moment—were Scotland and the obligations I owe this country obliterated from my heart. Whatever reminded me of Scotland, brought me back to the scenes of my infancy, recalled to memory the lessons of my father and the words of my mother, when they were inhabitants of that country in which it pleased God to give me birth. The other evening at Stirling, a Christian lady, the wife of a clergyman, who had laboured for nine years in a Highland parish on the western shores of Scotland, was conversing with me on the condition of the native Highlanders, and the changes which were taking place in the aspect of their district. Whenever that subject is touched upon, we feel a particular interest in the condition of those who are its present inhabitants. Undoubtedly the agricultural improvements now going on will be exceedingly beneficial in the end, and will render the property there far more valuable as a portion of the British empire than before. But it is certain that the native race, gradually driven from the

mountains and wilds which they and their fathers possessed, are retiring nearer and nearer to the seashore. They linger as long as they can on their native soil; and one circumstance which this lady mentioned, and which impressed me deeply was, that so attached were the Highlanders to their native land, that she had known some of them take with them a handful of their mother earth to the wilds of Canada, or wheresoever Providence cast their lot abroad; and there they deposited that memorial of their fatherland—a memorial of that country which was so dear to their hearts, thus planting Scotland wherever they went. Out of this little handful of earth, mayhap containing the seeds of some Scottish plant — even of the Scottish plant emblematic of the country — the thistle, in which Scotland glories, as England does in her rose, or Ireland in her shamrock—even out of that handful of earth may spring the Scottish thistle. And though I did not bring away a handful of earth with me from my native land, I brought away with me, at the age of four years and a half, in my heart, in my memory, in my mind, what could never be banished from my thoughts, and what will never perish so long as my memory lasts; and wherever I was, though I have been sixty years absent from Scotland, Scotland was present with me every moment of that time; for if there is one point in our existence which will be remembered most, even in eternity, it will surely be that point where our existence began. I always felt myself more and more endeared to my countrymen." The speaker then adverted to his interview, while a boy at school in Fulneck, with Lord Monboddo, whom he described as a singular-looking man, with large brass buttons on his coat, his legs cased in leather overalls; on his head was a strange but very picturesque hat; and he held a great horse-whip in his hand.* "When the bishop," said Montgomery, "conducted his Lordship up to the room where I was (then a little boy), he seemed to be paying no attention to what was said; his eyes were fixed on the floor, as if counting the nails on it; but when the bishop said, pointing

* Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 58.

to me, 'My Lord, here is a countryman of yours,' he started as if from a trance, waved his whip over my head, and exclaimed, 'I hope his country will never have reason to be ashamed of him.' This circumstance made a deep impression on my mind, and I determined — I trust the resolution was not made in vain — I determined in that moment that my country should not have reason to be ashamed of me. The glory and the shame of my public life are now passed away. I was, after that, for thirty years in a public character; and the worst that could be said of me I have lately put upon record, without extenuating my own conduct, and I hope without malice to those who were then my political enemies: for of my public life, through all those years during which I was engaged in frequent contention, and twice even sentenced by courts of justice to imprisonment, there is this, which I testify with grateful recollection, — I do not believe I made one personal enemy. And I have further to mention it, to the honour of those who are now gone, that at the very time I was suffering persecution, my principal patron was a gentleman who was at the head of the town, and who was, in politics, directly opposed to me. Of the persons who were formerly opposed to me, every one became afterwards reconciled to me,—they died in peace with me; and the gentleman from whom I suffered most, (but then I had inflicted suffering upon him, so that it came to a balance of suffering between us,) in latter years did me every kindness that was in his power. Therefore, there is nothing in my public life of which my country ought to be ashamed. Before man, making allowance for human infirmity, I will justify myself; before God, even though I were righteous, I would not answer Him. I come here as a messenger from the United Brethren; but I need scarcely say that the character in which I am best known, and in which I am most proud to be known, apart from my connection with the Missions, is that of a versifier. I began very early to make verses. The earliest verses I ever read were those in our own hymn-book, which, though ruder in metre and more uncouth than

the Scottish Psalmody — which, by the way, I am learning every day to love more and more — yet celebrated so as to touch my heart, the love of our Saviour, His humiliation, His perpetual love for children, as well as for grown-up people. This hymn-book first made me love religion itself, in the form of verse, next to Scripture."

After some further allusion to his Fulneck studies, including a reference to the fact, elsewhere noticed, that the first passage that made him feel the real power of poetry was from the works of a Scotsman, he proceeded,—

"Nothing ever struck my mind so much as that song of Thomson's which will be sung as long as Britain endures — 'Rule Britannia.' I afterwards saw in a newspaper occasionally, some of the gems of Burns; and I well remember the impression which his lines to a 'Mountain Daisy' made upon me. So that you see, when I was as it were breaking the shell, Blair, Thomson, and Burns were the first poets with whom I became acquainted. I have now been long before the public,— I have endured through the good and the evil report of reviewers, and nowhere did I receive harder measure than in this great city; and yet I am still able to hold up my head as one of the national poets of Scotland. To have received such a thrashing as that, was a proof that I did not altogether deserve it. Who inflicted the blow I know not; but whoever it was, he did me service. I felt that he had dealt too severely with me; but he taught me an excellent lesson,—to deal more severely with myself; and as every poem I have published since that time has been received more favourably by the public, so can I say that I dealt more severely with it. I was resolved that my countrymen never should have cause to be ashamed of me; and they are not ashamed of me. After an absence of sixty years, I have come back to this sacred ground; sacred indeed it is, for the prayer of faith has consecrated our present meeting. Nor did I ever forget my native land — I have never ceased to feel towards it the reverence which

it inspires. Once I had a glimpse of it. It was when I had climbed Helvellyn, and my guide was pointing out to me the lakes and the rivers which were spread at our feet. He was pointing out to me the direction of the Isle of Man and of Ireland, when suddenly turning round, 'and there,' said he, 'there is Scotland.' I strained my eyes gazing across the Solway,—when the outline of the coast appeared to me as a faint vapour ready to vanish. Suddenly Helvellyn fell flat at my feet,—the lakes were gone, England, Ireland, and all were forgotten, and in that moment of absorbing emotion, I said, and felt as I said—

> "'Lives there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my dear, my native land?'

I shall never forget that moment. It made up for fifty years of absence. But it was not alone on those occasions I thought of Scotland; even when a boy at Fulneck school I fought the battles of my country,—not with my hands, for pugilistic exercises were not allowed in our establishment, but with the tongue, especially against the Irish lads, who were apt to domineer over us. But I must come to the present. The hospitalities we have received since we entered Scotland are like those with which Abraham and others entertained angels, when there were angel visits. When I came to Scotland I knew not a living inhabitant, though I was aware that, from the notoriety of my visit, I could not expect to pass altogether unnoticed. But I had no reason to expect any marked distinction. I determined to visit my birthplace on the first vacant day I should have. What I desired was to walk like a spirit through the place, and quietly inquire into anything that could be learned with respect to former circumstances; but my notoriety, I found, had produced an extraordinary effect upon my townspeople. A meeting for the purposes of our missions was held there, and I was received with kindness and heartfelt joy. Really it was worth all the nervousness I have suffered since I left home. It was a joyous scene; the lads running

about barefooted, and the lasses, too, glowing with the pleasures of offering their hearty welcomes. I never saw a merrier sight, and to know that I was the occasion of it all, while it humbled me, made me at least as happy as they. I went to see the humble cottage where my mother forgot her pains in the joy that a man child was born to the world; and attached to it was the little chapel which, after my father left it, was no longer used as a sanctuary. There are now in it five or six looms for the manufacture of shawls, or some other articles; but, on looking round, I at once recollected the house and the chapel, though I left it before I was five years old; and on walking to the end of the chapel, to my great surprise I found a tablet on which was painted an account of the time when I was born, and underneath was placed some lines from one of my poems, where I allude to the place of my birth and parents' death.* I had no idea, till I came to Irvine, how great a man I was. It reminded me of the saying of Dr. Johnson on Lord Mansfield, that much may be made of a Scotchman if he is caught young. My case was the reverse of this,—I thought much was often made of a Scotchman when he is grown old, for I never was so much made of till I came to Scotland."

Mr. Montgomery, after citing the lines alluded to, sat down amidst great applause.

Dr. Huie said,—

"I rise for the purpose of expressing what I doubt not all who are now present feel,—the deep obligation which we owe to Mr. Latrobe and Mr. Montgomery for their company this morning; and for the interesting and important statements which they have laid before us. It is truly refreshing, Sir, once more to see amongst us our friend Mr. Latrobe, whose name has been so long associated with the missions of the United Brethren; and who, walking in the footsteps of his excellent father, has earned by his zeal, assiduity, and dis-

* "Departed Days." "Sweet seas and smiling shores," &c., twenty-eight lines.

interestedness, the approbation and esteem of all who are acquainted with, and can appreciate, his labours of love. And it is still more refreshing to see amongst us that venerable bard, on whose writings we have so often dwelt with admiration and delight; whether we wandered with him over the mountain solitudes of Switzerland, or visited with him the tornado-rocked dwellings of the West Indies, the ice-bound coasts of Greenland, or the enchanting scenery of the Pelican Island; or whether, surrendering our imaginations more completely to his guidance, we permitted him to carry us back through the vista of departed ages to the World before the Flood. It is no small praise, Sir, to say of an uninspired writer, that the pleasure which we derive from his works is pure and unmingled; and yet such is the case with the poems of our friend, Mr. Montgomery. Brightly though the cup of his fancy sparkles, there is no poison in the chalice; sweet though the flowers be which he scatters around us, there is no serpent underneath to sting the hand that gathers them. But high though this praise is, our honoured guest deserves a higher still. He has tuned his lyre to the loftiest theme which can engage the mind or the imagination of man; he has sung in hallowed strains the triumphs of incarnate Deity; and he has supplied us with befitting language in which to express our devotional feelings, in almost every conceivable variety of circumstances. I believe, Sir, that there is no one here who has not felt and acknowledged this—whether in teaching the lisping babe upon his knee that

> "'Prayer is the simplest form of speech
> That infant lips can try;'

or whether, looking forward, in an hour of grief and desolation, to the last resting-place of the mourner, he has rejoiced to think that

> "'There is a calm for those that weep,
> A rest for weary pilgrims found;
> They softly lie and sweetly sleep
> Low in the ground;'

or whether, rising on imagination's wing, he has soared to the third heaven, and, overpowered by the flood of glory which has there burst upon him, has exclaimed, in tones of rapture—

"'What are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng?
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphal song?'

It is not only as a poet, then, but as a Christian poet—and not as a Christian poet merely, but as the first Christian poet of the day—the Cowper, as he has been well termed, of the nineteenth century—that, in the name of this meeting and of my fellow-citizens, I bid Mr. Montgomery welcome, thrice welcome, to Edinburgh; and express a hope, that although this be his first, it will not be his last visit to the metropolis of his native land. But, Sir, I must not forget that we are met here for a higher and a holier purpose than to render honour to man for what the grace and the Spirit of God have enabled him to do."

The learned gentleman then proceeded at considerable length, and in an eloquent strain, to set forth the character and claims of the missionary cause, particularly as identified with the visit of the Moravian deputation to Scotland.

After the breakfast, the deputation went to hold a missionary meeting at Dalkeith. On their way thither, they visited the scene which is not more strikingly embellished with natural beauties than endeared to the feelings of every well-read British poet, as having once been the residence of Drummond; a gentleman of that name being still the owner of Hawthornden, and who kindly gave Montgomery an order to see the grounds and the house. The poet was likewise gratified with a brief visit to Roslin Castle, the picturesque ruins of which are so rich in exquisite specimens of

Gothic architecture, and have so often afforded a subject for the painter or the poet. On that day another meeting was held at Haddington, the residence of some of the oldest friends of the missions in Scotland, including members of the East Lothian Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A sermon at the Rev. Mr. French's church, on the evening of the ensuing Lord's day, closed the services of the deputation in Scotland, in the course of which about 600*l.* were collected.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

1841.

SCOTTISH DESCRIPTION OF MONTGOMERY'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE. — DEPUTATION RETURNS TO ENGLAND. — ILLIDGE'S PORTRAIT OF MONTGOMERY. — LETTERS TO AND FROM DR. HUIE. — SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY. — LETTER TO GEORGE BENNET. — CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY. —SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. BENNET. — LECTURES AT BIRMINGHAM. — LETTER TO MR. HOLLAND. — TO DR. HUIE.

We consider no apology necessary for having given at considerable length the particulars of an occurrence so material in the life of Montgomery, as the only visit which he ever paid to the land of his birth: nor have we hesitated to mingle with the substance of this narrative various details more or less connected with that missionary cause, the success of which the poet had always, as we have seen, so much at heart, and to the prospect of promoting whose interests he owed the gratification of a tour which would probably otherwise never have been undertaken; while Scotland had thus an opportunity, which was generously caught, of doing honour to the national character in thus acknowledging the talents of one of her distinguished and most meritorious sons.

Before, however, we take, with our tourists, a final leave of North Britain, we wish to record one other item in that catalogue of kindnesses already so prolix.*

* He wrote but few letters during his absence in Scotland, and these mostly to Miss Gales; they are filled with details of pro-

This is a *personal* description of the poet, which appeared in the journal containing a report of the last-mentioned meeting. We know not the writer; but the picture is so kindly and happily, not to say minutely, drawn, that those who never saw the man himself may almost realise to their minds, from this description, his figure, dress, and expression at the period of his visit to Scotland. Speaking of Montgomery's speech, the editor of the "Witness" says: —

"We have rarely shared in a more agreeable entertainment, and have never listened to a more pleasing or better toned address than that in which the poet ran over some of the more striking incidents of his early life. It was in itself a poem, and a very fine one. An old and venerable man, returning to his native country after an absence of sixty years — after two whole generations had passed away, and the grave had closed over almost all his contemporaries — would be of itself a matter of poetical interest, even were the aged visitor a person of but the ordinary cast of thought and depth of feeling. How striking the contrast between the sunny, dream-like recollections of childhood to such an individual, and the surrounding realities! — between the scenes and figures on this side the wide gulf of sixty years, and the scenes and figures on that! Yonder the fair locks of infancy, its bright, joyous eyes, and its speaking smiles — here the gray hairs and care-worn wrinkles of rigid old age, tottering painfully on the extreme verge of life. But if there attaches thus a poetic interest to the mere circumstances of such a visit, how much more, in the present instance, from the character of the visitor — a man whose thoughts and feelings, tinted by the warm hues of imagination, retain in his old age all the strength and freshness of early youth!

gress, or expressions of gratitude for the kindness of the Scottish people to himself personally, as well as to the "good cause" which had made him their visitor.

"Hogg, when first introduced to Wilkie, expressed his gratification at finding him so young a man. We experienced a similar feeling on first seeing the poet Montgomery. He can be no young man who, looking backwards across two whole generations, can recount from recollection, like Nestor of old, some of the occurrences of the third. But there is a green old age, in which the spirits retain their buoyancy, and the intellect its original vigour, and the whole appearance of the poet gives evidence that his evening of life is of this happy and desirable character. His appearance speaks of antiquity, but not of decay. His locks have assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full arched coronal region exhibits what a brother poet has well termed the 'clear bald polish of the honoured head;' but the expression of the countenance is that of middle life. It is a clear, thin, speaking countenance—the features are high—the complexion fresh, though not ruddy, and age has failed to pucker either cheek or forehead with a single wrinkle. The spectator sees at a glance that all the poet still survives—that James Montgomery, in his sixty-fifth year, is all that he ever was. The forehead, rather compact than large, swells out on either side towards the region of ideality, and rises high, in a fine arch, into what, if phrenology speak true, must be regarded as an amply developed organ of veneration. The figure is quite as little touched by age as the face. It is well but not strongly made, and of the middle size, and yet there is a touch of antiquity about it too, derived, however, rather from the dress than from any peculiarity in the person itself. To a plain suit of black Mr. Montgomery adds the voluminous breast-ruffles of the last age—exactly such things as, in Scotland at least, the fathers of the present generation wore on their wedding-days. These are perhaps but small details; but we notice them just because we have never yet met with any one who took an interest in a celebrated name, without trying to picture to himself the appearance of the individual who bore it.

"The reader will find some very pleasing incidents beauti-

fully related in the address of Mr. Montgomery. It would have been false taste and delicacy in such a man to have forborne speaking of himself. His return, after an absence equal to the term of two full generations, to his native cottage, is an incident exquisitely poetic. He finds his father's humble chapel converted into a workshop, and strangers sit beside the hearth that had once been his mother's. And where were that father and mother? Their bones moulder in a distant land, where the tombstones cast no shadow, when the fierce sun looks down at noon upon their graves. 'Taking their lives in their hands,' they had gone abroad to preach Christ to the poor enslaved negro, for whose soul at that period scarce any one cared save the United Brethren; and in the midst of their labours of piety and love, they had fallen victims to the climate. He passed through the cottage and the workshop, calling up the dream-like recollections of his earliest scene of existence, and recognising, one by one, the once familiar objects within. One object he failed to recognise. It was a small tablet fixed in the wall. He went up to it, and found it intimated that James Montgomery, the poet, had been born there. Was it not almost as if one of the poets or philosophers of a former time had lighted, on revisiting the earth as a disembodied spirit, on his own monument? Of scarce less interest is his anecdote of Monboddo.

"Scotland has no reason to be ashamed of James Montgomery. Of all her poets, there is not one of equal power, whose strain has been so uninterruptedly pure, or whose objects have been so invariably excellent. The child of the Christian missionary has been the poet of Christian missions. The parents laid down their lives in behalf of the enslaved and perishing negro — the son, in strains the most vigorous and impassioned, has raised his generous appeal to public justice in his behalf, nor has the appeal been in vain. All his writings bear the stamp of the Christian; many of them embodying feelings which all the truly devout experience, but which only a poet could express, have been made vehicles for addressing to the Creator the emotions of

many a grateful heart; and, employed chiefly on themes of immortality, they promise to outlive not only songs of intellectually a lower order, but of even equal powers of genius, into whose otherwise noble texture sin has introduced the elements of death."

On the 25th of October, "the deputation," to adopt the words of Mr. Latrobe, "took their departure from Edinburgh, with hearts filled with humble gratitude to the Lord, for the help He had vouchsafed to them from day to day, the blessing He had caused to rest on their feeble efforts to promote His cause, and the many spiritual and social enjoyments which He had poured into their cup. In returning each to his allotted place of sojourn and of labour, they felt constrained thankfully to acknowledge the grace and faithfulness of their Almighty Shepherd, in feeding, tending, and caring for them, in restoring their souls, and comforting them with His rod and His staff, so that each could exclaim, in the language of the venerable version of the Psalms, with which a month's sojourn in Scotland had made them familiar—

"'Goodness and mercy, while I live,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house, for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.'"

The morning after his arrival at home, Montgomery was waited upon by Mr. Illidge, of Liverpool, with a request to be allowed to paint his portrait. The application had been made before the poet set out for Scotland, and he had given a sort of promise to favour the artist with a sitting or two, if convenient, when he returned; fondly hoping that he might, perhaps, hear nothing more of the matter. Mr. Illidge, however, did not thus lightly estimate his own intention; for he stayed at Sheffield during the whole of the poet's

absence from home; and immediately on his return claimed, and obtained, the fulfilment of his promise.*

After his return to Sheffield, Montgomery wrote to the lady of Colonel Crauford, of Craufordland Castle, near Kilmarnock, giving her an account of his Scottish tour, in some part of which he had met her, while accompanied by two granddaughters of the Earl of Eglintoun. They had first introduced themselves to him after the meeting in one of the churches, and afterwards they met in the street, when the poet, at the request of one of the young ladies, went into a shop, and wrote something for her, as an autograph.

James Montgomery to Dr. Huie.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Oct. 30. 1841.

"My dear Friend,

"Pray allow me to call you so, for after all the kindness which I experienced from you during my brief visit to Edinburgh, I really know not how otherwise to address you Friendship, indeed, is a plant of slow growth, and requires years to reach maturity; yet it is as truly friendship all the time of its progress as when it has attained perfection; its buds, its leaves, its flowers are as genuine products of that tree of life, as its latest, ripest, richest fruits, and are, not less than these, evidences of its own genuineness. There would be no old friends if there were never any new ones; the former we cannot make, but we may the latter; and, as Wordsworth tells us, that 'the boy is the father of the man,' a new friend will become an old one, if we will allow him time to undergo the only change which the condition of true friendship will admit without damage, if not dis-

* The painting, a "three-quarters portrait," was considered by his friends a good likeness: it has been faithfully engraved in Blackie's "Illustrious Scotchmen." Few persons will regard it as representing a "venerable old man."

solution. It is just a fortnight, at this very hour of the evening, when you brought me from Dublin Street to your house in George Square, and introduced me to Mrs. Huie and your young people as a guest whom you delighted to honour, and whom they seemed well prepared to welcome as an ideal personage turned into a real one before their eyes. I cannot express to you with what fear and anxiety I came under your roof, with the prospect of such arrangements to promote the cause of the United Brethren's missions, as the friends in your great city had made, and which my excellent companion and I were pledged to advocate during our sojourn there. I confess, notwithstanding the cordiality with which I was admitted to the comforts of your fireside, the beaming looks and gentle words bestowed upon me, my spirit was so depressed, and its tabernacle of flesh and blood so shaken by the fatigues of a long day's journey from Dundee, that I said to myself, 'How shall I get through the next week?' for it seemed an age before me of labour and suffering, — the labour of the brain and the suffering of the mind, from the consciousness of utter incompetence for the duty which I had undertaken. That week is now past; another has followed it, and both of them together seem but as two days in the retrospect this evening. On few weeks of my life can I look back with more humiliation of delight or exultation of gratitude, if I may use such strange phrases; for there are some enjoyments which are tempered though unembittered by misgivings of unworthiness, and some obligations of which the burthen is felt and yet we are glad to bear it. Such, at least, was my experience, I may say, throughout my tour in Scotland, wherever, with my friend and companion Mr. Latrobe, I travelled or rested; and nowhere more remarkably the case with me than during the few days of my sojourn in George Square. There, notwithstanding my morbid apprehensions, I soon found myself at home; and my only uneasiness was, that I caused so much trouble to you and Mrs. Huie, and, in turn, to each of your young people, not excepting little David himself, who watched every opportunity to serve me

in his frank way. When I recal, as I do daily, now one scene which I visited and then another, with the family circles and social connections attached to each, the faces, the voices, the words and deeds of kindness, of almost every individual with whom I became acquainted, I find that I was accumulating, as I went along, a treasure of recollections, of which the personal and transient intercourse was only the antepast of innocent and profitable revivals of the happiness then in possession, when alone and in spirit, as I am at this moment, I might choose to ruminate upon things that '*were*, and were to me most dear and precious,' and which, when gone in fact, would become imperishable in memory. I freely confess that the favour shown me everywhere, and the honours conferred occasionally, might have turned my head, had I not known myself so much better than the good people did who thus distinguished me, that I deeply felt how far short I fell in reality of the estimate which they formed of me on a brief acquaintance in my flesh and blood identity, and, perhaps, a larger intimacy with my mind and my heart in my poems, wherein, at the best, they could only learn what I ought to be rather than what I am. I can, however, honestly say, that I would to God I were indeed what His own people (to say nothing of others) deem me to be. If I am not now something nearer to that ideal standard by which I was meted in my native country, than I have cause to fear was my approach towards it when I came among you, the fault must be my own, for not having improved as I should have done by all the means of grace and the religious opportunities which I was privileged to share in friendly conversation, in family devotions, in public meetings, and in the great congregations which I met in your sanctuaries, where, as I can testify, I have so often heard the Gospel faithfully preached, and seen it professed, exemplified and adorned by Christians in every place which welcomed myself and my friend for *His* sake in whose name we presented ourselves to them as the messengers of our humble Church. I thank God He gave us favour in your sight, and

the object of our mission was blessedly answered by the liberality of those to whom we appealed for pecuniary aid towards repaying that debt beyond our own resources to discharge, which presses heavily upon our missionary establishment in the West Indies. I do not know the amount received, but I do know that it much exceeded my limited expectations, for which I shall rejoice to be an insolvent debtor to all our benefactors. But the Lord will reward them abundantly who contributed willingly in this, as He ever does when He accepts what is given to the poor as lent unto Himself. But I must say a word or two of what befel my companion and myself on our return. We arrived at York in the afternoon of Tuesday. Mr. Latrobe had determined to stop overnight there. At the railway station, as soon as I alighted, leaving him, as I thought, for a minute or two to look after his own luggage, which was multifarious, I gave mine to a porter to take to the North Midland Office, occupying the other wing of the station. He set off with it at such speed, that I found it hard to keep pace with him, and the distance was five times as great as I imagined. When I got back to the station where we had been set down, Mr. Latrobe was not on the spot; and round, and round again, amidst the hurrying to and fro of passengers, porters, and policemen, through the darkness visible of the immense buildings, I sought him in vain! Thus, after journeying in company, or labouring in our duty together, day by day, for more than a month, we were parted from one another in a moment of confusion, and I have not heard what became of him since. No doubt (if preserved by the way) he has reached London, and, like myself, found such a mass of epistolary and other arrears of public and private concerns, that he has not had time to write to me. I arrived here well and weary within twenty-four hours of leaving Edinburgh. . . . . I must only add my thanks, in the simplest form, to yourself, Mrs. Huie, and the young folks, for what I feel to have been their spontaneous goodness towards one who had no claim upon their notice, but who will ever remember them with

affectionate regard, and pray that all the blessings which they need, for time and eternity, may be abundantly showered upon them by the Father of mercies, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I am very truly your much obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"R. Huie, Esq., M.D., Edinburgh."

Such were the sentiments of Montgomery on an immediate reviewal of the hospitable attentions which he had received from the kind family in George-square. Dr. Huie, in a letter addressed to Mr. Holland, more than ten years afterwards, affords the following reminiscences of the poet as his guest:—

"Although Mr. Montgomery and I had never met previous to that time, we were not altogether strangers to one another, having long been fellow-labourers in the same department of literature. When I heard, therefore, of his being on the eve of visiting Edinburgh, as one of a deputation from the Moravian Missionary Association, it was natural that I should ask him to become my guest, and it was equally natural on his part to accept the invitation. Accordingly, on the 16th of October, I received him under my roof, and am happy to say that he soon felt himself so much at home in my family, that 'it seemed,' as he more than once expressed it, 'as if we had known each other all our lives.'

"His frank, yet gentle and unassuming manners, made him a great favourite with my young people, who showed their regard for him in every possible way; leaving in his apartment so many little tokens of friendship, that he one day said to me in their presence: 'Dr. Huie, I think there must be fairies in your house, for I find so many fairy gifts in my room, that I cannot conceive where they come from, unless they bring them.' But his warm and benevolent heart appeared especially attached towards my youngest son David, then just eight years of age. Him he always ad-

dressed in kind and paternal accents, and spoke of him in his absence, and mentioned him in the precious letters which I received from him after his return to Sheffield, in a strain of marked affection. He copied for him on a card his own poetical version of the Lord's Prayer, adding :—

"'Thus, as the Saviour taught to say,
May little David learn to pray!'

"One day, too, when David showed him a copy of Milton, which he had received as a prize at school, he took it into his hand and said, with much feeling, 'Ah! David, what would I have given at your age for such a book as that!'

"The Sunday after his arrival, he enjoyed the privilege of hearing two of our most eminent preachers, and afterwards spent the evening in interesting and edifying conversation with my family, while I went to assist in taking up the collection in aid of the Moravian Missions, which was made after a sermon preached by Mr. Latrobe, in the largest of our city churches. On every day during the following week, except Thursday, I invited various friends to meet him at breakfast, distinguished either for their celebrity in literature or science, or their attachment to the cause of the Moravian Missions. In this way, or by calling with me at their own houses, he made the acquaintance of Professor Wilson; of his brother, Mr. James Wilson, the eminent naturalist; of Mr. Moir, of Musselburgh, better known as the 'Delta' of Blackwood's Magazine; of Mr. Steell, the sculptor; of Dr. Abercrombie, Dr. Greville, and many of our city ministers of different denominations. I soon found, however, that Mr. Montgomery did not shine in a large company; his sensitive nature shrinking from any thing like display. His conversation, therefore, was usually confined to the friends who sat on either side of him; and if I addressed a remark to him from the foot of the table, he would briefly signify his assent to it; or if it were calculated to draw forth some observation from him, as was sometimes intentionally the case, he would express his opinion in as few

words as possible, and with much diffidence. But in the domestic circle, where none except myself and family were present, he gave utterance to his thoughts and feelings without the least reserve, and his conversation was of a rich and instructive character. Always cheerful himself, he diffused an atmosphere of cheerfulness around him; but never did he forget the Apostle's injunction, 'Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.' His remarks on men and things, and more especially on the literature and literary men of the day, were those of a man of candour and refinement, a Christian and a gentleman; and I was delighted to find, as the result of nine days of unrestrained and constant interchange of thought and sentiment with him, that his published works were as truly the transcript of the feelings and conceptions of the inner man, as the hills and groves, mirrored in the glassy lake, are the reflections of the landscape which surrounds it.

"On the 25th of October my venerable friend returned home, and we continued to correspond at intervals for some years. But as the infirmities of age advanced upon him, he ceased to write; although he never missed an opportunity of sending me a kind message, in token of his affectionate remembrance."

On the 4th of November, the seventieth anniversary of the poet's birthday, Mr. Holland dined with him; the only other person present, besides Miss Gales, being one of the daughters of Mr. Blackwell, who was amused with the description which our friend gave of an "Haggis, great chieftain of the pudding race," with which, as a national dish, his friends had, on one occasion, treated him during his recent visit in Scotland.

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Nov. 4. 1841.

"My dear Friend,

"This day I am threescore and ten years of age. How I have occupied them He only who lent, and will soon call me to give an account of, so many talents of time, can know. Were I to make confessions of all that I can recollect of the expenditure, to man, I should fail to answer satisfactorily for one of a thousand of the days of the years of my pilgrimage on earth; and could only say on the verge of the limit beyond which few can live, who live the longest of our dying race, that they have been spent in vanity and vexation of spirit, so far as my perverse will and evil heart have not been overruled, restrained, or directed into a better way, and for more holy purposes, than they would have chosen, by that good hand of my God upon me, which has never been withdrawn from bestowing benefits or averting calamities,—enabling me, with humble gratitude, to record that still His mercies are new every morning, and His compassions fail not. How I spent the last month you are already informed by certain newspapers which I forwarded to you from Scotland, reporting my progress on a visit with my friend and brother Latrobe, in behalf of our Moravian Missions. I assure you that during the whole of that time I could do little else than what was previously arranged by the friends in the several places where we held meetings. Three short letters to Miss Gales, and about as many casual notes connected with engagements on our journey, were the amount of my epistolary labours. You need not be surprised, then, that I neither troubled nor delighted you by any communications of the kind. For forty years past I have never lived so long, so much, and so actively in society, under such continual surveillance of eyes, or attention of ears, looking upon me, or hearkening to me, as I did all this while; which being a state of existence so different from my comparatively sequestered and quiet habits at home, kept me in a fever of agitation, anxiety, or exertion of all the faculties and feel-

ings which I could bring to bear upon the topics of conversation, or subjects of public speaking, from which there was no escape. The afore-mentioned newspapers will have told you how I was welcomed, honoured, and entertained by my countrymen, as one of themselves, independent of the Christian kindness shown to my excellent companion and myself, as messengers of our poor little church, by great numbers in Glasgow, Paisley, Irvine, Ayr, Greenock, Kilmarnock, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Edinburgh, Dalkeith, and Haddington,—the consecutive stages of our tour. I needed to 'watch and pray always, that I might be accounted worthy to escape' *through* 'all those things which came to pass.' You know the text to which I allude; and it will awaken some affecting recollections that accompanied you all round the world, associated with it. It did indeed require both watchfulness and prayer on my part, that I might 'escape' harm, even from all the good that a gracious Providence permitted to befall me during this exercise of my faith and patience, when both were tried by blessings and not by adversities. . . . .

"I am truly your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"George Bennet, Esq., Hackney."

On November 19th, a meeting was held in the Moravian Chapel, Fetter Lane, London, of the "Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel," on which occasion the centenary anniversary of its establishment, in the year 1741, was held. At this meeting a series of appropriate stanzas*, written by Montgomery, were read; as was

* "All Hail! our Church's Elder dear!" &c.—*Original Hymns.* The stanzas are dated Nov. 13, 1841; and the Brethren, in their printed copy, remark: "On the day on which they were composed, the congregations of the Brethren throughout the world were engaged in a thankful commemoration of an important event in the history of their church,—the discontinuance, a hundred years before, of the office of General Elder of the Brethren's Unity, and

also a "Retrospect of the Origin and Progress of the Society, and of its Operations during the last one hundred Years." This document comprised, among other matters, a letter from Mr. Spangenberg, written in 1741, recommending and encouraging the Brethren to take upon themselves the expense attending the establishment of a mission on the coast of Labrador, which evangelical experiment has been signally successful. This will account for the introduction of the term into the closing line of several of the verses:—

"To-day, one world-neglected race,
We fervently commend
To Thee, and to thy word of grace;
Lord, visit and befriend
A people scatter'd, peel'd, and rude,
By land and ocean-solitude
Cut off from every kinder shore,
In *dreary* Labrador."

About the middle of this month, Montgomery's feelings received a shock, as sudden and severe, probably, as any he had ever felt. He was preparing to set out from home to deliver his lectures at Birmingham and Walsall, when tidings arrived of the awfully sudden death of his friend, George Bennet, who had expired, in a fit, on the road between Hackney and London, on the 13th instant, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. When Montgomery returned from the post-office, where he had found letters containing this afflicting intelligence, Miss Gales was struck by his saddened looks, and the manner in which he hurried towards his

the solemn covenant made with the Lord Jesus Christ by their spiritual forefathers, that they would yield Him, henceforward, their undivided allegiance, their entire confidence, and their unreserved submission."

room; when, to divert him, as she thought, from something that might have harassed or annoyed him in the town, she playfully presented him with a leash of bridal cards, which had been left during his brief absence. This was too much; he muttered something about the greater propriety of giving him "a burying cake;" and then, bursting into an overflow of tears, told the sympathising lady what had happened.

Calling upon Mr. Holland the next day, he said, on entering the room, with much solemnity, "We (meaning the 'four friends') are one fewer now!" After some conversation on the event, particularly in reference to the will of Mr. Bennet, which had not then been found, the poet took his leave, promising to call again, before leaving Sheffield for Birmingham, and, if possible, to furnish some obituary for the newspapers. Instead, however, of doing either, he thus wrote to Mr. Holland:—

"DEAR FRIEND,

"You must forgive me for not calling upon you yesterday. I found it quite impracticable. I was engaged, from morning till late at night, at the Infirmary, with Dr. Ernest's* and other concerns there; besides, in running about after our dear lost friend's (Mr. Bennet's) affairs, having received notice of his will being found in London, and of my being appointed an executor, with Mr. S. Roberts, jun., and Mr. Henry Thomas, whom I had to communicate with; besides all preparations, at the last hour, for leaving home this morning. Nor was I able to write a line (besides letters) about our friend's character, &c., for you, Dr. Burder†, or the Rev. Thomas Smith‡; so you see, I have no-

* House surgeon at the Infirmary, and just dead.

† Who preached funeral sermons on occasion of Mr. Bennet's death.

‡ At Birmingham his host was J. Wickendon, Esq., in New-

thing to do, but leave myself to your mercy. . . The engine is almost already come roaring up (at least in my imagination) to the train that is to sweep me, like a comet's tail, away.

" Truly your friend," &c.

On reaching Birmingham, and finding himself alone, the feelings of Montgomery's heart, in reference to his lost friend, overflowed in the following lines: —

"IN BEREAVEMENT.

" Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes;
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies,
One sun is set, — a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.
Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And Nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
And meets ten thousand there;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars that seem but points of light
The rank of suns assume."

James Montgomery to John Holland.

" The Mount, Dec. 3. 1841.

" Dear Friend,

" I thank you for your communications to me at Birmingham. As it is hardly probable that I can go down

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Hall Street, "where," said he, "I am enjoying the hospitality of a delightful family, and never was more comfortably situated from home."

to the rooms of the Philosophical Society this evening, being embarrassed with a hundred things to be done at once, I wish you could send up hither, some time this afternoon, for a few small matters for the museum;—a fine specimen of Dudley limestone, which was given to me by the superintendent of the quarries from his own chimney-cornice, and therefore (I understand) must be a real one; also a specimen of Walsall iron ore, and some shells from the Walsall limestone, and present them to the council as the parting gift of their unprofitable president, from whose burthen of *no service* they will be happily delivered with the cares and labours of the departing year, of which the record will be, that, so far as he has been concerned, it has been the least to be lamented in its end, and the most to be commended of all its forerunners, as a *warning* and an *exemplar* of how little may be done, and how much let alone, in twelve months, by a procrastinator. I dare not further eulogise myself than to say, I am sorry and ashamed for the past, and hope to be forgiven.

"I am truly your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Holland."

James Montgomery to Dr. Huie.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Dec. 23. 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"One more visit to Edinburgh, within the present year, though but on paper, I have been meditating ever since you came (both in prose and rhyme) to see me here on the 12th of November. Scarcely, however, had I welcomed your arrival in that pleasant masquerade of mind, wherein spirits can converse at all times and from all places, when I received intelligence of the sudden death of one of the few and dear friends that yet remain to me of many who 'are all gone into a world of light;' whence no letter can come, and whither none can be sent, whereby spirits may hold intercommunion, till those in the body have put off mortality, and death himself, that conquers all, is swallowed

up of life that cannot die. These letters at once announced to me the removal of Mr. George Bennet, who, with the late Rev. Mr. Tyerman, sailed and travelled round the world on a missionary visit, to witness and record what God had wrought in the islands of the sea, and on the borders of the shores, where the Pacific, the Indian, and the Atlantic oceans meet and part from east to west, and from north to south, dividing all heathen from all Christian lands, yet forming a highway by which the latter may evangelise the former, and will do it, though not till they are themselves far more evangelised than they appear at present. At the same time, when this stroke of bereavement laid me in the dust of my friend's grave, and entailed upon me a burthen of cares and anxieties as one of his executors, I was preparing to leave here on a tour in Warwickshire and Stafford, where I had two engagements of my own, which could not be postponed. These (the delivery at Birmingham and Walsall of some of my lectures on the principal British poets) occupied me wholly till the end of November. On my return home, I found my table, as usual, loaded with new correspondence, added to no small amount of arrears, not cleared away since my Scottish journey, through which I have been struggling daily amidst incumbrances and interruptions, arising from local circumstances and public as well as private duties, that fall heavily upon me; from the *fact* of my long standing in this populous neighbourhood, and the *idea* of those who know little of me, that I must be a great man at home, because those who know me yet less, imagine me abroad to be such. These I mention as the causes, vexatious ones to myself, which have prevented me from thanking you long ago for your packet, the epistle which expressed so much kindness, the verses which manifested yet more, falling as sweetly on the ear, as benignly on the heart, and the cards, which, though they said nothing, spoke for themselves in language that I could not misunderstand, reminding me of claims that I have been earnestly desirous to meet, but till this hour have been unable. Pray deliver these to the benevolent lady from

whence they came, with my warmest acknowledgments of the service which she has done to our poor missions, by turning to such dexterous and commendable use the small tickets which I endeavoured, according to her desire, to make precious by inscribing upon them Scripture texts. I return the *cheques* (blank though they were) which she has at last drawn upon my small bank of thought, honoured to the extent of my means, and which I know she will accept at more than their value, sterling as I hope *that* is, by the security of gratitude with which it is presented to her. But she must be pleased to accept them *unconditionally*. She must not on any account suppose herself bound to employ them otherwise than as she thinks proper; it would be most unreasonable in me to expect her to exercise self-denial in soliciting contributions, as before, from her spontaneous zeal in a good cause. The only obligation that I lay upon her is that she *must* keep, or give, or do what she will with these fragments of verse of mine, which may, perhaps, be acceptable to some amiable individuals in your circle, as coming through her hands, and tokens of affection for the receivers. I must forbear from expatiating on subjects that every day come into my remembrance, and always are indulged, if but for a moment or two at a time,—the scenes which I visited in my native country, the friends whom I found there, and can never lose while I have a heart capable of feeling and acknowledging kindness; the means of grace in the House of God, the missionary meetings, the private intercourse with Christians of kindred spirit, though of different profession, and the privileges which I enjoyed when permitted to kneel with them round their family altars. I say from my soul,—and the words are my prayer when I am thus among them again in thought, in their churches and their dwellings,—'Peace be within your walls, and prosperity within your palaces!' For my *brethren* and companions' sakes, I will now say, 'Peace be with ye;' and hoping to experience the fulfilment myself, I will add,—'They shall prosper that love ye!' This is my fervent prayer for the temple, the palace, the home, and the altar in George Square, for all

these I found under your roof. My cordial regards to all under it, yourself, Mrs. Huie, the two elder brothers, the two sweet sisters, and little Davy, the delight of the rest.

"I am truly your obliged friend,
"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P.S.—My best respects to all our friends, Mr. and Miss Brown, Dr. Abercrombie and his fair bevy of daughters,—more than half numbering the muses and the graces put together.

"R. Huie, Esq., M. D., Edinburgh."

On Christmas Day, Montgomery and Miss Gales attended divine service at the parish church, and partook of the holy sacrament, at the same time and place. Of course, the Athanasian Creed was read as usual, and to the doctrine of the Trinity, which it is the object of that far-famed religious formula to set forth, the poet ever most firmly and explicitly adhered, but, like many other persons equally orthodox, he shrank from the dogmatic and damnatory tone of the composition. "This," said he, in a note to Mr. Roberts, "is not a chapter either from the Old or the New Testament; I am therefore not bound, on the peril of my soul, to believe *this form of words.* At the same time I trust I am willing to believe all that the Bible hath declared concerning the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. From this I will not take anything, lest God should take away my portion out of the book of life (if, indeed, my unworthy name be written there); nor will I *add anything* thereto, lest God should add unto me the plagues that are written in the only book under heaven which contains His perfect will."

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

1842.

ROBBERY AT THE MOUNT. — PERFIDY OF A SERVANT. — HENRY VAUGHAM. — CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. — SWAIN'S POEM ON "THE MIND." — CONVERSATION. — THE "LOST CHURCH." — CONVERSATION. — ANIMAL MAGNETISM. — INCOME-TAX. — MEMENTO OF THE POET TO THE TOWN OF IRVINE. — LETTER TO BAILIE DICK — TO MISS GALES. — ROBERT'S "JEWS AND GYPSIES." — MONUMENT AND TESTIMONY OF MR. BENNET. — ESSAY ON MILTON. — THE POOR AND THE CORN-LAW. — LETTER TO WILLIAM LEACH. — "FILTERING" OLD POETRY.

THE early part of this year was marked by an exceedingly unpleasant occurrence in the domestic history of Montgomery,— the robbery of his house. On Monday morning, January 10th, Mr. Holland having heard that there had been a robbery at the Mount, immediately proceeded towards the spot, and on his way met the poet, whose first words were, "Have you heard what has happened at the Mount?" This was said in a tone of cheerfulness, which lessened considerably the anxiety previously felt as to the effect such an occurrence might have on the too sensitive poet. "Walk back with me," said he, "and I will tell you all about it; and as I have already been applied to for a paragraph for the newspapers, I will thank you to write it for me, while I go to the Bank to arrange for stopping the payment of two bills of exchange for 30*l.* each,

which the thieves have taken." This was of course immediately done. *

* The following is the paragraph which will explain the manner and extent of the robbery: —"Audacious Robbery. On Sunday evening, a robbery, characterised by circumstances of peculiar audacity, was perpetrated at the Mount, just within the western suburb of this town, at the residence of Mr. Montgomery. The particulars are as follow: — On Sunday evening, about half-past six o'clock, Mr. Montgomery and Miss Gales went to St. George's Church, leaving the house in charge of a maid-servant, who placed the chain upon the door inside in the usual manner. About an hour afterwards the bell was rung, and the servant going to the door was accosted by a person who bore the appearance of a gentleman, and who asked whether Mr. Montgomery was within. On receiving a reply in the negative, he expressed considerable regret, adding, that he was very anxious to have seen him, as he must leave Sheffield in the morning; he would, however, like to write a note and leave it behind. Upon this the servant unfortunately unfastened the door, and the fellow pushed into the passage; the instant he had gained admission, his whole manner was changed. He laid hold upon the woman, covering her mouth with a handkerchief, and, calling 'Now Philip,' in rushed another fellow and closed the door. The latter thief, on the hint of his colleague, went directly up stairs, and passing through every room, turned out the contents of drawers, and laid hold of various kinds of plunder, seemingly in a few minutes. When he came down stairs, the other produced from his pocket two pieces of rope, with which he tied the arms and the feet of the affrighted maid, to whom they showed a large knife, telling her that if she made any noise she should 'have that in her;' they then pushed her into the cellar, and bolted the door upon her. The house was now at their command; but it does not appear that they staid long on the premises, being, probably, sufficiently satisfied with the booty they thus readily got. When Mr. Montgomery and Miss Gales reached home, a little before nine o'clock, they were surprised to find the front door wide open, but still more to hear the cries of the poor girl in the cellar, and who, on a light being obtained, was found to be fettered as above described, and who, when she recovered from her fright, gave the foregoing account of the affair. The property stolen is as follows: — The massive silver inkstand, which was presented to Mr. Montgomery, by friends, principally ladies,

It will be seen that the bills of exchange are not mentioned in the newspaper statement; the fact is, they were subsequently found not to have been carried off by the robbers, though so far displaced by the rummage of drawers, as not to be discoverable on the first review of the mischief. It deserves to be recorded, as characteristic of the prevailing piety of the poet, that as soon as he had released the servant from her durance, heard her story, taken a hasty survey of the state of the house, and sent for the police,—"Well," said he, "this is Sunday; we have been, in the way of our duty, at church, although the house has been robbed meanwhile: we will now have our usual family worship." And opening the Bible, he read the first chapter which

of Sheffield, as a public compliment, several years since. This article was standing on a cheffionier in the poet's sitting-room; the glasses and a taper were taken out of it, and left behind by the thieves, who had evidently no design of using it for its appropriate purpose. A silver cup with two handles, marked T. S. G. Four silver table and several silver tea-spoons. Five or six 5*l.* notes; twenty-three sovereigns, and about forty shillings in silver, belonging partly to Miss Gales and partly to Mr. Montgomery. The thieves likewise carried off two or three gold chains; several rings, brooches, and other articles of jewellery. It deserves to be mentioned, as one of the most detestable features of the case, that the villains, not content with the booty above particularised, actually compelled the affrighted servant to give them some seven shillings in silver, and five pennyworth of copper, which she happened to have in her pocket at the time! Whoever the thieves were—and there does not yet, we regret to say, appear to be any clue to their discovery—money or plate seems to have been their direct object of plunder; at any rate, they do not appear in this instance to have carried away any thing else of importance; nor, as most of the valuables stolen were easily accessible, did they do any particular damage by forcing locks, though they opened one or two by means of false keys. They left behind them a large rude chisel, with a new wooden handle, or an old one clean dressed."

presented itself, containing, as it happened, matter of comfort, singularly pertinent to the circumstances of the case. "I am not at all superstitious," said Montgomery, "but surely it would be specially absurd for one who believes in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, to reject the consolation which any passage appears calculated to afford, because it happens to be presented just at the moment when it is most needed." In concluding the worship of the evening, as usual, with the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, the poet felt, while expressing the clause "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," as he afterwards told Mr. Holland, that he ought to forgive even those who had just done him so serious and unprovoked an injury. He was far more affected with the unmanly treatment of the servant-girl than by his own loss.

Such were the particulars, and such the feelings of Montgomery, as at first developed in connexion with this very unpleasant affair. A few days, however, served to give a new and more painful turn to the matter, by fixing suspicion upon the servant-girl herself, not as being actually a principal in the robbery, though *this* was more than hinted at as probable, by every one except the sufferers, but as justly liable, from her previous bad character, as it now appeared on strict inquiry, to deserve the imputation of having allowed herself to be tampered with by disreputable characters in the neighbourhood. Montgomery himself long refused to lend an ear to those vague rumours concerning the past disreputable conduct of the girl; which, as he said, in almost every case, vanished like ghosts on being pursued to their sources. "I would rather," he added, "that my loss were even twice as great as it actually is, than be compelled to believe that the poor lass was one

of the parties voluntarily concerned in robbing the house. She seems so really affected by the transaction, and maintains her first statement so perseveringly to the superintendent of police, who has closely questioned her, that she must either be as full of guile as the serpent which tempted Eve, or as innocent as Eve herself before she was tempted." That she was the former cannot be doubted; and although Montgomery persevered in his resolution not "to cast the first stone" at an unbefriended female, whom he would fain believe to be both an innocent and an injured individual, he was in the end compelled to yield to the concurrent evidence against her previous bad character, and to dismiss her from the house. As he said, on mentioning the matter in a letter to a friend,—

"Great and grievous as is the loss of property, the value of which mere money cannot replace, were the amount to fall from the moon,—the most horrifying circumstance connected with the outrage is, that there cannot be a doubt that *perfidy*, rather than violence, did the deed."

In another letter, written a few months afterwards, he remarks:—

"I am well satisfied to escape the misery, expense, and hazard of a prosecution, upon cumulative evidence, not direct or supported by some palpable discovery of the fate of the property; though, had sufficient proof been within reach, I should not have shrunk from the *peril* even (and I do not use the word lightly) of attempting to rid the country of one or two of the most subtle, as well as heartless, wretches that ever walked the earth in female form, and another of the most accomplished and audacious in a worse shape, who now with impunity perform works of darkness. A good lady, soon after the robbery, sent me four silver table spoons towards the loss."

January 11th died, at Pitville Lawn, Cheltenham, John Bailey, Esq., brother of Samuel Bailey, so well known as an essayist — "the Bentham of Hallamshire," as Elliott calls him. Both brothers were early friends of Montgomery; but the deceased was endeared to him by peculiar religious intercourse.* He left by will his handsome gold watch, chain, and seal to the poet. A few days afterwards the Rev. P. Latrobe forwarded a copy of the "Periodical Accounts," containing an account of the Scottish tour last year, to Montgomery, intimating at the same time that he was about to be married. Replying to his friend, the poet says :—

"In our Scottish tour you have talked of September 31—

* It would be difficult to find a more decisive and remarkable illustration of the power of Divine grace in changing the entire character of the man who has received it, than was exhibited in the case of Mr. Bailey. In early manhood, his strong, clear, active and philosophical, but wholly worldly, mind, immersion and success in mercantile pursuits, and surrounded by influences all tending in the same direction, would have given to the hypothesis of his ever becoming a devoted follower of Christ an air of extreme improbability. But such he became, and in some measure through Montgomery's instrumentality. So he long lived, and so he happily died; holding the "full assurance of his personal election to eternal life through the finished atonement and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the immortal counsels of the ever-blessed Trinity, determined even from eternity," with a firmness of mental grasp, and an earnestness of practical aim, quite equal to those which had characterised him as a worldly politician and man of business. Whatever the poet might think of his friend's doctrine as exhibited in the words just quoted, he ever argued that the conversion of him who used them was one of the most extraordinary instances of the kind which had fallen under his personal observation. Mr. Bailey was the individual alluded to as "having been a disciple of Volney and Voltaire, but now a signal monument of Divine grace," by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith, in a speech delivered by him at the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Union in London, May 6th, 1830.

the first time I ever heard of such a day in any year since the fall! You certainly were in love when you made that discovery of an intercalary day; but as it never happened before, and may not happen again before the end of all things, pray do not fix upon it for your wedding-day; because I can positively forewarn you that till *to-morrow* comes another 31*st* of *September* will not be found in any calendar under the moon, to which I believe you must repair to find that 31st of September last which occurred in your diary, and no where else that I have yet learnt from all the recorded memorabilia of the year. Forgive this levity; but levity it is in appearance only: affection, like sorrow, is too sacred a thing to be jested with."

And the discreet bachelor occupies the rest of his letter gravely enough, in commending his Christian brother for his determination to marry again:—

"I am persuaded," says he, "that the step is necessary for your peace, your comfort, your happiness, and your *usefulness*."

On Midsummer Day, Montgomery again addressed his "dear brother Latrobe;" and after acknowledging two letters, says:—

"But there was an intervening despatch, like a telegraphic sign, well understood and heartily welcomed, though it contained only two cards linked with a 'silver cord,' on which were inscribed the names of two persons who had been made one in the holiest union that can be formed out of heaven. Long, long may it be ere the 'silver cord' that binds their mutual hearts be loosed, by the breaking of that which is implicated with the life-strings of either individual, and is now, 'till death do them part,' tied by a 'love-knot' to the corresponding cord in the bosom of each other. In language less symbolic, and sincere as it is fervent, 'God speed you well!' and in you, and with you, and by you both

accomplish all the good pleasure of his will, and that work of faith with power, for which he had, I trust, ordained in heaven, as it has been ratified on earth, that solemn vow and covenant which you have made with each other and with Him, to love, honour, and serve Him in that condition of life wherein he has placed you, as well to promote the welfare of his 'brethren's church,' as to enhance and secure your mutual happiness and personal soul-prosperity."

Of that curious old poem, *Silex Scintillans*, by Henry Vaughan, we have repeatedly heard him speak, calling it "a precious casket of jewellery from the Silurian rocks, where the treasures were gathered almost two hundred years ago." In a letter to the Rev. J. A. Latrobe, incumbent of St. Thomas's church, Kendal, and brother to the Moravian minister, Montgomery says (Jan. 22.):—

"I had conceived the same exalted idea of Vaughan's poetry, after I had become only partially acquainted with it (as being superior to that of Herbert in the two highest qualities of verse, '*power* and *invention*'), which you seem to have formed from nearly the same examples. Vaughan is richer in imagery, and more natural, I think, in pathos, than Herbert, though occasionally very crabbed in diction, and dazzlingly obscure from the multitude and complexity as well as the brilliance and the beauty of his ideas. But in every piece, however quaint or artificially elaborated into barbaric pomp or exquisite mosaic work of pictured thoughts, touches of native truth and simplicity abound, which makes one regret the whole were not in the same pure, sweet, and graceful style. There is occasionally a grandeur of conception in single sentences which makes me pause to dwell upon what he only gives a momentary glance of, and then, from the exuberance of imagination, runs wild in subtle and ingenious fancies that let down the mind from the highest heaven of invention into the littlenesses of fairy-land. But what stuff am I writing! Understand it if you can; if not,

turn for an example to 'The World,' in Cattermole's Selections: —

> 'I saw Eternity, the other night,
> Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
> All calm as it was bright!'

There is nothing in poetry more perfect in its kind than this. I feel, when I read it, as though I could sit down and think that thought, till thought stood itself still entranced in beatific vision: eternity was never made so visible before in human language; it is opened even to the eye of flesh and blood."

Although Montgomery had long since ceased to take any part in public meetings of a political, or even in those of a mixed, character in which party feeling was likely to be concerned, he did not entirely refrain from occasionally lending his aid when charitable objects were to be promoted. Accordingly, on the 22nd of January, the day of the christening of the infant Prince of Wales, he attended a crowded meeting which was held in the Town Hall, Sheffield, for the purpose of promoting a subscription for the poor, who were then suffering, not only from the inclemency of the weather, but from the depression of trade. Addressing the conveners, he said: —

"No sooner had you conceived the benevolent purpose than you proceeded at once to carry it into effect. Your first step was an act of faith towards accomplishing the work of love which you contemplated; for before 'two mites, which make a farthing,' had been cast into your treasury, in anticipation of the known liberality of your townspeople, you gave notice that on the forenoon of this day, on which an heir to the throne of these realms was to be christened, a thousand shilling loaves would be distributed to as many poor women, forty years of age and upwards. It has been done,

and at this hour, it is probable that as many men, women, and children are feasting upon that seasonable provision as were fed in the wilderness by our Saviour with the five barley loaves and two small fishes when he had blessed them. For this act of faith on your part we are your debtors, and we are come not only to discharge the obligation, but to place funds at your disposal which will enable you greatly to extend the bounty thus promptly begun. Yet such is the destitution of those whom we would relieve, that a hundred thousand loaves, divided in the course of the next two months among all who are in need, would scarcely suffice that each should have a little. Though no heir to the throne had been born at this time, such a meeting as the present would assuredly have been held on this or some other convenient day —it was well to take advantage of the actual event for the object which we have in view. 'This is a day which the Lord has made, and we will rejoice and be glad in it.' For my part, I have long been convinced that

> 'This is the way God's gifts to *use*,
> First *enjoy* them, then *diffuse*.'

Wherefore let those among us who can afford it feast themselves and their families at their well-spread tables, and be thankful for the bounty of Providence ; but at this time of distress and privation among their townspeople and neighbours, let them fast as well as feast ; for feasting and fasting on such an occasion can well go together, since 'Thus saith the Lord,—Is not this the fast that I have chosen,—to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thine house ; when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh ?' Flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, are our poor brethren, and we rightly keep 'the fast which the Lord hath chosen,' when we thus do unto the poor what we would that they should do unto us, were our situations reversed. Of the Prince, who is on this day to be introduced by baptism into the Christian Church,—as the name which he will now receive, when once recorded, can never be obli-

terated from the annals of the country, while history itself endures, — may it be the most illustrious in the line of his ancestry, from the remotest period to the date of his accession to the Crown, should he be spared to reach maturity of years, and inherit the kingdom from his august mother; — so may his name be the most illustrious of these, not for the glories of war, but for the blessings of peace, — not for the splendour of his palaces, his equipages, and his apparel, though they should exceed in sumptuousness the riches of Solomon, which, when the Queen of Sheba saw, 'there was no more spirit in her;' — but for the happiness of his people, over whom it is my heart's desire and prayer to God that he may reign as the servant of the King of kings, and the Prince of peace."

Long, however, before the regular business was concluded, the meeting was violently broken up, so far as its conveners and others having the object above-mentioned in view were concerned, by the irruption of a mob of persons calling themselves "Chartists," and whose design it was, on that occasion, to have spouted their treason in the ears of individuals who they well knew would never listen to it anywhere else. Montgomery afterwards said, that he never witnessed so much apparent malignity of purpose in any meeting which he had attended in Sheffield; unless, perhaps, it were in one held several years before, on the subject of church rates. In the Town Hall, even while he staid, words were uttered that in Pitt's time would have brought the speakers to the gallows. He was not, however, at all interrupted during the delivery of his very characteristic speech.

February 1st. Mr. Holland called upon Montgomery, who was looking at a volume of poetry by Charles Swain, entitled, "The Mind." *Montgomery:* "This is a new work, by one of our sweetest though not saddest poets: the leading piece is in the Spenserian

stanza, in which I never wrote anything." *Holland:* "It is, nevertheless, a noble stanza, equally well adapted to give dignity to grand ideas, and to disguise poverty of thought,—a sort of full-dress measure, like the bag-wig or farthingale." *Montgomery:* "And yet it admits of great variety: the style of Thomson is very different from that of his master Spenser; and that of Lord Byron differs from both: Campbell, who has tried it in his 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' has not been so successful; among many exquisite stanzas, the 'labour in vain' of many others is very apparent." Adverting to a draft copy of verses on his desk, he said, "I have been working the last two days for Dr. Cox, at a hymn for the centenary of the Baptist missions." Two days afterwards he remarked, "I have finished the Baptist hymn, after re-transcribing it six or seven times." *Holland:* "It will, in fact, be a sort of commemorative ode, rather than a hymn in the ordinary acceptation of the term?" He admitted that it was so. Here we have another opportunity of contrasting the elaborate care bestowed by Montgomery, even upon what might be considered a fugitive topic, with the indifference of those "ready rhymers," who would smile with contempt upon any one who should hint to them how much the published efforts of many a man of confessedly brilliant genius have been indebted to the labour of revision.

Feb. 7th. After taking tea with Montgomery at the Mount, Mr. Holland happened to ask the poet whether or not the character of his brother Ignatius, which was read at the funeral, had been published: the answer in the negative led to a variety of remarks on the present condition of the Brethren's Church, and the causes of its acknowledged depression. In the course of the conversation, Montgomery, with much feeling, adverted to

his own early defection from the community to which his father had belonged. He contended that, had he been faithful to the grace by which his boyhood was influenced, he might, and he believed he would, have been enabled to supply, in some considerable degree, that lack of ministerial influence, of which even the well-wishers of the Moravian Church especially had found cause to complain. Mr. Holland admitted that the want of more active and energetic individuals in the Moravian body was to be deplored; but he thought the reason why they were so rarely found, was to be sought for chiefly in the general peculiarities of a system, which, however pure its doctrines, and whatever might have been its advantages in the times of persecution, either in Germany or elsewhere, and admirably as it was adapted for missionary locations in the heathen or uncivilized world, was strikingly unsuited to the present state of civil and religious society in England. Montgomery, while he did not deny all this, still thought that the development of his own character, and the degree of influence which he had been providentially allowed to exercise on behalf of his brethren, pointed to the conclusion, that had he fulfilled the design of those good people who placed him at Fulneck, in the hope of seeing him become a minister among them, the whole state of the Brethren's affairs in this country might have been somewhat altered. Mr. Holland ventured to reply, that in his opinion, the probabilities were rather, if not wholly, on the other side: that it was much more likely, if he might be allowed to say so, that Montgomery would have been gradually moulded, by the circumstances of his position, into an ordinarily respectable minister of the Gospel, as others had been, than that he would have risen intellectually or officially above them, and consequently have given some new im-

pulse to the Brethren. It was not possible, proceeded the biographer, to say what things *might* have happened, if such and such other things had *not* happened; but the conclusion which appeared most reasonable to himself, at least, was, that God had obviously overruled the whole in this case for good to all the parties; and that, while, on the one hand, there were solid grounds for believing that hardly any conceivable course of discipline could have been so favourable for educating the mind and the heart of the poet as that to which both had been subjected; so, on the other hand, as far at least as the church of Christ in general, and the Moravian community in particular, were concerned, there was every reason, both on their part and on his own, for the manifestation of gratitude on account of what had actually been done. Montgomery, with deep emotion, replied, that he could never feel sufficiently thankful and humble for the part which, after all his unfaithfulness, he had been permitted to take in the service of his Saviour; still it was with him the subject of deep regret to see so few young men of superior intelligence, as well as of deep piety, devoting themselves to the ministry among the Brethren. He then spoke very highly of the talents, and affectionately of the personal character, of his nephew; at the same time deploring that he should remain hidden at so comparatively obscure a spot as that where he then preached, near Malmsbury.

In the earlier part of this year, a number of ladies at Cardiff, in South Wales, determined to get up a bazaar in aid of a fund for the erection of a church in that place, on the site of one which had been washed away, in the year 1607, by a flood of the river Severn, which caused a great influx of water into the Bristol Channel. Mr. John Dix, author of the "Life of Chatterton," and

at this period editor of the "Merthyr Guardian" newspaper, wrote to Wordsworth and Montgomery, soliciting from each a poetical offering for the bazaar. Both poets complied with the request: the former, by contributing what Mr. Dix, in his letter to Montgomery, called at the time a "noble sonnet;" and the latter, in the poem which follows. The bazaar was held in Cardiff Castle, on the 5th and 6th of October, this year; on which occasion these compositions, along with two other poetical pieces — one by T. W. Booker, Esq., of Cardiff, and the other by Mr. Dix himself,—were printed in an elegant style, and sold to the visitors. Mr. Dix soon afterwards went to America, and while there republished the two leading compositions in a Boston newspaper, from which we copy them, with the intervening note:—

"*Sonnet by William Wordsworth.*

"When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
St. Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry,
With solemn brow and heaven-uplifted eye,
'Haste and rebuild the pile!' but not a stone
Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
(Each year the mandate uttering solemnly,)
And heaven still lacked its due: though Piety
In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
But now her spirit hath put forth her claim
In power—and poesy doth lend her voice:
Let the new church be worthy of its aim,
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice.
O! in the past, if cause there were for shame,
Let not our times halt in their better choice."

"In this slight production," says Dix, "which is, however, quite unworthy of the present laureate, and only interesting as a recent effort of his pen, much pains was taken; for,

after the sonnet was forwarded, Mr. W. sent six or seven notes requesting alterations in words and lines, so that, as printed, it is almost entirely different from the original copy. This may show how laboriously Mr. W. polishes his poems. There is much sweetness, if not great power, in the following lines, by the Christian poet. In the pleasantly written letter to me, which accompanied them, he says, 'I do not much like writing "to order," but your letter, and its subject, called up a ghost, which so haunted me that I could not rest until I had exorcised and laid it, by the following poem.'"

"*The Lost Church.—By James Montgomery.*

"Here stood a church—a house of God,
An earthly temple built with stones;
Its courts our fathers' footsteps trod,
Its graves received our fathers' bones:
The hymn of praise, the voice of prayer,
The Gospel trumpet sounded there;
And ransomed spirits in heaven's bliss,
May round the throne remember this.

"But earthly temples must decay—
By slow or swift destruction fall;
And time or tide will wear away
The stateliest tower, the strongest wall:
Here both conspired in one dark hour
To sap the wall—bring down the tower;
To storm the sanctuary, and to sweep
Its very ruins to the deep!

"The river rushed upon the sea;
The sea the river's rage repelled;
All the wild winds at once set free,
War with the warring waters held.
On fire with foam the surges seem,
While vehemently beat the stream,
And rocked the fabric to and fro,
As if an earthquake heaved below.

"Till as, in dead of night, the flash
Of lightning issues from a cloud,
Chased by thunder, crash on crash,
Down to the deep the temple bowed;
Bowed, for a moment, o'er the spot,
Another moment and was not!
O'er the lost church the billows boomed,
And in its wrecks its tombs entombed!

"'Thus far, nor farther, shall ye go!'
The river heard that voice and fled;
Spanning the firmament, God's bow,
The sign of wrath retiring, spread;
Promise of future glory gave,
Of resurrection from the grave,
When circling seasons had fulfilled
The term his sovereign counsels willed.

"The fulness of that time behold!
Nine generations, in their haste,
Have passed where stood that church of old,
Yet left the ground a hallowed waste;
Ye who where once they breathed now breathe,
To your posterity bequeath
Of your existence here well spent,
A house of prayer, as monument.

"From granite rocks the pile renew—
From Cambrian mines the ores be brought:
From ancient woods the timbers hew,
To body forth creative thought;
And bid the second temple rise
A land and sea mark to all eyes,
Which shall outshine the first as far
As harvest moon the morning star.

"'There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal in the Heavens,' for them
Who travel singly, or in bands,
To seek the New Jerusalem;

With them may all who worship here,
Age after age, in turn repair,
Where that which men call death on earth
Spirits may deem their better birth.

"Feb. 23."

On the 25th of February the poet wrote to Mr. Everett:—"This is the first hour almost when I could say, if you come to Sheffield on Monday, Miss Gales and I will welcome you to the Mount. Mr. M'Coy, Mr. Bennett's nephew, has only just left the nest which you usually occupy, and it will be quite cool, and warm too, I hope, for your comfort."

March 1. The biographers met at the Mount, and breakfasted with the poet. He was reading Mr. Everett's "Life of William Dawson," the celebrated Wesleyan local preacher. *Montgomery:* "I am much interested with your book. Dawson was an extraordinary man; I loved him dearly for his eloquence, his piety, and his unwearied devotion to the cause of Christ. I am glad you have preserved so many of his striking thoughts: but he appears sometimes to speak almost fiercely in your pages. Now, with all his vehemence, he was soft, and gentle as a lamb." *Everett:* "So he was: nor did I intend to represent him otherwise, even when he felt and spoke strongly. I perceive your name occurs in an account of the Cowthorpe oak*; now if you and Mr. Holland will come to see me at York, we can readily make a pilgrimage to the old tree." *Montgomery:* "I should like well enough to do so, but I am afraid the opportunity will never occur. The author told me, in his letter, that while travelling in the forests of South America, he had often repeated

* Engraved views of the ancient tree, with letter-press descriptions.

my verses, especially a couplet from 'The World before the Flood'—

> 'Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run,
> To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;'

and he supposed I must have visited, or at least had some tropical scene in view, when I wrote the lines. I told him, however, that I had done neither, but only described what I had often noticed at home; a confession which would, I fear, destroy the romance of the passage."

Montgomery, addressing Mr. Holland, said:—"I was a good deal entertained, and, I must say, instructed too, on the subject of animal magnetism*, by the spirited discussion between you and Mr. Thomas, at Queen's Tower, the other day. I never heard so much said on both sides before. I have just met with a striking reference to the thing in Paley." † He then read the passage descriptive of the pseudo-miracles alleged to have been wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. He mentioned having been struck, many years before, when on an excursion in Wales, with the appearance of a number of crutches, and other symbols of infirmity, that were hung up about the building over St. Winifred's well, in Flintshire, as trophies of the sanative qualities of the water. Mr. Holland stated that the bath-house at Buxton used formerly to be garnished in a similar manner. Mr. Everett was unwilling to recognise the number of these mementoes as precisely indicative of the number of cures performed

* This mysterious phenomena of nervous excitability, which has so often amused, perplexed, and deluded the public in one form or other, excited great attention in Sheffield at this time, in consequence of the exhibitions of M. Lafontaine.

† Paley's "Evidences of Christianity."

at either place; it having been obviously the interest of parties whose livelihood depended upon these springs to keep up their credit by the means and multiplication of these significant tokens of success.

When the rumour began to be prevalent that Sir Robert Peel meant to propose an Income Tax, Montgomery remarked that it would seriously affect his own small resources; but still he thought Sir Robert was in the right; and if the act passed, he should not only cheerfully submit, but conscientiously return the exact amount of his income. Calling one day upon Mr. Holland, during the excitement produced by the ministerial measure, he said: — "My barber tells me that some persons are going about to get signatures to a petition against the Bill, which is designed to tax all incomes above 150*l.* per year, and I suspect there is some foundation for the statement, though it be but a barber's tale. I certainly admire the simplicity of the poor men who, by signing this document, are either petitioning to be taxed, being themselves a party at present not likely to be affected, or at least they are placing on record the fact that their incomes are of the taxable amount; an acknowledgment that some of them will probably wish afterwards they had not so hastily subscribed." *Holland:* "There are, no doubt, some grounds of objection to this, as indeed there are to every mode of taxation: but they are, in my judgment, rather of a moral than a pecuniary nature. Unprincipled individuals will endeavour to conceal or misrepresent the amount of their incomes, in order to diminish their rates of taxation." *Montgomery:* "Just so. And yet the proposed composition, and which only falls upon incomes above 150*l.*, is light as compared with the former tax of ten per cent. I paid that for some years on the current profits of my works, which

at the same time were considerable." *Holland:* "I am afraid you will not be taxed heavily in that department of your income at present." *Montgomery:* "No: this year, and the last, I have not realised any profits, nor did I expect to do so, in consequence of the expenses attending the new edition of my poems."

May 9th.—He presided at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in Sheffield, at the close of which he told Mr. Holland that it was his intention to have adverted to the labours of four recently deceased Methodist preachers, with whom he had, at one time or other, been engaged in missionary work, namely, the Revs. Theophilus Lessey, William Edward Miller, John Walmsley, and Mr. W. Dawson. These, he added, were men differing considerably from one another, and would have afforded four interesting "Wesleyan Takings,"* had he ventured upon the subject. He dare not, however, he said, trust himself to make the attempt. "I am not sorry," he concluded, "that I broke down; it lowered me one step nearer to the ground, where I was anxious to find myself: for the more I dissatisfy those who expect great things from me, as a speaker, the less will they be disappointed by my inability to appear among them as usual, on these occasions." On the 16th he presided at the anniversary of the Sheffield Sunday School Union.†

* The title of a work containing characteristic sketches of Wesleyan preachers, which had then recently been published.

† On leaving the meeting, he recast an anecdote mentioned by one of the speakers, in the following lines, entitled —

"THE DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

"'Mama!' a little maiden said,
Almost with her expiring sigh,

The following day, Montgomery received an official letter signed by the Provost and Town Council of Irvine, under the following circumstances: when the poet was in his native burgh during his visit to Scotland, in the preceding year, it was intimated to him that as the town-chest contained one of the manuscripts of Burns, to which the authorities attached a particular value, some memorial of the Christian poet, in his own handwriting, would be an acceptable present for the same depository. With every wish to gratify, he did not, for some time, see what he could, with propriety, send for this purpose to the good people of Irvine: one day, however, when rummaging over his papers, he lighted on the original copy of the manuscript of "The World before the Flood:" this he immediately wrapped up, and transmitted along with a letter to his friends in Scotland. At a full meeting of the Town Council, held within their Chambers at Irvine, on the 12th of May, Bailie Dick stated that he had the high honour and pleasure of laying before them a present of no ordinary kind, viz., a splendid copy of the collected works of their townsman, James Montgomery, Esq.: also, what was far more valuable, the original copy of "The World before the Flood," in the handwriting of the poet. This present, added the worthy bailie, had been forwarded to him, after some correspondence with their highly gifted

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'Put no sweet roses round my head,
When in my coffin-dress I lie.'
* * * *

"'Why not, my dear?' the mother cried,
'What flower so well a corpse adorns?'
'— Mama!' the innocent replied,
'They crown'd our Saviour's head with thorns.'

"May 20. 1842. J. M."

townsman and brother burgess. The clerk then read the following letter:—

James Montgomery to Bailie Dick, Irvine.

"Dear Sir,

"I was glad to hear that you had duly received the copy of my Poems from Longman & Co., to be presented to the Provost, Officers, and Town Council of my native town, and should before now have forwarded the inscription to be put on the first volume; but it ran in my mind, that I had promised, or half promised, that something else should accompany this token of my gratitude to my townspeople for the honour they had conferred upon me, at my late visit. But I was sadly perplexed to know what to send, which, however valueless in mere material, might give proof of my respect, and be acceptable on account of association with the character in which I have been principally distinguished a little among my contemporaries of far higher pretensions than myself. Some weeks ago, however, among my papers I found what I was not aware that I possessed, — a perfect copy of '*The World before the Flood*,' as it came literally from my hand, being that from which the manuscript for the press, previous to its first publication, was prepared. I have nothing of the kind more precious to myself, and therefore cannot offer any better token of regard for my native place, than by requesting, as a favour, that it may be deposited among its public archives under the charge of its magistrates and Town Council. Please to give my best personal regards to Messrs. Salmon*, Watt, and other gentlemen of the corporation, and accept for yourself the assurance of sincere esteem from your obliged servant,

"J. Montgomery.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Mar. 24. 1842."

The present was received by all the members with the highest gratification; and a proper box was ordered

* Mr. Salmon was Provost at the time of Montgomery's visit.

for the deposit of the manuscript and works. The following inscription was written by the poet, on the front page of the manuscript of "The World before the Flood."

"*Memorandum.*

"The Mount, Sheffield, March 24. 1842.

"To the honourable the Provost, the Bailies, the Dean of Guild, the Treasurer, and remaining members of the Town Council of Irvine, this manuscript of 'The World before the Flood' was presented by their obliged friend and fellow burgess,—THE AUTHOR."

At the end is written :—

"This was the manuscript from which the copy was transcribed for the press, and forwarded to Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co., in February, 1813. The poem was published in the course of the spring of that year.—The Mount, near Sheffield, March 23. 1842."

Also, on a blank leaf in the first volume of the works, the author has written :—

"To the honourable the Provost, the two Bailies, the Dean of Guild, the Treasurer, and the remaining members of the Town Council of Irvine, these four volumes of his collected poems are most respectfully presented by their obliged friend, fellow burgess, and guild brother,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"The Mount, Sheffield, March 24. 1842."

The volumes are beautifully bound in morocco, and will, with the MS., we have no doubt, be long preserved with great care, as precious heir-looms, in memory of the poet, and as a token of his connexion with, and respect for, the town of Irvine.

On Saturday, May 28, Montgomery went to Ockbrook, to visit the widow and daughter of his late brother Ignatius.

"I have been busy enough," he writes to Miss Gales, "with my head and my feet since I came hither; with the first I seem to have worked almost in vain, but with the latter I have done better, having had many pleasant spring saunterings through the quiet lanes, and over the fields, peopled with flowers, and beside hedge-rows loaded with green-leaves and white blossoms."

But still he more than thought of "black Sheffield" during his absence from its vicinity.

"I know not a time," says he, "when my heart, the perversest of all things, is more *at* home than when I am *from* home. The past and the absent have actually more power over my mind than the present, whatever cares or pleasures it may bring. Man must be a spirit as well as a body, or else he would never be in thought any where but where he is, nor anything but what he is, as a flesh and blood creature, at this moment."

The rest and seclusion which he enjoyed for a time in this quiet retreat, were somewhat broken in upon by the solicitations of a clergyman who was travelling and preaching on behalf of the Moravian missions, that our friend would arrange to hold a public meeting in Sheffield. Mr. Holland and Miss Gales both advised him against such a course, as unseasonable at that precise moment. He was of the same opinion. The proposed meeting at Sheffield was therefore postponed, and the poet, after attending one of a similar nature at Nottingham, on the 7th of June, at which he spoke with "his usual fervid eloquence," returned home on the day but one following. He was evidently better in health for this brief rustication. He told Mr. Holland that he had not only heard, but *seen* the cuckoo, adding that he well recollected having, when a child, pursued the bird in the

vain hope of catching it, in his grandfather's fields at Gracehill.

Montgomery: "Here is a copy of the Baptist Jubilee Hymns for you*: they have printed mine the first in the collection; and it is certainly the best of the twenty-three." *Holland:* Most indisputably it is so, nor is that superiority any disparagement to the authors of others, some of whom have, I think, done very well." *Montgomery:* "And others of them ought to have done better. Have you read Mr. Roberts's book?"† *Holland:* "No; not the reprint: I went carefully through the first edition, and do not care to repeat the experiment; because, plausible as his theory may seem at first view, or to a person prejudiced in favour of a 'foregone conclusion' that way, I think he is misled by a superficial and isolated interpretation of certain passages of Scripture." *Montgomery:* "I wish you would write a review of the book, and point this out to him. I am sure he is mistaken. His leading notion is very ingenious, and the texts striking enough, as he collocates them; but he does not go far enough into the subject of prophecy, nor does he take a sufficiently comprehensive view of the scope of Scriptural meaning in other and connected passages, to allow his mistake to become apparent to himself. I hope, however, yet to convince him that he is wrong."‡

* "Hymns for the Jubilee of the Baptist Missionary Society. 1842."

† "Parallel Miracles; or the Jews and the Gypsies." By Samuel Roberts.

‡ The object of the author was to show that as the Jews became and remain "a bye word and a reproach" in the *cities* of all countries, according to Scripture prediction; so the Gypsies, assumed to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians, continue, according to the words of Ezekiel, dispersed and despised in "*the open fields*" of the same, till the time appointed for the restoration

August 27th. *Holland:* "Mr. Roberts tells me that a method of re-silvering and gilding bare-worn plated articles by means of the galvano-plastic process has been discovered; and that it will be likely, if ultimately successful, to affect the old silver-plating trade generally."* *Montgomery:* "Aye; it is wonderful to see how exquisitely the arts and sciences reciprocate benefits: no doubt poetry would be produced by galvanism, if there was a brisk demand for it, but nobody buys poetry now-a-days. I shall not receive a single farthing, as profit, on my works this year: indeed, if I had not been very honest, I should not, personally, have had any return at all to make to the Income Tax; almost every one of the items of my present income being charged at its source, including my pension, for which I have already receipted a 'taxed order.' As, however, I last year received more than 150*l.* for lectures, I have made a return upon that amount."

Sept. 10th, 1842. A monument in memory of the late George Bennet, Esq. had just been erected in the cemetery, near Sheffield. It was raised by a subscription among the friends of the deceased; the design and execution being by Edwin Smith, the artist who had modelled, and was at that time carving in marble the

of both to their own land. Montgomery wrote a large review and refutation of the ingenious theory propounded by his friend, which we believe was given by Mr. Roberts to some person connected with the Quarterly Review, in which, however, no discussion of the subject ever appeared. The verses commencing "Strangers, whence came ye to the West?" (*Orig. Hymns. CCXLII.*) were written at the request of the Rev. T. D. Atkinson, of Rugeley, to be sung at a religious meeting held with the Gypsies.

* Of the origin and operation of the "electrotype" process, which has not only produced such a wonderful change in the manufactures alluded to, but in many others where a metallic surface is required, an account will be found in vol. iii.: "Manufactures in Metal," by Robert Hunt.

bust of Montgomery. *Holland:* "I have this morning, Sir, been to look at Mr. Bennet's monument, and, of course, the inscriptions engraved on each of its four sides. I am glad you have adopted my idea by placing the precious 'testimony' formerly drawn up by the deceased himself, to the value of the Christian religion, on one of the tablets." *Montgomery:* "That was a leading object in the design of the structure: but how do you like it altogether? I have not yet seen it on the ground." *Holland:* "I think it both handsome and appropriate; but I am half inclined to venture, very gently, of course, to lift my critical heel against a peculiarity in the construction of your original lines, which are engraved on the stone. I ought to apologise for the freedom of this remark." *Montgomery:* "Never mind apology; if you have copied the lines, read them to me, and let me hear what you object to in them." *Holland:*—

> "'What meet memorial to his name
> Shall love and friendship raise?
> That which was once his dearest aim,
> That which is still his praise;
> Let this enduring stone record
> "He was a servant of the Lord."
> And now we humbly trust through grace,
> Dwells where his servants see his face,
> His name upon their foreheads bear,
> And his eternal kingdom share.'

Here we have six octo-syllabic couplets, preceded by a verse with the lines rhyming alternately, and two of these with but six syllables." *Montgomery:* "Is that all? I see no objection to such an arrangement." *Holland:* "I must be allowed to think that such a variation in the metre in a lapidary inscription is a defect: nor am I aware that you have any good precedent for such

a peculiarity, though I am far from thinking every epitaph should, like those by Pope, consist always of ten-syllable couplets."

The longest production of Montgomery's pen which appeared during the present year was his essay prefixed to Collins's edition of "Paradise Lost," and which, previous to its publication, he read before a Sheffield audience in the manner of a lecture. Although well aware how eagerly Montgomery, in his moments of leisure, turned to the perusal of "Paradise Lost," with which he was remarkably familiar, Mr. Holland was somewhat surprised when told by the poet that he was actually preparing a lecture on "The Genius and Writings of Milton," which he was disposed to deliver, in the first instance, before the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society. *Montgomery:* "I have this morning begun to write my lecture, and my greatest difficulty was with the opening passage, in which I merely wanted to say that John Milton was born in such a year, at such a place, and then, almost the minute I had put pen to paper, I was called down to something that entirely diverted the mind from my subject at that time,—a money transaction." *Holland:* "I presume you do not mean to introduce a formal memoir of the poet?" *Montgomery:* "Not I, indeed; every material circumstance that can be gleaned concerning him has already been published over and over again: I should like to write a life of Milton if it were not already done." *Holland:* "You must surely have found it more easy to write other and more important parts of your lecture, or it will not presently be ready for delivery?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; the brilliant passages,—if brilliant passages there be,—were mostly struck out at a heat; they flowed from my pen almost as freely as if I had poured the ink from the glass upon

the paper." At the lecture the audience was somewhat disappointed; not with the matter, which was highly interesting, but from the very imperfect manner in which, with the exception of occasional portions, it was heard. The poet was, indeed, at this period, so far from being even in his usual health, that the lecture had been postponed in consequence of his indisposition, from the week previous. In the reading of several passages, particularly quotations of a touching character, he often suffered his own feelings to be too much overcome, to allow him to extend to all his hearers, by a distinct and full enunciation of the words, the full import of that with which he was evidently himself so much affected. The audience was unusually large; and to the majority of those persons who composed it, appeared but too painfully obvious the fact, that their honoured townsman no longer possessed that degree of mental energy, to the predominancy of which over the feebleness of his physical constitution, they had, during many past years, been so often indebted for delightful readings of this kind; while the impression that all were, probably, hearing him for the last time in this capacity, made the experiment, in its result, one rather of sadness than of delight. The lecture was delivered on the evening of Sept. 30th.

About this time Montgomery drew up the report of the "Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor," an institution in the welfare of which he had always taken a very lively interest: we mention the subject, not on account of any importance that belonged to the document in general, but on account of a circumstance arising out of its publication, which was not a little painful to the writer's feelings. This report was printed in a radical newspaper; and the editor, seeing it was in the handwriting of the poet, laid hold of a singularly

unguarded expression, to identify it, and the name of its author, with the Anti-Corn-Law movement, which at that time agitated every section of society. The following is the passage and comment in question:—

"Since the year 1837 there has been manifestly a most disastrous turn in trade and manufactures here, not the consequence of a sudden shock from violent and temporary derangement, traceable to obvious causes, severe and heavy for a while, as on former occasions, from which, if slowly, yet surely, amendment followed; but a progressive decay, like the fatal and insidious symptoms of consumption in the human frame, tending towards inevitable destruction. The oldest inhabitant of Sheffield cannot remember a crisis of calamity so general, and apparently so hopeless as that which has come upon us."

Depressed as the energies of commerce undoubtedly were at the time when the foregoing passage was written, the language was nevertheless not only unnecessarily strong, but perhaps out of place in the report of a charitable society. Our beloved friend certainly in this instance allowed a morbid apprehension to usurp the place of his better judgment. Well might the editor of the newspaper say:—

"Had such an opinion been expressed at an Anti-Corn-Law meeting, it would have been sneered at by the Tories as a gross exaggeration. But surely they will have some respect for this declaration of Mr. Montgomery, uttered not at random, but deliberately written, read, and published. Let Mr. Montgomery's language be compared with Mr. Elliott's long-derided predictions, and how exactly do they correspond. The Corn-Law Rhymer sang of coming woes, and strove in vain to procure a remedy; and now Mr. Montgomery declares, that our sufferings arise not from any sudden shock or temporary derangement, but that 'it is a progressive decay, like the fatal, insidious symptoms of con-

sumption, threatening inevitable dissolution.' Then are we still to be refused the free air and exercise that will restore our health?" *

James Montgomery to John Leach.

"Sheffield, 3rd October, 1842.

"My Dear Friend,

"When I wrote on Saturday, I did not expect to write to you so soon again; for though I feared as much, at least as I hoped, when I ventured to send you information of my purpose to accompany brother Peter Latrobe on his Irish missionary tour, yet, as I have just told him in a letter by this post, I resisted the fear and cherished the hope that I might accomplish it. 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,' nor have I for a moment from the beginning of this business wished or attempted to choose mine. I have earnestly sought divine direction to go or to stay, to suffer or to do whatever the Lord or the Lord's people might require of me. But though in an hour of comparative relief from the protracted misery of a lingering disease, I summoned courage to tell him that I hoped to be ready to set out at the appointed time, I am again thrown down. Yesterday evening a severe access of the complaint seized me, and this morning I feel myself so reduced and exhausted (with the prospect moreover of further seizures), that I am compelled to give up all hope of visiting Ireland on this, or indeed any other, missionary occasions. For more than two years past I have declined every invitation from what quarter soever, except two for our brethren, in company with our friend and brother P. Latrobe, viz., a short one to Manchester in 1840, and a long one to Scotland last year. The truth is, my bodily strength, mental energy, and especially failing memory, being in course of irrevocable decline, I could not render such service, feeble as it has ever been, as I was wont formerly with gladness to render to the great, the universal cause of evangelising the heathen world

* "Sheffield Independent," Oct. 8. 1842.

by missionaries of every Christian denomination, who preach 'Christ crucified' at home or abroad. Henceforth my labours, if I am allowed time to continue them a little longer, must be less in public than they have been hitherto; but, by the grace of God, I trust that what I can do, shall be done with a perfect heart, and a willing mind. I am so nervously affected that I can scarce write legibly; my thoughts and words find it hard to run abreast, and therefore a little stumbling and crossing you will compassionately excuse. I have desired brother Latrobe to add something to the collection of our Irish brethren and sisters on this occasion, as one of you,—one in spirit, one in faith, hope, and charity,—if we be but one in Christ, for the last is all and in all. To be one of you in this blessed sense is my heart's desire and prayer; and, in return, I say, 'Brethren, pray for me!' I lament the trouble and derangement of your plans, arising out of this miscarriage, but I have not willingly offended.

"Your obliged friend and brother,

"JAMES MONTGOMERY."

Holland: "This, Sir, is a volume of Coleridge's '*Table Talk;*' you will perceive he is of your opinion with reference to omission and alteration in poetical selections:—

"'I once thought of making a collection to be called "The Poetical Filter," upon the principle of simply omitting from the old pieces of lyric poetry which we have, those parts in which the whim or the bad taste of the author, or the fashion of his age, prevailed over his genius. You would be surprised at the number of exquisite *wholes* which might be made by this simple operation; and perhaps by the insertion of a single line, or half a line, out of poems which are now utterly disregarded, on account of some odd or incongruous passages in them.'"

Montgomery: "Yes, and he is quite right; a large volume of very delightful reading might by that means be selected from our old poets, whose works contain

occasional blemishes of sentiment or expression, which the most trifling alteration or excision might remove; but which, suffered to remain, even in an extract, become troublesome eyesores to good taste, if nothing worse." *Holland:* "Coleridge is of your opinion too, it seems, on another point:—

"'After all you can say, I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works; all your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius.'"

Montgomery: "That method is of most importance when the author is an egotist,—if his works contain much of himself. Wordsworth has adopted the principle in the recent collection of his poems. By the way, I dreamt of Wordsworth last night. I fancied it was the Bible Society meeting, and he was in the chair. Several persons spoke, but I had not ventured to say anything till the audience appeared about to break up, when I rose to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman, and spoke, as I thought, with great freedom and pleasure, indulging in a strain of warm eulogy: indeed, I recollected something of the drift of my observations when I awoke." *Holland:* "Did you ever hear Wordsworth speak at such a meeting?" *Montgomery:* "I never either heard or saw him on such an occasion. A lady told me she once went a considerable distance in the expectation of hearing him speak. She could just perceive his head among others on the platform, and when his turn came to second a resolution, he did it literally in five words." *Holland:* "It seems curious you should just now dream of Wordsworth; perhaps you had been thinking or reading about him." *Montgomery:* "Not I, indeed; my thoughts during the

day had been harassed by a widely different subject, so that even such a *dream* was a relief to my mind. As for reading, I have just gone through Bolingbroke's 'Letters on History,' a book you would not think of reading, I suppose?" *Holland:* "Not at present; and yet I have just been reading Cooke's Life of him. I should almost as soon have expected to have heard of *you*, at this time of day, reading the works of Channing as those of Bolingbroke, as I presume you read the latter chiefly for the sake of the style." *Montgomery:* "I did; though I felt also a renewal of that interest in several of the subjects which strongly excited me when young. As for Dr. Channing, the distance between him and Bolingbroke, in the matter of style, is as great as that between England and America,—an Atlantic separates them!"

CHAP. LXXXIX.

1842.

SLAVES HELD BY MISSIONARIES AT THE ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS. — MONTGOMERY'S COUNSEL AND PROTEST. — KNIBB THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY. — MONTGOMERY ACCOMPANIES MR. LA TROBE ON A MISSIONARY TOUR TO IRELAND. — PUBLIC BREAKFAST TO THE DEPUTATION IN DUBLIN. — MEETINGS AT BELFAST. — ADDRESS TO THE POET IN VERSE. — SPEECHES. — GRACEHILL. — LETTER TO JOHN HOLLAND. — RETURN TO ENGLAND. — MOFFAT THE MISSIONARY. — LETTER TO JAMES EVERETT.

The exultation in which Montgomery had indulged on account of the satisfactory conduct of the negroes emancipated by Great Britain in the West Indies, was suddenly dashed from an unexpected quarter. In the summer of this year, the Rev. W. Knibb, a zealous Baptist Missionary, touched at the Danish island of St. Thomas, on his return from England to the scene of his labours in Jamaica. "At St. Thomas's," says he, "I visited one of the Moravian settlements, and went to the simple and unadorned grave-yard, where twelve missionaries, twelve wives, and eighteen children sleep till the resurrection-morn. It is a hallowed spot, and it speaks in solemn tones to us, 'work while it is called to-day.' While in St. Thomas's I saw enough of slavery to make my heart bleed." * Four-and-twenty Christian men and women, devoted "to the death" in inculcating and exemplifying the religion of Jesus amidst the hor-

* "Hinton's Memoir of Knibb," p. 445. Second edition.

rors of slavery in a foreign land for nearly a century, — what a precious memorial! But while Mr. Knibb thus saw, and thus wrote, "his heart glowed with indignation on ascertaining that the Moravian missionaries were slave-holders. He sent home an account of this fact, both to Mr. Angus* and Mr. Sturge†, pressing an immediate publication of the statement, with his name; but I believe that only a private use was made of this communication." ‡ Whatever may have been the

* A Baptist minister at Newcastle, for whose monument there, Montgomery afterwards wrote the following inscription: —

"To the memory of the Rev. W. H. Angus, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; he was brought up to the sea, captured early in life by the French, and detained as a prisoner of war. In his confinement he was found by the gospel, and afterwards became a most strenuous, indefatigable, and faithful promulgator of it, in the East and West Indies, and throughout continental and insular Europe, as well as in his native land.

"Him, both by man and Satan, seized and bound,
In prison, the angel of the gospel found,
Broke all his chains, and call'd him, 'Follow me.'
He rose and followed over land and sea;
And still, from clime to clime where'er he went,
Left of his faith and love some monument:
This tablet tells not what his labours were,
Their glory shall the day of God declare;
Here friends inscribe the name he bore below,
That which he bears in heaven, if thou wouldst know,
Search the Lamb's Book of Life before the throne,
Thoul't find it there, if first thou find thine own:
For none are worthy on its leaves to look,
But those whose names are written in that book."

† Knibb had become acquainted with the Quaker abolitionist, during the visit of the latter, accompanied by his friend Harvey, to the West Indies, in 1836-7, with a view to ascertain the working of the negro apprenticeship system.

‡ "Hinton's Life of Knibb."

intention, the effect of this "private use" was, that Montgomery presently encountered the charge on his approach to every missionary platform, and by almost every day's post: nor was it to be palliated by the fact, that in the Danish island of St. Thomas the Moravians must use slave service, if they required any at all; that they not only treated their own negroes with kindness, but, through the exercise of a non-interreference in the secular concerns of the colony, they retained their long-valued position as Christian instructors, to accomplish which in "the islands of the West," some of their brethren had themselves been willing to become slaves! nor that, to use the words of Mr. Hinton, "for a considerable period there had existed among the [Baptist] missionary brethren a certain kind of dealing in slaves, which gave rise to considerable dissension in Jamaica, and not a little difference of opinion at home." In this crisis, Montgomery not only felt, as he had been made to feel on a similar occasion before*, that his own sincerity as an avowed abolitionist was implicated, but, what to him was a consideration of infinitely greater importance, the character and support of the Brethren's missions were endangered by the public and "private use" of the communication in question. After duly considering the matter, he determined to address a respectful caveat to his brethren on the subject adverted to by Mr. Knibb. This he did in a letter of considerable length, and deep feeling on his part. As, however, the Brethren removed, as soon as possible, the evil in question,—the power of doing so belonging not to the authorities of their church in England, but in Germany,—and as it is probable the document itself was never sent,—we shall merely extract

* Vol. iv. p. 254. *antè*.

from it the opening passage, in which the writer speaks of himself in affecting terms:—

"Reverend and dear Brethren,

"I feel myself not only warranted, but constrained by duty and affection to that church of Christ in which it was my privilege to be born and brought up, and to which, under Him, I owe all that is to me most valuable in life, the knowledge of the way of salvation, to call your attention to a subject in which (whatever may have been its bearings and influences in times past,) the future prosperity of that work which has been principally committed to the Brethren, and for which it might be presumed that they are, in a great measure, continued as a people, the evangelisation of the heathen, will be so much involved that, unless the hindrance which it presents be speedily removed, it seems probable that the means hitherto furnished towards it by Christians of other denominations will be greatly decreased, if not eventually so diminished as absolutely to become unavailing to enable the present stations to be maintained, or any future fields entered upon.

"I this day remember the sins of my youth, which, from the first step of my open apostacy, when at the age of seventeen years I cast myself into the world, have caused my voluntary banishment from the congregation to be thus far perpetuated; for though long ago, after I had come to myself, I was re-admitted into church-fellowship, I have never seen the way opened for me to become a resident among my own people, but have lived alone in the midst of Christians of various denominations, and availed myself of the means of grace to be enjoyed among them; and only occasionally visiting Fulneck, Ockbrook, and other places of settlement, as opportunity offered. I do not here enter into particulars which might either appear to justify or to condemn me, for not devoting all my time, my powers, or my affections to the Brethren in the direct service of our Saviour, as entrusted to them. I mention these personal circumstances solely to show you, that from my peculiar

situation I have been able to understand much better than any resident and wholly-occupied member of the congregation can do, the character, sentiments, and conduct of the various religious bodies of evangelical professors in this country. It has pleased the Lord, since the time when, as I humbly hope, and earnestly pray that I may not be deceived, He turned my heart in some degree from disobedience to the wisdom of the just,—I say it has pleased him to afford me peculiar opportunities, not only in the town where I reside but in many parts of the kingdom, to become intimately acquainted with eminent and excellent persons among the ministers and members of the Church of England, the Independents, the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers; as well as generally familiarised, both in private and public, with the manner of thinking, speaking, and feeling on religious subjects which distinguish these denominations from each other, and from all the world beside. Many providential circumstances connected with my personal history, the turn of my mind, the peculiar employment of the few talents which I hold, and even from the insulated situation with respect to my own brethren in which I have been kept,— these have gradually, during a series of years, gained me the confidence and esteem, far beyond my desert, of Christians of all these denominations, so that wherever I may be on travel, I see kindness and hospitality pressed upon me from all quarters; and I am solicited, not only to be a frequent partaker of their joy on public and festival occasions, but in the churches and meeting-halls of each of those whom I have enumerated, I have been called upon to be a helper also, and to the utmost of my ability I have pleaded the causes of Bible, missionary, school, tract, and other institutions of Christian charity; and have, out of my small means, also cheerfully contributed to their respective funds. I have felt myself not only free to do this, but *not* free not to do it; insomuch that I have acted on these occasions, under the conviction that the burden of the Lord was laid upon me to serve Him, and his cause, and his people thus, since, as a

result of great unfaithfulness to my first calling of grace, I have almost prohibited myself from serving Him in like manner among my own people. These, however, and the work of God committed to their conduct, have during the last twenty years, in some degree at least, benefited by my exile among people of other tongues, but all of whom love, and confess with their lips and their lives the same Lord, and call Jesus Lord by the Holy Ghost. During the period just mentioned, and directly or indirectly, many and large sums of money, the free, unsolicited bounty of individuals of my acquaintance, or who condescended to make me, through whom the Brethren had become known to them, their almoners, have passed through my hands in aid of the Brethren's missions, which, so far as they are known, and considering how little the Brethren themselves are known, it is remarkable how they are loved for their works' sake among the heathen by those Christians who, in their own societies, are doing most extensively and effectively the work of evangelists in the same fields of harvest. I say which (missions), so far as they are known, are everywhere held up as a pattern for the holy emulation of their own agents. But yet they have somewhat against us, — all of them have something against us, — and I have often had to meet and to vindicate, as well as I could, what may have been perfectly innocent, or even commendable, in the Brethren's missionary stations, (to meet the social or local circumstances of the converts themselves,) but which missionaries of other denominations have complained of and condemned, not always in the spirit of candour and charity, yet perhaps more frequently from not understanding the reasons for usages among our missionaries which are foreign, or derived from the influence of our German brethren with German notions and prejudices (I may be permitted to call them) about them, and in which they were educated, and did not so much as suspect that a mote was in their eye, while their English neighbours of other churches imagined that they saw a beam."

Mr. Knibb died at Falmouth, in the island of Jamaica, Nov. 15th, 1845: his biographer affirms, "that, as he was the chief instrument in Jamaica of obtaining emancipation, so was he its chief benefactor after liberty was won." Montgomery paid a tribute to his memory in a copy of verses, the first line of which recals the heroic character of the uncompromising apostle of the blacks: —

"Oh, valiant for the truth!" *

It having been represented to Montgomery by his Moravian friends, that considerable advantages would accrue to the Missionary Society in connexion with the Brethren, from the sending of a deputation to Ireland, similar to that which had visited Scotland in the preceding year, he consented to a prospective and conditional arrangement for joining the secretary, Mr. Latrobe, in Dublin, the first week in October. Within a fortnight of the time thus agreed upon, Montgomery was taken ill, and consequently was so apparently incompetent for such a journey and the laborious duties involved in its object, that he was compelled, though most reluctantly, to signify his inability to fulfil his part of the engagement. His friends, or rather the friends of the mission, were, however, so greatly disappointed, as it was natural they should be, and they wrote to him so pressingly on this point, that he resolved, unfit as he certainly was, to repair to Ireland immediately; regarding the call as coming from the servants of the Saviour, from whose work, when the duty was plain, he never excused himself. Accordingly, instead of starting to Harrogate, as he was prepared to have done, and as Sir Arnold Knight, his medical adviser and friend, recommended him to do by all means,

* *Original Hymns*, cclxiv.

he left Sheffield for Dublin, on the morning of October 12th, assuring Mr. Holland, who expressed much solicitude about the issue, that if he broke down at the outset, he would immediately return home: but if, on the contrary, he felt well enough to proceed with the deputation, he should do so: in that case, he hoped to be able to visit Grace Hill, a spot endeared to him by many precious associations, and of which, child as he was when he left it, he retained a vivid remembrance.

He crossed the Channel comfortably, his health meanwhile improving: and on Saturday October 15th about sixty gentlemen met at breakfast at Radley's Hotel, College Green, Dublin, for the purpose of paying a mark of respect to Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Latrobe, both of whom were present on the occasion. John Anster, Esq., LL.D., took the chair. After breakfast, Alexander Parker, Esq., whose guest Mr. Montgomery was while in Dublin, introduced the two strangers to the meeting in a brief, but appropriate, speech. Mr. Latrobe followed at considerable length; his address relating, of course, mainly to the official object of the visit of himself and his companion to Ireland. He mentioned, however, one circumstance of more general interest, namely, that his own ancestors had, about a century and a half previously, found an asylum in the city of Dublin when flying from popish persecution in their own country, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Three generations of his family were Irish by birth or adoption. His honoured grandfather, the last of these, was a member of the Church of the United Brethren, and formed a part of that instrumentality by which the Rev. John Cennick, whose name and ministry have already been mentioned in connection with Montgomery's father, was brought over to Ireland, as a preacher of the Gospel.

Montgomery, having been introduced in an affectionate manner by Mr. Latrobe, rose and said:—

"He threw himself entirely upon the sympathies of the friends assembled there who had so generously and kindly received him. Irishmen he knew had warm and large hearts, and they had room for him. He himself was in heart an Irishman: his earliest recollections and sympathies were connected with Ireland, and his parents were both Irish by birth. In his early childhood they brought him to Ireland, and placed him in the Moravian settlement of Grace Hill, with which they were then connected, having both owed their conversion, under God, to the ministry of the Rev. John Cennick, to whom allusion had been made already by his brother Latrobe. About his seventh year he was sent to the Moravian school at Fulneck, in Yorkshire, at that time an institution chiefly intended for children of the ministers or members of the Brethren's Church. Of these, a very considerable proportion were from Ireland, and particularly from Dublin, which had been thus associated with his early recollections. This morning, as he walked down the street, he endeavoured to call to recollection the names of those early schoolfellows, and he recollected several, namely, William Binns, George Egan, John Alley, John Miller, Frederick Smyth, William Carty, John Harrison, Samuel and Joshua Unthank. Probably none, or at most, but one or two of those persons were living; yet instinctively, as he walked down the street this morning he looked for those names on the doors of the houses and shops, so strongly were they imprinted on his memory. His friend and brother, Latrobe, had alluded to certain early injudicious publications by the Brethren, amongst which might, perhaps, be placed some of the earlier hymns. But though these might be objectionable, yet, however rude in expression and rugged in rhythm, or inconsistent with good taste, they were dear to him; for whatever literary celebrity he might have attained, he attributed it to the turn for poetry which the influence of those homely and simple productions had exercised upon his heart

and imagination. Of these, if the friends there would bear with him, he would recite one verse which had been impressed upon his earliest recollection, and had never ceased to exercise an influence upon him :—

"'*Old Moravian Verse.*

"'For me thou in torment agonising
To a garden didst retire,
There I hear the prayers from thy heart rising
My salvation to acquire.
For me shudderest thou in that dire passion,
Thou hast laboured hard for my salvation ;
Pale and red by turns I see
Thy face while thou pray'st for me.'

"He did not remember the time when that verse, homely and prosaic as it appears, was not known by him." After some other remarks relative to his school exercises, more particularly his early efforts in rhyme, Montgomery said that, "about this time also he was in the habit of attempting compositions in imitation of the Moravian hymns, and if the audience would bear with him, he would recite one composed in his twelfth year, upon the subject of the old verse which he had already recited :—

"'*Hymn composed at Fulneck School, at Twelve Years of Age.*

"'After Jesus, King of Glory,
Finished all that's transitory,
He into a garden went,
Which he used to frequent.

"'There with bitter sighs and groans
He poor man's hard case bemoans ;
To his Father he then prayed
That the cup might be allayed.

"'His disciples sleep, but he
Prayed for them incessantly,
And bade them arise and wake,
And not sleep at that time take.

"'Rise and pray, and do not sleep,
Watch with me for one hour keep,
Lest into temptation you
Fall, and so yourselves undo.

"'While he prayed and thus did cry,
Judas and his band drew nigh,
To betray his loving friend,
Jesus, whose love has no end.'"

Montgomery entered into a variety of other details relative to his public life, which were equally new and interesting to an Irish audience. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Singer, the Rev. Dr. Urwick, Dr. Wilson, and others, each of whom in an eloquent manner dwelt upon the leading objects of the meeting, which, as Dr. Urwick said, "were twofold,—first, to express their very great satisfaction at having as their guest a gentleman who had been deservedly called 'the Christian poet of the age:' and next, to recognise the claims of the mission on public countenance and support. Towards the distinguished individual, Mr. Montgomery, he was warranted in saying, that they all cherished the most sincere respect, esteem, and veneration. They had been acquainted with him before in his writings; he had been the companion of many in their closet devotions; for where was the closet, where the circle met for social supplication, he might ask where was the congregation assembled for public worship, that was not familiar with the beautiful hymn—

"'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd'—&c.

Nor had he less sweetly sung of the final achievements of the Gospel in subduing the nations to the Saviour, and filling the earth with the life, and liberty, and purity, and joy

of the great salvation. No strains could more appropriately celebrate the millennial glories of Immanuel's reign than did his —

> "'Hark, the song of Jubilee;
> Loud its mighty thunders roar,' &c.

And much as all who knew his writings admired them, and cordially as they now welcomed him personally present as their guest to-day, their gratification was increased that he had visited their city and country in conjunction with his and their reverend friend, in behalf of the Moravian missions. And he (Dr. Urwick) felt assured that both the gentlemen would, for their own sake, and for the sake of the cause they represented, receive every where, in that country, the best, most cordial, and generous welcome that Irish Christian hearts could give." *

* The proceedings of the meeting mentioned above were reported at considerable length in "*The Statesman, and Dublin Christian Record*" newspaper of the following week. The editor of that journal likewise devoted a leading article to the subject, in which, among other remarks, he says :—"No report could have conveyed the least idea of the pathos, simplicity, and originality of his unartificial eloquence. Gratitude to God for his especial grace, and a desire to enforce upon his hearers the sense of the faithfulness of God, and of the blessing to be looked for by those who bring up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, seem his leading impressions. The depth and fixedness of his love for poetry too breathe in every movement of his spirit. Religion and poetry seem to have been from the first sucked in by him from the same breast of consolation, and to have formed the sincere aliment of his soul from childhood to old age. We shall never forget this occasion; and we feel satisfied that even the few simple statements which we have preserved, and the sweetly sublime poem which closes the address of Mr. Montgomery, will find their way to our readers' hearts.

"There is, besides, one feature of this meeting which we desire to refer to, with our cordial aspirations that it may be more frequently and more enlargedly exhibited amongst us. We mean the harmonious assemblage on the same happy occasion, with one

From Dublin Montgomery and his friend proceeded to Belfast, the poet being much interested not only with the appearance of the white cottages which they noticed during the journey, but particularly by the glimpses obtained of two or three of the celebrated "round towers" which have often so much puzzled

heart, one mind, and one spirit, of ministers and men of various regiments of the great army of Christians. This is the true Catholicity. If Moravians and poetry produce such results, let us have Moravians and poetry, not once in an hundred years like the blossom of the aloe, as Mr. Latrobe promises us; but let us have them like our own wild primroses, annually at least, if not flourishing freshly as the shamrock the whole year round. Can we not be brethren without the teaching of the Moravian Brethren? Can we not be in harmony without the presence of the poet? Ought not the gospel of the love of Jesus Christ to be potential enough in its overcoming sweetness to draw us together habitually? Are not the songs of Zion, and the breathings of the Divine Spirit upon the harp sufficiently poetical to charm away our contentions?

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"We do earnestly hope that if we impart liberally to these laborious servants of Christ of our carnal things, their Master and our Master, their Lord and our Lord, will, for their sakes and for his own faithfulness' sake, impart to us of spiritual things, and make the present occasion a season of grace to this thirsting and distracted land. . . . . We can scarcely hope to see James Montgomery in the midst of us again; let the thought that his presence has contributed to our Christian harmony and love be the association which shall link Ireland to his soul."

It may be mentioned that the "sweetly-sublime poem" alluded to in this note was the little composition on "Faith, Hope, and Charity," elsewhere noticed; it was lithographed during the poet's visit to Dublin, and printed in fac-simile, with the following note appended: — "A number of friends who have met with Mr. Montgomery, during his visit to this country having been greatly interested in the beautiful lines he recited at the close of his address on Saturday, the 15th instant, a copy of them has been procured, and they are now given to the public in fac-simile, as a pleasing memorial of the Christian poet's visit to Ireland. Dublin, 17th October, 1842."

Irish antiquaries. On the 25th a public breakfast was given to the Brethren, at the Donegal Arms, Belfast, the large room being filled with a respectable company, who evidently took a deep interest in the addresses delivered by the gentlemen of the deputation and their friends. The Rev. Dr. Hanna * presided, and in the name of his country and of the meeting cordially welcomed Mr. Montgomery and his colleague on the benevolent errand which had brought them to Ireland, and especially to Belfast. On this occasion Montgomery spoke at considerable length; his observations, of course, were mostly on the subject of the missions. † One incident of this meeting may be mentioned. The chairman having called upon Mr. M'Comb, the printer, to address the audience, that gentleman said he must be allowed to express his thoughts in verse. He then read the following address:—

"*To James Montgomery, Esq., on his visiting Belfast.*

"I loved thee in my boyhood's hour,
When first thy sacred lays
Attuned my imitative lyre
To strains of feeble praise;
And fondly did I long to see
The Christian bard, Montgomery!

"Year after year rolled swiftly on,
And as my hopes grew dim,
How often has thy minstrelsy,
By psalm or sacred hymn,
Awoke to new-born life the thought
That long within my bosom wrought.

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* The son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers.

† Reports of this, and other meetings of the deputation, will be found in the Belfast newspapers of contemporary date.

"But now, I see thee face to face,
And now thy voice I hear —
Soft as the soothing strains of love
Upon the raptured ear,—
The minstrel who, with skilful hand,
Holds Zion's harp in sweet command.

"And Zion's God hath blessed thy song
To many a child of care:
Who hath not joined, in sweet accord,
Montgomery and Prayer?
'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,'
The household hymn of child and sire.

"When genius, with a mighty hand,
Would prostitute the lyre,
And injured virtue wept to hear
Songs of impure desire,
With David's harp and holy thought,
Thy muse a reformation wrought.

"Welcome thy loftier flights of mind
To those who will pourtray
In records of undying fame
Thy name and history:
Ours be the theme of 'Greenland's' shore,
The convert race of 'Labrador.'

"Thrice welcome to our hearts and board,
Thou messenger of peace:
We love thee for thy Master's sake,
Our love shall never cease:
Though ocean wave may soon us sever,
Our Irish hearts will love thee ever!" *

After visiting and conversing with several friends in Belfast, they went to Grace Hill, a spot associated in

* A set of pleasing verses addressed to Montgomery, by George Donald, appeared in the "Banner of Ulster."

Montgomery's mind with many tender recollections of his earliest years.

James Montgomery to John Holland.

"Belfast, October 25. 1842.

"My dear Friend,

"I received this proof late yesterday evening, on returning from Grace Hill, and I send it back by the first post. I have neither time nor spirits, from exhaustion after a delightful breakfast meeting, in which I poured out my heart and all that came into it while I was speaking; peculiar circumstances having rendered it expedient to forbear taking the line which I had premeditated in my confused way; and I was glad of it, for a better was opened to me, and I feel exceedingly thankful that I was delivered from the temptation of saying what might have been misunderstood in some delicate points, and would assuredly have been misstated by "well-meaning" reporters, as all that I have yet spoken in public has been. It is well that readers care less for printed speeches than the hearers, or the speakers might better hang padlocks on their lips. I blame nobody. Here we have experienced nothing but kindness and hospitality; but we have had many perplexities. All now is going on well. In health I am better than when I left home. I mean to leave Belfast for Dublin on Friday, and to stop till Monday there, when I think I shall pass over to Holyhead, and will pray to be permitted to reach dear old Sheffield on Tuesday or Wednesday. But I will write to Miss Gales on Saturday from Dublin. Kindest remembrance to all friends, especially Miss Gales and the Park Grange family.

"I am truly your friend and brother,

"J. Montgomery."

On the following day, at noon, the deputation attended a public meeting, held in the large room of the Commercial Buildings, Belfast, to further the object of their visit to Ireland. Colonel Ward was called to the

chair. Dr. Cairns, in his eloquent address at the opening of this meeting, indulged in a strain of such delicate and discriminating eulogy on the genius of the poet, that an extract from the report of his address will be read with interest, inasmuch as the only effect which lapse of time can have had on such sentiments must have been to impress still deeper that seal of truth which was stamped upon them at the moment of delivery:—

"The name of James Montgomery is inseparably connected in every mind with his works, which, in my estimation, hold a rank above all modern poetry, and which will shed a glory upon the English language and literature as long as that language and literature shall live. It is in connexion with his works I have introduced Mr. Montgomery to your notice; but we must recollect the close relation that exists between those and the great religious work in hand. Besides numerous references, throughout his other productions, to the Moravian missions, we have, in his 'West Indies' and his 'Greenland,' most interesting and beautiful allusions to the early history of the Moravian Church, which we find to have been the first of the Protestant missionary churches; indeed, in this character it appears to have been in existence before Protestantism itself. It is deeply to be regretted that the poem 'Greenland' is as yet unfinished, but we fondly hope that it will not continue so, and in this hope every philanthropist will cordially join. It breaks off just at the point where we could wish to continue, — at the point where the missionaries who first carried the gospel to the inhospitable shores of Greenland are exhibited in the most spirit-stirring part of their history. By a simple adherence to truth and fact, the gifted author has rendered the story poetical; for it is the character of Moravian poetry, as well as of all genuine poetry whatever, that it is identical with truth. . . . Mr. Montgomery's poetry is distinguished for simplicity and naturalness, beyond perhaps that of any other modern poet, scarcely excepting the great

bard of religion, Cowper himself. We find in it no straining after effect — no inflation, no boisterousness. Every one may suppose that feelings such as the poet expresses would have occurred to himself; yet every one is aware that they are the last sentiments which he could have fully developed. When one thinks of the ease, simplicity, naturalness, and deep strain of pure piety, which pervade his compositions, one is insensibly led to trace the secret fountain in the writer's own mind. I think that the first impression made by a sight of the poet himself is linked invisibly with the inspiration which pervades his whole works. We learn from his poetry the truth of a sentiment he himself so well expresses in one of his works — that the purest sentiments of the heart, when naturally expressed, are themselves poetry. But in connexion with Mr. Montgomery's works, another remarkable feature is the piety, the sacred feeling, which inspire them: it has indeed been said by one of our most distinguished poets, that poetry is the outpouring of a heart pregnant with celestial fire: and it may be said of Mr. Montgomery, from his whole character, and that of all his works, that he has been baptized with the Holy Ghost, and therefore with fire from heaven. He furnishes in himself one of the most striking examples of a truth which has long been contested, and which he brings forward in his critical writings,—the close connexion which exists between poetry and religion." *

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* In the course of this address, Dr. Cairns adverted to Montgomery's "Imitations" of the Psalms as of "the highest order of English poetry," adding, "and might I be allowed to suggest that an improved metrical version of the Psalms has long been a desideratum, — not a paraphrase of those sacred compositions, but a direct translation?" This subject was afterwards mentioned to Mr. Montgomery by his friend in private, on which occasion the poet not only repressed every hope of his being likely to undertake so formidable a task, but asserted, as we have repeatedly heard him do, his conviction that no such version could ever be satisfactorily accomplished, even if it ought to be attempted; an opinion in which we must confess we are not prepared entirely to

Such is a specimen, and only a specimen, of the more than cordial greeting with which the Sheffield bard was publicly welcomed to the land of his fathers,—an expression of respect not less certainly paid to his personal worth, than to him as one of the representatives and advocates of a glorious Christian undertaking. To imagine that these eloquent strains of eulogy uttered in his own hearing, and in the presence of Christian audiences, had any other effect than to abash and humble him, while at the same time they made him painfully sensible of the kindness intended, would be to show an entire ignorance of the fundamental element of his character. In the present instance he escaped being overpowered by his own emotions by the natural operation of his good taste and Christian feeling. "After," said he, "all the kind words that have been spoken concerning me, I must say that I only appear in this case in one character, and that an exceedingly simple one — as one of the humblest among you, prostrate at the foot of the cross of Christ: I appear as a member of the Church of the United Brethren, and in that character as a brother to every Christian throughout the land. I come before you, as a little child, pleading for some help, that we may be enabled to carry forward our missionary work, and to bear that blessed burden which it has pleased God to lay upon us." He then went into a long and animated account of the Church and Missions of the United Brethren. One of the most gratifying circumstances to his own generous heart, next to the general success of his visit to Ireland, or rather, identical with,

concur. We do not exactly think that the desirableness of a more perfect version of the Psalms, than any of those at present authorised in the United Kingdom, is to be estimated by the smallness of the chance of success, which might be predicated of any intended effort.

and forming a part of, that success, was the bringing together ministers and friends of different religious denominations at the period in question; and, alas! commonly exhibiting more frequently towards each other the repellant than the attractive poles of sectarian energy. But, as Dr. Cairns remarked, "Perhaps of all the branches of the Christian Church, the Moravians are the most universal favourites. They are a centre of love to all other Churches. From a variety of circumstances, differences of doctrine, and forms of Church government, other Churches are often opponents, and excited by jealousies: but all these the simple Moravian Brethren escape; and of this," added the speaker, "we have seen proofs to-day, in their bringing together, almost without a call, brethren from nearly all the Christian denominations in the town." *

After holding another meeting in Belfast, the deputation returned to Dublin; whence the poet, announcing the period of his return home, thus wrote to Miss Gales:—

"I do hope to show my poor face again at The Mount, looking not much the worse for wear than it did when you last saw it, though many a cloud has passed over it in the interval; yet, thankfully I acknowledge it, much more sunshine, spiritually, if not temporally. Everywhere my companion and I have found warm hearts and willing hands to help us in the object of our mission."

On the first of November, Montgomery reached Sheffield in greatly improved health, having been convoyed from Kingstown to Liverpool by a person sent over for that purpose by his kind host Mr. Parker. On mentioning the respectful attentions of this gentleman, and those of his other Irish friends, to Mr. Hol-

* "Banner of Ulster," Oct. 28. 1842.

land, on his return, Montgomery said, "They spoiled me by their kindnesses; they did not know me so well as you do:" the response, uttered, not in words but silently in heart, was, there never lived an individual of whom it might so truly be said, as of our friend, "the more he was known, the better he was loved."

Nov. 14th.—*Montgomery:* "Did you hear the Rev. Robert Moffat, the African missionary, at the meeting on Thursday?" *Holland:* "No, Sir: I have heard him on a previous occasion, and I mean to read his book." *Montgomery:* "Yes; so you ought to do; but there was an indescribable interest, a liveliness in his expression on the platform, which no printed narrative can equal: I hardly ever listened to stories of such a wild and romantic character as some which he told; and yet, I dare not doubt of their exact truth: and then the skill which he exhibited in drawing forth the sentiments of the Africans; the apparently simple, but really profound, illustrations of human nature which he elicited, were highly impressive, as exhibited in his own unaffected details." *Holland:* "One is in some degree prepared to expect that the every-day incidents of a life in the African wilderness, will be more exciting in many respects, than some even of the more important transactions of civilised Europe." *Montgomery:* "And yet, there is in that vast wilderness a great degree of monotony, as to its general character." *Holland:* "So there is in the sea itself, simply considered: and yet how sublime and diversified in its associations with man and his darings! So of the African wilderness, in which Mr. Moffat has encountered so many perils, that the Rev. Thomas Sutton* after reading his book, remarked that he thought the missionary was as great a 'lion

* The Vicar of Sheffield.

tamer' as Van Amburgh himself. His narrative can hardly, however, be so interesting as that of Mr. Williams." *Montgomery:* "To me, I think, it was even more so; as a variety of circumstances had rendered me more familiar with the proceedings of the missionaries, and the character of the people in the South-Sea Islands, than with those of Africa."

Mr. Montgomery to Rev. James Everett.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Dec. 19. 1842.

"My dear Friend,

Mr. John Holland has just informed me that he is going to dispatch a courier to you, and as a feather-weight additional will not break the paper-messenger's back, I will avail myself of the minute or two suddenly afforded (after having procrastinated days, and weeks, and months) to acknowledge the welcome gifts received from you of the memoirs of two eminent Wesleyan ministers,—Daniel Isaac and William Dawson. The former undoubtedly was a singularly acute and ingenious reasoner, and had more the power of attracting and holding the attention of an audience, while he dealt out his matter in minute morsels, crumb by crumb I might say (like a child feeding chickens, and watching them scramble for each grain as it falls among them) than any preacher I ever heard. I never knew a speaker make so little go so great a way; much of it indeed was exceedingly precious, but as usual, that which was least so was most esteemed by too many of his hearers. Admirable wisdom and miserable quaintness fell from his lips on some occasions, and as the one or the other exceeded, his discourses were acceptable to the few or to the many. What might be forgiven in him would have been insufferable in an imitator; indeed, I do not know that he ever had an imitator,—his look, his voice, his whole person, were necessary to produce the peculiar effect which the constitution of his mind led him to pursue, while he was dealing with the most awful truths of time and eternity, involving the interests of beings before him, born for both. Dawson was a man of another

spirit, and, according to my judgment, far superior in genuine originality. He had his faults,—enough and to spare, though he seldom did spare, but wantoned in committing them. Then, however, he had merits; so many and of so rare an excellence, that the most fastidious critic, if not perversely determined to show no mercy, could not help to do him justice, if capable of measuring the height and depth of that man's genius, which the highest cultivation might have refined, and made him as different an orator from what he was, as he was different from Daniel Isaac; but that would have been at an expense of vital power in the utterance of those thoughts and feelings which gave him such sovereignty over great congregations, and the greater they were, the more easily and mightily he moved them. He was at once a Boanerges and a Barnabas; from Sinai he came down, as a son of thunder, breaking in pieces hearts harder than its rocks; but before the smitten were aware, the son of consolation was healing, binding and pouring into their wounds (mortal only to their sins) the wine and oil of the gospel. Having known him long and well, and condemned and admired him more than most of his hearers, my judgment of his talents,—gifts, I ought to say,—and graces, is at least independent, because my prejudices naturally lay against his mannerism. 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' has, I verily believe, been said to him by the highest authority in heaven and earth, and that must supersede for ever all criticism for or against him as a living preacher. As one 'who being dead, yet speaketh,' in your honest memoir I will only say, that I think you have done him all the honour in your power, by shunning the temptation of exhibiting him as one whose eccentricities, rather than his fervency of spirit and tenderness of heart, made him alternately as eloquent as Apollo, as argumentative as Paul, and as affectionate as the disciple whom Jesus loved. He had the heart of an infant, and the intellect of one who had attained to the stature of a man in Christ. With best regards to Mrs. Everett, in which and to yourself Miss Gales heartily joins,

"I am truly your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

CHAP. XC.

1843.

FAILURE OF PARKER, SHORE AND CO'S. BANK. — MONTGOMERY ADDRESSES A PUBLIC MEETING ON THE SUBJECT. — READING TO YOUNG MEN. — LETTER TO MRS GREGORY. — GEORGE BORROW. — DAVID BRAINERD AND SPIRITUAL DEJECTION. — DEATH OF SOUTHEY. — THE POET LAUREATE. — WORDSWORTH. — CONVERSATION. — THE CID. — REMARKABLE COMET. — LETTER TO REV. P. LATROBE. — WORKSOP MANOR. — MRS SIGOURNEY. — LONG DAYS. — LIFE OF FRANCIS HORNER. — ABRAHAM AND SARAH. — THE JEWS. — POETICAL PASSAGES.

On the morning of Monday, January 16th, the inhabitants of Sheffield were astounded by the intelligence that one of the oldest and most respectable banks in the town — Messrs. Parker, Shore, and Company — had stopped payment. It so happened, that Mr. Holland had several hundred pounds in the bank at the time of its failure, and which had, in fact, been first deposited there by the advice of Montgomery, who himself had always transacted his pecuniary business through the same establishment. Early in the forenoon of the day alluded to, the poet called upon his friend, the expression of his countenance indicating a curious mixture of solicitude and inquisitive gravity, occasioned by the catastrophe. Mr. Holland jocularly addressed him with, "Good morning, Sir: I perceive you have heard the bad news; but you see I am not in tears; and I suppose you will admit that the man who can treat an event in which he is so deeply interested as

cheerfully as I do, must be a philosopher, at any rate?" *Montgomery:* "But how shall *I* look you in the face?" *Holland:* "Just as if nothing at all had happened; for I do not consider *you* to blame in the matter; and I am sure it will afford me some consolation to learn that you are not likely to be a sufferer along with me and so many others." The poet then said that he had only a comparatively inconsiderable sum of his own in the hands of the bankrupts, and happily nothing on account of any of the societies whose monies he was constantly in the habit of remitting through them; one such case, involving a sum of two or three hundred pounds, having occurred only a very short time before the stoppage.

In order to obviate any aggravation of the disastrous effects of such a calamity upon the town generally, the Master Cutler, acting by the advice of his friends, promptly called a public meeting, to express unabated confidence in the stability of the other Sheffield banks. At this meeting, which was most numerously and respectably attended, as might be expected in a case involving half a million of money, Montgomery, at the request of the conveners, moved the first resolution, expressive of deep regret at the circumstances which had compelled the bankers to suspend payment. To the "circumstances" in question, the speaker did not make any particular allusion: these were, however, alleged, in the official notice issued by the partners, to have been "the long continued commercial depression, and the heavy losses which their banking-house had sustained in preceding years."

We have adverted to these proceedings thus circumstantially, because they illustrate the predominating influence of Montgomery's character in the place of his residence; for it may well be conceived that the individuals who selected him for the discharge of an im-

portant and somewhat invidious duty on this occasion, had other and better than merely poetical reasons for their choice. Immediately on the close of the meeting, the names of upwards of 350 of the most respectable individuals or firms in Sheffield were appended to the resolution expressive of regret at the failure of Parker, Shore, and Company, and of confidence in the stability of the existing banks.

As a contrast to the foregoing statement, as well as for its own sake, the following fact deserves to be mentioned. About the beginning of this year, Montgomery had incidentally informed Mr. Holland, that during the lifetime of his friend, Rowland Hodgson, they had often, when conversing together about methods of instructing youth, concurred in opinion that simple "readings" of about an hour each, of judiciously selected passages from works of science, morality, religion, biography, &c., to classes of thirty or forty young persons, could hardly fail to prove beneficial, perhaps more so than formal *lectures:* that a recent and instructive perusal of Dr. Duncan's "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons" had strongly recalled the subject to his mind; and that, little as he considered himself qualified as a teacher of youth at any period, or in any way, and small as might be the amount of time and spirits which he could at present command, he was nevertheless willing to make the experiment. He added, that as *he* could not attempt the thing, in however feeble a manner, with either comfort or satisfaction to himself, or chance of advantage to others, in any place where a mixture or disregard of religious doctrines would impose anything like restraint on the direct recognition of, or, as it might happen, fervent appeals on the common principles, as well as most profound mysteries, of the Christian religion, he thought the "Church

of England Instruction Society"* was the most likely to furnish him with a suitable class. After repeated conversations on the subject, he consented that Mr. Holland should mention it to a clergyman who was deeply interested in the management and success of the institution; he, as might be expected, received, and, with his colleagues, acted upon the hint with equal alacrity and gratitude.

On the evening of February 22nd the experiment was commenced, and the individual who, a month previously, had taken the lead in a large public meeting held in the Cutlers' Hall, to tranquillise the minds of every class of his townspeople, on the announcement of a local bankruptcy involving liabilities to the amount of hundreds of thousands of pounds, now took his seat in a small committee-room at the national school, and read for an hour to about forty poor, but intelligent, lads, with a pathos and simplicity similar to those which had so deeply interested himself when, as a boy, half a century before, he listened to the readings of the Moravian bishop in Fulneck school: we wish we could add, and with like results. But after awhile the lads grew tired, and, one after another, dropped away from an exercise too purely didactic and unexciting to keep up the attention of a youthful auditory under such circumstances.

The widow of Dr. Gregory, having occasion to write to Montgomery, mentioned that she was collecting materials for a memoir of her late husband: the letter in reply contained the following passage: —

* This Society, which was somewhat of the nature of the Mechanics' Institutions, except in its addition of a specific religious character, was formed, under the auspices of the clergy and other respectable churchmen of Sheffield, in 1839.

"I have yet to notice what is of most interest to you among the items of your letter, and is far, very far, from being indifferent to me,—I mean the contemplated memoir of your late admirable husband, in whose high qualities as a man of science, his fervent piety as a Christian, and the virtues and graces which personally endeared him to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, his friendship, and his affection. In these respects the world and the church have a part which death should not be allowed to take away from the living or the coming generation. It is, indeed, a far more delicate and difficult task to do justice in a biographical memoir of departed excellence of any kind, than most people can imagine. Love can scarcely satisfy itself that it can say too much, and the public can hardly be brought to complain that too little has been said, in the simplest and briefest compass, concerning good men; and even the best new religious books of this kind, it must be acknowledged, are often overloaded with all manner of materials, where the selection can scarcely be too severe, if it be made with due taste. You are right in *collecting* first, and *selecting* afterwards, all that promises to be of interest and use for such a memorial of Dr. Gregory's life, and literature (unpublished hitherto), and in proposing to confine the production, when it becomes a book, to a moderate size. Of things excellent, those which are most so constitute the smallest part; and little more than *the best*, the *very best*, of any man's posthumous writings will uphold the credit which living he may have maintained with the public. Don't bewilder yourself with asking the opinion of many advisers; resolutely form your own, and only seek to get useful hints from others, however wise and good they may be. Judge for yourself, and trust; and, depend upon it, you will not greatly fail."

Feb. 26. *Montgomery:* "I have been reading, with intense interest, Borrow's 'Gypsies' and his 'Bible in Spain;' they are not only entertaining in reference to their subjects respectively, but they contain accounts

of adventures that occasionally remind one of Don Quixote and Gil Blas: while in some passages the author kindles into touches of genuine eloquence. I wish Mr. Roberts, who has had some correspondence with Borrow, on account of the Gypsies, would invite him to Park Grange; I should really like to meet him; for I think even I might find something to say in conversation with such a man. This, you may believe, is not an idle compliment, when I tell you that he is almost the only author I have expressed a wish to meet, since the time when, as a boy, I was very desirous of seeing Cowper; for, whatever my curiosity, I have none of that cool confidence which facilitates the gratification of many less sensitive persons who seek interviews with eminent authors and other individuals of note." They, however, never met.

March 2. Mr. Holland was sitting with Montgomery, in his own room, this evening, when the conversation having assumed a very serious tone, the poet, after mentioning some peculiarities in the religious experience of David Brainerd, alluded to his own trials through life. It was remarked, in reply, that many of these derived their intensity and colouring less from their own character than from the sensibility of the temperament upon which they acted. This was admitted: "Peculiarity of physical constitution had a good deal to do with the phenomena in either case: but the effect on the mind of the sufferer was the same as if the causes of excitement or depression had been from without, or such as are generally experienced by less sensitive individuals." This could not be denied. The poet added:—"No one knows,—nobody ever will know,—God; and my own heart alone can tell what I have suffered in consequence of that one false step taken in youth, when I left my own people, to whom I owed

so much, and to whose service I ought to have given myself, as my friends intended I should do, but I wilfully, wickedly, and of long-cherished purpose, kept away from their communion: and no after-conjunction of time or circumstances could reinstate me in the position of a candidate for that sphere of duty and usefulness which I might have occupied had I remained faithful to my conscience; happily, you do not know what it is to have first experienced the care, and then have forsaken the guidance, of pastors in such a fold as that of the Moravians." It was obvious to reply, as his friends did on this as on similar occasions, that while such a breach of fidelity in the first instance might be acknowledged, and even deplored, and the immediate loss to the community by the diversion into a different course of talent which had been primarily designed for the ministry acknowledged, it by no means followed that the purposes of God had not been as clearly, and as signally, carried out by an inscrutably wise providence overruling events in what *had* happened, as if the designs of the good Brethren had been exactly realised; while it was hardly disputable, that the services which he, as an individual, had been enabled to render to the Church of Christ in general, and to the Moravian section of it in particular, had far outweighed, so far as a present judgment could be formed on the subject, what he ever could have effected in the honourable, but far more insulated, position of a Christian pastor. Montgomery admitted that this view of the matter was, perhaps, on the whole correct: and not the less frankly, that there was probably more or less fallacy in the assumption that the development of that genius which had won for him whatever celebrity and influence he possessed as a "Christian poet," and, *consequently*, his present position in the CHRISTIAN WORLD,

would have taken place in any commensurate degree in the character of a Moravian preacher. Mr. Holland then ventured to add, with an apology for the personality and freedom of the remark, — "Is it not possible, my dear Sir, that by dwelling too exclusively on the idea that we have gone out of God's way at the beginning of life, we may almost render dim our perception of what is due to, and of what may be done for, Him in that state in which, after whatever deviations, we have been finally and providentially placed? In your particular case especially, if I may be allowed to touch so delicate a subject in this way, I can hardly conceive how, consistently with being *what* you are, and through the means by which you have become such, you could have been placed in more happy or useful circumstances on the whole: allow me, then, to add, with all deference, that I have often wished you would compose a hymn of gratitude to God for your *temporal*, — or, I would rather say, your *providential*, — mercies and comforts." *Montgomery:* "There does not exist a person on earth who has more cause than I have to thank God for all the way in which he has led me: and I wish my conscience did not reproach me with any neglect of duty more seriously than it does in this particular case. I ought to be, and am, daily grateful for all the blessings which I so unworthily enjoy."

On the 21st of March, Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate, died at Keswick, a spot to which the long residence of so distinguished an individual, — to say nothing of others, — had given a degree of celebrity additional to that which it always possessed as a part of the far-famed English "Lake Scenery."

On the ensuing Saturday, an obituary paragraph appeared in the "Sheffield Mercury," the concluding lines of which were as follows: —

"The question naturally presents itself, — Who will succeed to the vacant laurel? For we should not like to anticipate that Southey will be the last of the line. Will Queen Victoria place the royal wreath on the brow of one of the few, who, with the deceased laureate, contributed to give to the reigns of her three immediate predecessors their measure of poetical renown? If so, how few survive! Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, and our own Montgomery, appear to be the only names which we can mention in this connection. Upon the last of these, as pre-eminently the 'Christian Poet' of his country, the honour of successorship to his late respected friend would descend with a grace and propriety which, we doubt not, would be highly approved by the good and the wise of all parties. Perhaps, however, to some younger and less distinguished devotee of the muses than any of the above individuals the appointment may be destined."

On the Monday after the appearance of the newspaper, Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland, and after some other conversation, said, "I perceive, if *you* were king, you would make *me* poet laureate; I can assure you, however, that Queen Victoria will not do so. I think I could guess who will be the person; but his name does not occur in your list." *Holland:* "I suppose you allude to Milman?" *Montgomery:* "Yes: Sir Robert Peel presented him with the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster; and, I think, attends his ministry there, when in London. He is, however, more likely to obtain the situation than qualified to discharge its duties, as some persons conceive they ought to be discharged; for, whatever may be said of his other poems, his *Odes* are, on the whole, cold and formal." *Holland:* "I should think Milman is more likely to be looking forward to preferment in the Church, with which the poetical distinction in question might seem to be, at least, rather out of character. One can scarcely con-

ceive of a bishop, or even a dean, wearing the poet's laurel!" *Montgomery:* "Milman is no more a proper person to be a bishop than I am, if some of his published opinions about the Jews be such as they are represented, for I have not read his book: as to the fact of the office being held by a person in holy orders, right or wrong, there is precedent for it. Tom Warton, you know, was at once a clergyman and poet laureate." Other individuals were mentioned; and he thought the laurel *might*, perhaps, be offered to Wordsworth; but if so, he would probably decline it. Campbell was worn out; and, besides, he belonged to the Whig party: so did Moore, who, as to general qualifications, was more likely: but he had often spoke of royalty in a way which was not likely to recommend *him*. After some remarks upon the manner in which the office had been filled in modern times, Montgomery said, "Some persons thought that Southey was too much under the influence of his 'Thalabas,' 'Kehamas,' and 'Madocs,' to be a popular English poet laureate; he deserved credit, however, for having rescued the office from that degradation into which it had sunk, during the incumbency of his immediate predecessors, by the execution of those biennial compositions which were formerly set to music by the king's composers." *Holland:* "What, in your opinion, sir, ought to be expected from a laureate of the requisite taste and abilities?" *Montgomery:* "A series of grand national odes on great national subjects, of which we do not as yet possess a single popular specimen from the pen of a poet laureate. They should combine, with a strong historical interest, all the charms of the old ballad poetry." *Holland:* "Something in the vein of Macaulay's 'Lays and Legends of Ancient Rome,' I suppose?" *Montgomery:* "Not exactly that, either: but

Macaulay would be as likely to make a spirited experiment in the right direction as any one: indeed, it is not quite improbable but that some interest in his behalf, as Southey's successor, may even be made by his friends." *Holland:* "But he, also, belongs to the wrong party." *Montgomery:* "I don't think Sir Robert Peel would let *that* circumstance absolutely stand in the way of a person otherwise very eligible. Perhaps, however, the office may be abolished." *Holland:* "It seems of too trifling account, in a pecuniary point of view, to make its abolition a question of financial economy." *Montgomery:* "Soon after Southey was appointed, he told me that the pecuniary income, after deducting fees of office, amounted to little more than ninety pounds a-year; the whole of which, with a small additional annual payment, he had devoted to an insurance on his life of 3000*l.*: to which sum, I presume, his respected and amiable relict now becomes entitled."

Wordsworth was the favoured individual; and in a letter of reply to Montgomery's congratulations, a few months afterwards, he says:

"I am truly sensible of the kindness of your expressions upon my appointment to the laureateship, which I at first refused on account of my advanced age. But it was afterwards pressed upon me so strongly by the Lord Chancellor, and by Sir Robert Peel himself, that I could not possibly persist in that refusal; and especially as her Majesty's name and approval were again referred to: and I was assured that it was offered me solely in consideration of what I had already done in literature, and without the least view to future exertions, as connected with the honour. It has since gratified me to learn from many quarters, as you yourself also tell me, that the appointment has given universal satisfaction. And I need scarcely add, that it has afforded me a *melancholy* pleasure to be thought worthy of succeeding my revered friend."

April 17. Montgomery presided in the morning at a breakfast, and in the evening at a public meeting in connection with the Sheffield Auxiliary of the London Missionary Society. He appeared feeble, but in good spirits; and spoke with much feeling, though briefly, on the recent occupation of Tahiti by the French, a subject of just and reasonable anxiety with all the friends of Protestant missions, and in which our friend felt a special interest, as the editor of Bennet and Tyerman's record of missionary proceedings in the South Sea Islands. He was evidently affected by allusions made to himself by two of the speakers: one, a Rev. Mr. Adams from the United States, who adverted to the respect — not to say, veneration — with which he had for many years regarded a likeness of Montgomery, which, even at that moment, hung in his brother's house in New England, and the original of which he at one time certainly never expected to see in this world, deeply and often as he had held communion with him in spirit through his works. The other was a Rev. Mr. Forward, a missionary from Berbice, who described the feelings with which he had stood beside the grave of the poet's father, at *Sharon*, in the Island of Barbadoes.

Mentioning, one day, the speech of a clergyman, which was of a very lively, but disconnected character, —"He catches," said Montgomery, "many beautiful thoughts, but he cannot hold them, though they leave traces of their brilliancy behind: like Tommy — one of our Fulneck boys, who once caught a pretty bird, and when he was showing it to us, it flew away, leaving its tail in his hand—so Mr.—— only retains a few bright feathers, the tails of his flitting thoughts."

April 19. Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland, and placing in his hand an envelope, "See," said he,

"there's a genuine autograph of Wordsworth; that is such a letter as one feels pleasure in receiving—not like *these*, neither of which are worth a farthing, in any way;"—at the same time, casting the two impertinents violently upon the floor, as we have seen him do with similar epistles, in other instances. Wordsworth wrote on behalf of the sons of Southey, who were about to undertake the biography of their father, requesting Montgomery to see Ebenezer Elliott, and ask him for the loan of, or extracts from, letters which had been addressed, many years before, by the poet Laureate to the "Corn-Law Rhymer." Mr. Holland having read the letter, jocularly proposed to Montgomery to accompany him to Great Houghton*, the residence of Elliott. The reply was that he had already addressed a note thither; adding, "I know Great Houghton, and have reason to remember it; for it so happened, that was the very place where I received my orders from Mr. Gales to enter his family at Sheffield."

After making some remarks on the spirit of Mr. Frere's verses at the end of Southey's translation of the "Chronicle of the Cid," which was on the table, Montgomery read with great gusto several pages of Book IX., remarking that the effect produced by the striking description of the death of the Cid was something like that experienced in reading a passage in the book of Joshua. The account of the Jew, who ventured to pluck the beard of the dead hero, when left alone with him in the church of the monastery of San Christoval de Ybeas, was read with considerable energy and feeling, especially the striking passage which begins,—

* Between Wath and Barnsley. Elliott had recently built a house there, at what is called "Hargot Hill." Some of these letters were obtained, and were printed in the Southey Correspondence.

"This is the body of that Ruydiez the Cid," &c. p. 348. 4to. edit. The whole description, he remarked, was highly "graphic," to adopt a term which he did not often use, because it had been so bandied by artists and writers on the arts that it had almost lost its definite meaning.

May 13. Calling a few days afterwards, he opened a quarto periodical, which, after reading the title, "The Indian Mail," he instantly threw down, uttering, with a tone of peculiar contempt, the word "politics." *Holland:* "It is not *all* politics: here is a notice of the late remarkable * comet, which, it seems, presented an extremely brilliant appearance in India." *Montgomery:* "And when we are told of its size and splendour as witnessed even in England, one feels mortified not to have seen it. It is satisfactory, however, to find, from the corroborative testimony of so many remote observers, that it *was* a comet." *Holland:* "And here are notices, side by side, of the Protestant clergyman of Trincomalee setting up a cross between two candlesticks, and bowing towards it; and of the Bishop of Calcutta denouncing Tractarian error in the church at Bombay." *Montgomery:* "I am glad to hear that my old friend the Indian bishop did so; and also to learn that the Bishop of Hereford bore an equally explicit Christian testimony against Puseyism, in his sermon at the re-opening of Chesterfield Church, on Tuesday." *Holland:* "Then, here is a paragraph to the effect that the Bengal Civil Service have determined to present a sword to Sir Robert Sale." *Montgomery:* "I am very anxious to read Lady Sale's book: her heroic fortitude reminds us of some of the stories of antiquity,

* Has *this* comet received as much attention from astronomers as might have been expected?

in which women are described as having suffered nobly: she might have been a Roman matron."

James Montgomery to the Rev. P. La Trobe.

"The Mount, Sheffield, May 12. 1843.

"My dear Brother La Trobe,

"I must not delay any longer to answer your two letters. . . . I am sorry to say that I know not how to dare to call upon our friends to hold a missionary meeting at Sheffield this year at all. The reason is a very painful one. I have been resident in this town more than half a century, and have seen many great changes in the trade and condition of the people; but such a season of comparative stagnation in our manufactories, decay in our warehouses, ruin among our shopkeepers, misery, distress, and destitution among our artisans, I never witnessed. Many a heavy storm has for awhile made ravages upon our prosperity, but these visitations, no 'angel visits,' though 'few and far between,' have passed away and been succeeded by long, quiet, and gradual restoration of credit, confidence, and hope,—not ending in utter disappointment, though rarely realising expectation. Ever since the year 1837, there has been a famine,—not of bread, but of the means of earning bread by our industrious population. Hundreds of families, at this time (for the last twelve months have brought, instead of relief amidst long-suffering, an immense aggravation of the universal distress,)—hundreds of families, I know, are reduced to absolute want of the necessaries of life; and thousands are sinking towards the same level of humiliation, without apparently any prospect of early or even remote deliverance by any favourable vicissitude in commerce. But I cannot pretend to describe the state of affairs here. These calamities have been exceedingly multiplied and increased by the failure of our oldest banking establishment (Parker, Shore, and Co.), and that which had the strongest hold upon public confidence, from the character of the partners, and the wealth of the two

principal ones. Their failure has, indeed, involved both their *debtors* and their *creditors* in difficulties, which more or less indirectly implicate all other classes of people. Their debtors, of course, find themselves suddenly and peremptorily called upon to pay what they owe to the assignees; and their creditors, to an immense amount (more than 700,000*l.* in a poor neighbourhood), feel their property as suddenly locked up from them; and with the division of the spoil, from circumstances which I cannot explain, likely to be grievously reduced, where they thought it most safely invested. Every week since the 14th of January, the dreadfully disastrous effects of this shock are more and more manifested, and the hopes of an early and liberal dividend frustrated till we are heart-sick. Individually, I am a sufferer to the amount of nearly 130*l.*, which I can ill spare at a time when the depreciation of value in all kinds of fixed property, as well as the devastation of trade stocks, has sadly jeopardised the various securities in which my own small fortune is vested. In one instance of very recent occurrence, I lost 50*l.* a-year at a stroke, with little probability of recovering even a few 'boards or broken pieces of the ship' from the wreck, which, though not yet final, is much in the perilous case of the vessel in which Paul sailed for Italy, when it 'ran aground, and the forepart stuck fast and remained immoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.' I have, however, special cause for thankfulness, in my ill-luck with the bank; for if they had suspended payment two months earlier, my loss might have been threefold. I had a deposit of 200 guineas (trust money) for a gentleman in America. Moreover, the very week of the bankruptcy they had paid for me, through their London correspondent, 68*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* to Mr. Leach, on account of the Brethren's missions; these sums, with fifty pounds which I subscribed for the same, would have been ingulphed with the private loss above mentioned. A good Providence has certainly guarded the sacred monies entrusted to me for this cause. . . . I will try to send you a few words respecting Dr. Huie's poems. I have long ago abandoned reviewing; and

never wrote more than one article since 1815, which gave offence to the very friend to oblige whom I did it.

"Your friend and brother,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Rev. Peter La Trobe, Ely Place, Hatton Garden, London."

May 17. Mr. Holland having pointed out to Montgomery a passage in the "Jewish Intelligence," where the Bishop of Jerusalem was mentioned as having preached under an ancient tree known as "Abraham's Oak," in the plain of Mamre, part of the Liturgy having been read on the occasion by the Rev. John Blackburn, incumbent of Attercliffe, near Sheffield, — the conversation led to the mention of Darnal Hall. *Holland:* "Large as the old mansion is, you are aware, it may be rented, ground and all, for about fifty pounds a-year." *Montgomery:* "It belongs to Mr. Staniforth, of Liverpool, and will, probably, in the end, be sold to be pulled down."* *Holland:* "It would not, substantial as it is, be so difficult to remove as Worksop Manor House, or, like that, it might be left a ruin; one is grieved to see these old edifices thus demolished; especially when, as in the case of Worksop, there are historical associations connected with the places." *Montgomery:* "When I was last at Worksop, I went to look at the house, which was then being dismantled, and I was much struck to see the old turret-clock still remaining; it brought to mind the idea of Time, pursuing and registering his progress, undisturbed even amidst desolation! I composed ten lines on the subject, and then stuck fast." *Holland:* "Could you repeat them?" *Montgomery:* "No, I cannot: they may perhaps spring up some time, when sown seed-pearls grow." †

* Darnal Hall still remains.

† The following are the lines alluded to: —

May 27. Mr. Everett spent a couple of days with the poet. The recent death of Southey was, of course, a topic of conversation. *Montgomery:* "Here is Mrs. Sigourney's elegant little volume, which I have just received from the author. She was much disappointed not to see the late worthy Laureate; and deeply affected to learn, as she did for the first time on her arrival at Keswick, that a dark cloud had obscured his so long fertile and radiant mind. Miss Gales is very wroth about the publication by this American lady of an extract from Mrs. Southey's letter to her." *Miss Gales:* "I do, indeed, think it very improper." *Montgomery:* "I am not exactly of that opinion: both the parties were ladies; and although I will not say that they therefore so much better understood one another's feelings in such a case as to prevent others from being entitled to form a judgment, I am, I confess, somewhat slow to believe that the shrewd and amiable writer of that affecting letter to a sister poetess on a visit to England from a distant land, failed to foresee that some other than a private use might be made of it, on the other side of the Atlantic." *Everett:* "Or that the import of such communication would surely and soon reach this country, where the melancholy fact which

> "A palace, and in ruins! how the sight
> Darts through my veins a terror of delight!
> The wrecks of grandeur higher thoughts create,
> And deeper feelings than its proud estate;
> For glory vanishing is glory still,
> Like twilight lingering on the latest hill,
> That wins the eye, and charms attention more
> Than the noon-splendour of the sun before;
> The sun himself, that in eclipse commands
> The gaze of millions through a hundred lands,
> Who, while he runs secure his daily race,
> Walk in his light, but look not on his face."

forms its burthen, was, of course, no secret, and had produced but one feeling among all classes, that of deep sympathy with *both* the sufferers." *Montgomery:* "Whatever may be said of the abstract propriety of printing the extract from Mrs. Southey's letter, the substance of it does her credit in every way; and perhaps it may, ere long, come to be regarded as one of the few public evidences of her devotedness and affection, and consequently of her title to posthumous respect, in connection with the name of her highly gifted husband." *Everett:* "I perceive Mrs. Sigourney mentions your name with respect." *Montgomery:* "Yes; and she appears to have met with a tradition in this neighbourhood which I never heard of before; and with which, even John Holland, who is as old as the Cowthorpe Oak in all these matters, is unacquainted." *Montgomery:* "What has been the success of your 'Life of William Dawson?'" *Everett:* "I have realised between 300*l.* and 400*l.* for his surviving brother, by the sale of two editions." *Montgomery:* "I read your 'Memoir of the Rev. Daniel Isaac' with a degree of prejudice against him, which you have entirely removed. In the quaint and astute controversialist, one did not always and directly recognise the tender-hearted man, the self-sacrificing Christian, both of which he appears to have been." These feelings of dislike to an individual sometimes, indeed frequently, originated in trivial circumstances. "I recollect," he said, "having a prejudice against Dr. Adam Clarke, because he was represented in a portrait in the Methodist Magazine, as wearing a *cocked* hat! But he outlived that fashion; and I outlived my prejudice. I met, understood, and loved him. It might have been the same with Isaac, had I seen more of him, though he was certainly less a man to my taste than the Doctor."

Everett: "He had many sterling qualities of a high order, which his stern independence of character, and unaffected bluntness of manner, often prevented from being immediately appreciated at their real value." Montgomery said the disruption of the Kirk of Scotland, to be deplored on many accounts, would do good: the seceders were wrong in *law*, but they were right in *principle;* and to him it was very affecting to see some of the best and greatest of his countrymen,—men like Chalmers, and Gordon, and Candlish,—each making such noble personal sacrifices for religious freedom.

June 17. Towards the close of a beautiful day, Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland, and while talking about the fineness of the season, the poet somewhat surprised his friend by the confession that the long summer afternoons affected him with a peculiar melancholy: he knew, he said, it was owing to a morbid state of feeling; but it was a source of mental depression nevertheless. *Holland:* "It may be that, in consequence of the protracted duration of daylight at this time of the year, you become worn out in spirit before bed-time,—the long garish afternoons being sometimes unfavourable alike to reading, thinking, or writing; besides which, in your case, there is generally the absence of casual excitement or recreation." *Montgomery:* "Aye, aye; yours is a very philosophical hypothesis, no doubt; but it does not explain my case. The fact is, when I was at Fulneck school, on such an evening, a report was brought to us, with all the details, that a man had made away with himself; and for years afterwards I was haunted with the horrible idea that I might some time be tempted to commit a similar crime, as two men in my employment actually did." *Holland:* "I should have thought that the latter occurrences would have weakened the first impression,

by a substitution of their own more recent and vivid particulars." *Montgomery:* "No; they rather strengthened it. I most enjoy the shorter fine days, with their brief twilight, succeeded by hours of darkness, during which, with fire and candle in my own room, I can address myself either to reading or writing, without distraction or diversion from external objects revealed in the daylight."

July 8. *Montgomery:* "I am eagerly reading the 'Life of Francis Horner,' which you thought I should find dry. I feel an interest in it, because, as it happens, almost every line recalls to my mind transactions and individuals with which I have been more or less familiar in past years; and, above all, because every page reminds me what I might and ought to have been, had I improved and applied my mind as earnestly and systematically to a regular course of study as the subject of this memoir did his." *Holland:* "I think the most interesting portion of the first volume is that in which Horner discloses to his correspondents, so circumstantially, those processes of study and resolution by which the 'foundations of his mind were laid;' but the fundamental character of his intellectual constitution, if I may so speak, differed so materially, so essentially from yours, that, in my opinion, you could no more, under any circumstances, have developed anything like his cool, firm, and purely reasoning powers, than he, however his position had been changed, would ever have exhibited your poetical fervour and sensitiveness: for it was not, at any time, so much your infirmity to lack energy of application, as grasp of purpose,—ambition in the ordinary sense of the term. In one word, you were, if you will allow me to say so, always *desultory*." *Montgomery:* "Yes; that is true enough; but as it was, I ought to have done more than I have done, and

perhaps should have done so, if my powers had been early drawn out under more favourable conditions of action and direction. I am persuaded of this, not only from my own present feelings and retrospections, but from the aspirations after greatness in which I once indulged. My mind has not suffered for want of cultivation, but for lack of steady discipline. I have sometimes thought of writing 'The Life of an Indolent Man.'" *Holland:* "With the motto, I suppose, of '*Il dolce far niente!*' Well, you know my opinion is that, after all, notwithstanding your first unequivocal departure from the path of apparent duty, and whatever you may charge yourself with of subsequent unfaithfulness, the tenor of your life has been, on the whole, such as to yield the largest amount of usefulness to your fellow-creatures; and, may I not add, of individual reputation and personal comfort? Francis Horner, the strong-minded, common-sense man, is gone; and what has he done? what has he left behind him? He had the ambition first to be a Scotch lawyer; then an English one; and he had more than promising talents for professional eminence, — he was an able member of parliament." *Montgomery:* "I admire the manner in which he stipulated for his independence, when he connected himself with the Whigs; especially his cautious acceptance of the invitation to Earl Fitzwilliam's dinner." *Holland:* "Then, he was the friend of Brougham and his compeers, political as well as literary; and an original Edinburgh reviewer. Yes; he lived among notabilities; has left behind him a marble statue in Westminster Abbey, the record of a laborious life in these volumes, and a justly respected name; but one, which is, even at this moment, permit me to say, less known and less influential than your own; and, as perhaps you will admit, still less likely to be

remembered hereafter." *Montgomery:* "Horner lived for his own generation; and it was upon that he sought to make an impression: and he was not unsuccessful. Nor perhaps have I been quite unsuccessful either, so far as the inhabitants of Sheffield are concerned, whatever they may think: and doubtless I *have* written some things which will long float on the stream of time, like drops of oil upon water."

July 11. *Montgomery:* "As I was walking down from our door this afternoon, Mr. Stead ran after me to say that my old friend, Mrs. Hofland, had, from Sir Arnold Knight's window, seen me pass, and wished at least to exchange a word or two with me before she left Sheffield, as we might never meet again. She is now as much altered as I am, and looks an old woman. After conversing and parting with her, I could not but reflect how near to the same spot, where we had just parted, the last forty or fifty years of my life had been spent; and how distant and differently hers! It was, I think, in 1803, that I used to walk on an evening to Attercliffe, where she—then Mrs. Hoole, an interesting young widow — was living with her mother-in-law, in order to read, talk over, and correct the poems which I afterwards printed for her.* I was then full of poetry and criticism: the spring of my blighted hopes was, as I fancied, already past, and the more fortunate summer flowers of my life were beginning to unfold: I was, though physically feeble, in mental vigour." *Holland:* "Have you seen the Rev. J. Blackburn since his return to Attercliffe from the Holy Land?" *Montgomery:* "No: but often, since you mentioned his reading the Liturgy under the oak of Mamre†, I have

* "Poems, by Barbara Hoole," published 1805.

† p. 166 *antè*.

been with Abraham in 'the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre.' What a sublime passage is that*, in which the father of the faithful, venerable in age, weeping, and oppressed with recent bereavement, is represented as 'standing up from before his dead,' and bargaining with the sons of Heth for a sepulchre! And how affecting the reason which he urges, 'that I may bury my dead out of my sight.' There is not a more touching and tender passage in the English language. Sarah, whom Abraham had loved so strongly, not only because she was 'very fair,' but as the sharer of his trials, the companion of his wanderings, the mother of Isaac, in whom his seed was to be 'called,' she, who had been heretofore during so many years the delight of his eyes, he was now anxious to bury out of his sight. And yet," added the poet playfully, "I am afraid Sarah sometimes scolded her lord." *Holland:* "Why so?" *Montgomery:* "Because she had, no doubt, with human feelings and infirmities, personal trials, as well as her husband." *Holland:* "I have just been reading a curious passage from Wilkie's Journal†, relative to the present state of the Jews in Jerusalem. Every Friday, he says, they repair to the ruins of the temple, where they weep and wail, and kiss and hug the great stones that seem to be part of the ancient wall, and beneath which they believe the original tables of the Law to lie buried: at the same time the priest reads the 137th Psalm. On one occasion, while they were thus engaged, and Wilkie looking on, there came up a man with a robe, which he wished the painter to purchase. If the European artist was at first somewhat surprised by this oriental attempt to drive a bargain at such a moment; he was still more astonished

* Genesis, xxiii. 3.

† Life of Sir David Wilkie, iii.

when the priest, turning from the recital of his lesson, began to corroborate the assertion of the trader as to the excellence and cheapness of his merchandise!" *Montgomery:* "The statement, if true — and it is not likely to have been invented — shows into how deep a state of degradation the resident Jews are fallen; and yet," he added, with strong emotion, "although the glory has departed from Israel, it is still reflected upon them from the Bible. There is an interest attached to God's ancient people, wherever or however we see or hear of them, collectively or individually, which, to me at least, is exceedingly affecting." *Holland:* "*They* have a history." *Montgomery:* "Indeed they *have*!"

At the same time he returned to Mr. Holland Halpin's remarks on Oberon's vision in Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he had borrowed. *Montgomery:* "I have read the whole of Mr. Halpin's argument: it is very ingenious, and full of learned research, but to me it is not convincing. That Queen Elizabeth was intended by the 'fair Vestal throned by the west,' cannot surely be doubted; but I do not believe that Shakspeare would ever have made a married woman, who had been carrying on such a guilty intrigue as that of the Countess of Essex with the Earl of Leicester, the subject of sympathy, if not of admiration, in one of the most delicate and beautifully poetic passages in the language. As a poet, my opinion is that Shakspeare had no such recondite allusion as that contended for in these exquisite lines. I certainly would rather believe that he had not, than willingly identify the sweet 'little western flower,' which I have so long admired *as a flower*, with the adulterous 'Lady Lettice.' I shall, therefore, continue to believe that by

* Published by the "Shakspeare Society." 1843.

'Love in Idleness' the poet meant nothing more than he says,— namely, that the two purple leaves of the pansy derived their colour from the blood which flowed from 'Love's wound.' As to the retention of the old reading in the passage 'Cupid all-armed,' Mr. Halpin is certainly quite right. Warburton's proposal of 'alarmed' is ridiculous: besides, what had Cupid to be *alarmed* at? Nothing. He knew better than to be 'alarmed' at what the critic supposes; and Shakspeare knew better than to represent him as being so."

Montgomery was present, with his neighbours, at a farewell party given by Sir Arnold Knight, who was leaving Sheffield for Liverpool. The poet made a short speech, in the middle of which he was much embarrassed. He afterwards remarked that his thoughts seemed to run away from the words, so that it was only when he talked fast that he could overtake and keep up with them. On taking up a printed report of this speech, with a pencil-mark opposite the words—

> "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
> And none lies heavier, for it never melts;"

he said, "I see you have marked a quotation of mine; I thought it had been in the 'Pelican Island,' but on looking there I could not find it." *Holland:* "I am sure the first line is there, and something very like the second." On his being shown the passage, Part I. Canto vii., lines 70, 71.,

> (No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
> None with such subtlety benumbs the frame,)

"Aye," said he, "I recollect now the alteration of the lines: the latter form is best suited to the context of the poem; but the former is most convenient for independent quotation."

CHAP. XCI.

1843.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE. — MONTGOMERY GOES TO BUXTON. — LETTERS TO JOHN HOLLAND AND MISS GALES. — GRASS OF PARNASSUS. — CONVERSATION. — BIRKS ON PROPHETIC INTERPRETATION. — SWALLOWS IN A SNOW-STORM. — FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. — THE QUEEN AT CHATSWORTH. — MARRIAGE OF HARRIET MONTGOMERY. — OLD SHEFFIELD CUTLERY. — SOUTHEY'S POETRY.

This summer the Wesleyan Methodist Conference was held in Sheffield. Montgomery entered less into the active proceedings than on previous occasions; and this not from indifference, but want of resolution to encounter the discomfort of heated and crowded chapels. He dined, however, once or twice, with Drs. Bunting and Newton, and several other ministers of the body; took a seat on the conference platform, on the evening when the young preachers were ordained; and kept a bed ready for Mr. Everett, who, however, was not present. He afterwards went to Buxton*, not for "an out" merely, much less for the sake of the company usually to be met with at that gay place, but for the purpose of bathing, a numbness in one of his arms

* Before leaving home, he composed for a Juvenile Missionary Association, the simple but expressive verses which have so often been reprinted, beginning, —

"A grain of corn, an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land," &c.

Orig. Hymns.

suggesting to him the apprehension that his right hand might be, as he said, about to "lose its cunning." It was thirty-one years since, while sojourning at Buxton, he wrote the beautiful stanzas entitled "The Peak Mountains." On the present occasion, his starting was interfered with, as his comfort had often been marred, by an unpleasant difference between two rival gas companies, from which he, as chairman of one of them, could not well run away. When earnestly advised by Mr. Holland to leave to others the settlement of these existing and other threatened differences, and take care of his own health, "No," said Montgomery, "if my duty here demands my presence, I will stay at home, whatever the sacrifice of personal comfort and convenience; I am the most dilatory and irresolute of mortals, so far as my own affairs only are concerned; but I never did, and never will, shrink from any responsibility, however onerous and painful, which fairly devolves upon me in the discharge of a public duty. I am one of the feeblest of human beings in my own strength; but I trust I could go through any trial, or even death itself, if the conscientious discharge of a corporate trust, or religious obligation, required it."

Smith, the sculptor, having executed in marble the very excellent bust of the poet, before alluded to, it was placed in the situation which it now so appropriately occupies, in the Cutlers' Hall.*

He contrived, however, to go to Buxton; and a few days after his arrival wrote the following playful letter:—

* For an account of the presentation and reception of the bust vide *Sheffield Mercury*, Saturday, Aug. 19. 1843.

James Montgomery to John Holland.

"Buxton, Aug. 24. 1843.

"My dear Friend,

"Just for the whim,—for I have no better reason,—and yet I have, though I will not tell you what it is,—I send you the little packet enclosed.* The contents were gathered by me this afternoon on Exe-Edge, one of the bleakest, and formerly one of the dreariest of the Peak Hills in this neighbourhood. I am sorry that I could not send you the specimens as I gathered them, fresh, flourishing, and fair, in a sisterhood of thousands and tens of thousands, in the sunny openings of a plantation which now covers the head, and mantles the shoulders of the barren eminence—barren when I first knew it thirty years ago. *You* came into my mind when I found this humble plant in full bloom, and as thickly strewn as wood-anemones in spring in our neighbourhood. The thought darted into my brain that, as it is utterly un-

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* This was an envelope, containing a number of the flowers of *Parnassia palustris* Linn., and superscribed "A Theme for a Sonnet," in conformity with which hint the following lines were sent to the poet: —

"Welcome Parnassia! for thy charming name;
Nor less that thou at Buxton didst expand;
Thrice welcome, as a present from *his* hand,
Whose genius hath achieved a poet's fame:
Not without pride and diffidence, I frame
This poor acknowledgment of grateful rhyme,
To him, by lofty Exe-edge lured to climb,
Forgetful nor of song, nor Friendship's claim;
Thanks to the Bard, who whilst each scene sublime
Outspread before him, caught from one small flower
Such visions of the Muse's hill of power,
As wont to stir him in life's golden prime;
And, for a moment, Fancy soaring free
From the romantic Peak, bore thus his gift to me."

known in Hallamshire, you would like to see it; and having no better means of transmitting a single specimen, which would have been withered to nothing before it reached you, I huddled a number together, that out of many you might be able to make out pretty clearly what an elegant though minute work of Omnipotence it is. You will mark how exquisitely veined the petals are, as with the pencil of His hand who 'so clothes the grass of the field.' Is not this the famous 'grass of Parnassus?' If it is not, it deserves to be.* Many beautiful 'Flowers' grow in 'Sheffield Park.' Do you remember any as beautiful and more enduring? All this may be nonsense, for I am very stupid after a delightful ramble. But I am glad to escape from the pleasure of writing a formal letter to announce that I arrived here safe on Tuesday afternoon—a sad, wet day it was. I have got good lodgings, and am doing well in most respects — though, if I were in the humour, I could make a merry tale of *miseries* which I have encountered, and borne with most heroic impatience. Pray tell Miss Gales that I have not seen the glimpse of a fire in this house since I came into it.

"I am truly your friend,

"J. Montgomery.

"Mr. John Holland."

The writer of the sonnet quoted in the note at the foot of the preceding page was not aware, until several years afterwards, that its reception by Montgomery had arrested the progress of a little composition of his own on the same subject:—

* The *grass of Parnassus* not only grows on the mountain from which its name is derived, and in various other parts of Greece, as well as abundantly in the calcareous districts of England, but even within the Arctic circle. Linnæus, speaking of it in his Flora Lapponica, says: "*vulgatissimus fere omnium tam in desertis, quam in Alpibus, est hic flos speciosissimus, amœnissimus et omnes elegantia sua facile superans.*" Sir J. E. Smith calls the *Parnassia* "one of our most elegant native plants." (*English Flora,* ii. 114.)

"Flower of the rugged Peak,
Hail to thine aspect meek!
Welcome to me thy saintly form,
Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
Of Maidenhood and Youth,
— Bred on the Mountain bleak,
Rock'd in thy cradle by the storm,
Thou, by the genial breath of Spring,
When bees were on the wing,
And larks began to sing,
Wast call'd with them to leave thy wintry tomb,
To gladden Summer with thy snow-drop bloom,
And Autumn's quiet presence greet,
With lovely grace, and homage meet.
Where one sweet, sunny spot,
With dark, damp shades encompass'd round,
A lone sequester'd plot,
A lucid interval of sky,
That open'd Paradise on high,
And brought down heaven upon the ground,
Ev'n like the place where Jacob slept,
While watch above him journeying angels kept;
Though in the wilderness alone,
He found the footstool of God's throne,
The earth his bed, his pillow stone.
When heavenward there, but small and few,
The daisy white, the harebell blue,
Their delicate wild stragglers threw
To variegate the sod
On which I softly trod;
Then in the bosom of the clamb'ring wood,
Amid the fairy sisterhood,
I paused to rest, to think, to breathe,
Above, around, beneath
Absorb'd my senses, while my soul
Diffused itself throughout the whole,
And every stone, flower, plant, and tree,
Became a part of me." *Ex orig. MS.*

James Montgomery to Miss Gales.

"Buxton, Sept. 1. 1843.

"My dear Sarah,

"For once at least I am determined to send you a downright dull matter-of-fact letter, having no spirit even to write nonsense,—unless I cannot help it. After parting with you for the five hundredth time (if my reckoning be right), since we first met, I reached the Tontine in safety, and got into the Buxton coach. The morning was dismal without, and not very bright within that part of me where I live,—that is where I think and feel; for the rest of my clay-tenement is to me but as the unoccupied rooms in our old house in the Hartshead, only visited occasionally when special necessity requires. This is a 'matter of fact,' though a mystery, and therefore not quite irrelevant to the theme of this letter. I arrived here on Tuesday: my coach companions were two of 'the better sex,' both mothers, and one, to my inexpressible dismay, had a baby in her arms. I have often said that, when 'I am King,'—that is, when I am 'King, Lords, and Commons, and all,' (for less authority could not do it, even if *that* could,) I will make a law to prohibit, under severe penalties, any woman, old or young, so encumbered, from taking an inside place in a coach, to the annoyance of bachelors like me. In justice, however, to this baby, I must say it was the best fellow-traveller of the size that it was my fate ever to be thus pinfolded with, in all my adventures: it never cried, nor kicked, nor committed any of those nameless offences which are the besetting infirmities of such little innocents. The worst thing, therefore, that I wish may ever befal it is, that, as it was, (in my opinion—though every mother in the world, except its own, would think otherwise), the best baby that ever was born — every mother having had *that* baby — it may grow up to be the best man or woman, I know not whether it is likely to be, that ever bore the name of *Pa* or *Ma*,—and so I have done with it, and turn to less important, or, in lady's phrase, less

interesting matters. [Then follow particulars about lodging, living, bathing, &c.] I have taken three *hot* baths here, but not ventured to plunge into the naturally tepid ones, which are the miracle-working waters of Buxton. Every day I have got abroad, and exercise myself from head to foot with climbing the hills, walking through the plantations, or rambling down the dales . . . . If I should make a digression to Ockbrook, instead of presenting myself at The Mount, I shall write a line to inform you; meanwhile, my dear Sarah, do not be uneasy about me: be assured that I shall take as good care of myself, as though I were ten times more precious than I am, or than I deserve to be; and yet I am, with my heart's best affections, and most earnest prayers for your present, future, and everlasting welfare, your faithful and most grateful friend, for kindnesses which I can appreciate, but can never repay,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Miss Gales, The Mount, Sheffield."

Gentlemen who have had much experience of stage-coach travelling, must have been very lucky, if they have escaped all occasions of serious discomfort from such sources as the one above alluded to. Much, however, in such a case, will depend upon the notions and habits of the party; and still more upon his social relations: for while many bachelors are very fond of noticing nurslings, men, who are themselves parents, ought to be, and usually are, more tolerant of the children of strangers, when thus placed in close contact with them. A poetical love of children Montgomery certainly felt, as some of his most touching lines sufficiently testify: and every degree of delight in witnessing boys and girls at play, we have often seen him evince; while his beautiful juvenile hymns, composed during so many years, and his still more direct labours as a teacher, all prove how deeply he at all times had at heart the moral welfare of the young. A

fondness for nurslings, however, in the *fond* sense of the term, he rarely displayed, but still more rarely disclaimed.

James Montgomery to Miss Sarah Gales.

"Ockbrook, Sept. 15. 1843.

"My dear Sarah,

"Here I am yet; and mean to remain a few days longer,—with your leave;—if not, and you cannot do without me, you must creep under a Victoria envelope, let J. H. seal you up, and direct you in his most *legible* of all hands, and forward through the post office — *prepaid*, for you will be too much overweight, I fear, for my reduced purse to loose the precious packet, if it come hither charged double according to law. Be this as it may, if you arrive safe, you will be 'as welcome as flowers in May;' and Agnes and Harriet will make much of you, — yea, the most they can; and on Monday next, if all be well *then*, I promise faithfully that I will return to the Mount with you, under a like cover, and through the same expeditious conveyance, — even her Majesty's mail-bag, where, no doubt, we shall have plenty of inside passengers, — all *literati*, — and the best of it — all silent, though as full of intelligence, affection, and so forth, as gentlemen and ladies in their epistolary forms generally are; and as I, in particular, am, — witness my *present* appearance before you, that is — my appearance *to-morrow*. Then, in every line and letter of this scribbled sheet, you may see my very spirit, and hear it speaking to you as plainly, as I last week at Chatsworth heard the voice of a picture telling me its history,—but in a language, which, not understanding at first, I asked the fine damsel who was showing our party the wonders of the house, *what that picture was?* I little thought how ignorant and foolish I made myself appear, but was soon taught that very humbling piece of self-knowledge, when the lady turning almost indignantly upon me replied, 'A Holy Family; it speaks for itself!' I felt rebuked, and held my tongue with all my might, after-

wards, lest it should again betray me in the presence of so enlightened an illustrator of obscure representations, some of which were to me as undecypherable as hieroglyphics. The portraits themselves, of course,—though if anything of the kind could, they must have spoken from their frames — not being able—no, not one of them—to tell their own names, which I was afraid to ask, and there was no catalogue to record them for the information of strangers.

"A truce to rhapsody, and now to business. My negotiation with Mrs. Brackenbury, to meet her and her sister at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, as I mentioned when I wrote last, has miscarried. My letter in reply to her invitation was four days on its way into Lincolnshire,—and her acknowledgment was three more in reaching Ockbrook: thus it was too late for the interview to take place, according to my contemplated arrangements to return home. I propose to spend another Sunday,—being our monthly sacrament,—at Ockbrook. . . . . The season at present is delightful—the *Moon*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, and *Mars*, the other *evening*, appeared in one gracefully curved line, at almost equal distances from each other above the horizon, in a clear, deep, intense blue sky. I have only to add my sister's and Harriet's kindest love and regards. The latter threatens to write to you by me: I tell her it must be a full sheet; cross-barred, and then diamond-wise crossed again, from corner to corner. My best regards to the Robertses, the Smiths, the Hollands, &c.

"I am your truly affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Miss Sarah Gales, The Mount, Sheffield."

Not only was the sweet mountain air of Buxton, which the poet was so anxious to inhale for a time, presently poisoned by the stench of an epistle charged with some of that "Sheffield gas," of which it was his lot to breathe such sickening doses while fighting the battles of its producers; but "distressing and alarming accounts" of his sister's health at Ockbrook deter-

mined him to proceed thither, instead of trying the baths at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, whose virtue had been strongly recommended to him, for the alleviation of those chronic pains of the limbs from which he was suffering. In a long letter to Miss Gales, after describing Mrs. Montgomery's illness, he thus alludes to his niece :—

"As for Harriet, most of the day she is engaged in the Ladies' School, and from breakfast till tea-time, seldom makes her appearance here: I tell her she is our 'morning and evening star'; and she looks to me quite as lovely, though perhaps not quite so sparkling, as her beautiful anti-type which performs that office in the heavens,—alternately ushering in the infant day, and when it is grown old in a few hours, hailing and smiling it to rest beyond the mountains and the sea."

After adverting to the anticipated removal of mother and daughter from Ockbrook to Bristol, and praying that "their flight may not be in the winter," he adds :—

"However, they are in the Lord's hands: He is their Shepherd, and every word of the twenty-third psalm emphatically belongs to them, for their comfort, their hope, and their assurance, with the prospect of both worlds before them. My dear friend, let you and I lay these words to our hearts, for the prospect of those two worlds lies as much before us. In the *present*, we are each far gone, and toward the *next* far on our way."

Thus, and with more words of the same solemn import, did the pious poet make even the peroration of a home-letter the vehicle of spiritual admonition.

The prospect of the removal of Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter from Ockbrook, to become inmates with the Rev. J. J. Montgomery at Bedford, however desirable for the sake of the parties immediately concerned, was not contemplated by the poet without regret on his own account. Such an event was the severance for the present of the last link of living relationship by which his long connexion with the Moravian communities in Yorkshire and Derbyshire had been maintained. The Christian welcome which awaited him at Fulneck and at Ockbrook would be neither less ready nor less warm than heretofore; but his own relatives were no longer to be the first representatives of its expression. Besides, it was impossible for a wise man, and still more for one so extremely sensitive as Montgomery, at a comparatively advanced age, not to look forward, though he never adverted to a period when death would separate himself and the last and already infirm and aged survivor of those three sisters with whom he had spent by far the greater part of his life. Should Miss Gales die first, what so likely as that the then solitary poet should think of retreating, to end his days with the esteemed widow and daughter of his brother, in the bosom of his "own people," as he was wont affectionately to call the Moravians? And so far was Miss Gales cognizant of this intention, or rather feeling, that we know she generously advised him not to allow any considerations on her account to prevent him from going at once into the family of his relatives, if his convenience or his sympathies inclined him so to do. Nothing, however, could have been farther from his thoughts, than the idea of seeking, at this time, any other home than that which had for so many years been made in every way

so comfortable to him, by the lady to whom the preceding playful letter was addressed.

On the 19th September the poet returned home, little, if at all, improved in health. "Mr. Holland," said he with considerable feeling, "if we are permitted to live, nothing can prevent us from growing old; *you*, too, if spared, will have to feel the infirmities of age." *Holland:* "And as old people especially are often reminded that they must needs die,—and even I feel myself no longer young,—I have been reading the edifying account of 'The latter Days and final Close of the long and useful Life of the Rev. Thomas Scott,' the celebrated commentator. I should like you to read the book; but I must admonish you not to be startled by the Calvinism contained in it." *Montgomery:* "I am not afraid of *that;* the question between the followers of Calvin and Arminius is one which neither you nor I can ever settle; and happily salvation does not depend upon its settlement; therefore it does not disturb me: like the origin of evil, it will probably never be thoroughly understood, either in this world or the next; it will more likely exercise the astonishment of the Archangel Gabriel to all eternity." On being asked how he was, a day or two afterwards, he replied, in a desponding tone, "Very feeble in mind, body, and estate;" at the same time displaying his hands, which he said felt benumbed; though sometimes they were very painful. The fingers appeared slightly swollen and inflamed. After talking for some time, he, as usual, became more cheerful, and even sportive in his remarks, — telling his friend that he had seen some verses of his addressed to a lady, from which he was glad to find that, like other persons, he, too, had been in love when young; adding, "It may

be useful to know this, if I should ever have to write your life; which, I hope, however, I shall not." He grew quite animated during the conversation, which had turned upon various other topics.

October 13. *Montgomery:* "I have just finished reading Mr. Birks's book*, and I will lend it to you, if you won't turn up your nose at it. It is a sober, judicious, and, I may say, a learned exposition and defence of what Scripture expositors have called the *year-day* theory. It is, indeed, less an interpretation of the prophecies in general, or any particular portion of them, than an examination of different principles of interpretation; and therefore by so much the more interesting and important. I think he very fairly makes out his case; is quite clear in meaning; and sometimes rises into eloquence. I like him much better than Habbershon, who is not only less satisfactory in his conclusions, but sometimes runs into extravagance, and even prophesies himself." *Holland:* "Does Mr. Birks directly promulgate any millenarian notions?" *Montgomery:* "He appears to anticipate the reign of Christ on earth, when with the fulness of the Gentiles the Jews also shall be brought in." *Holland:* "Does he mean a *personal* reign, or merely a more abundant manifestation of spiritual influence in the church?" *Montgomery:* "I am not quite sure which he means; indeed, in this respect millenarian writers are seldom explicit: but the whole drift of the prophetic expression of Scripture in reference to the latter gospel times seems to indicate some signal display of evangelical glory upon earth; but I dare not, and Mr. Birks does not, presume to say exactly what it will be: but I am sure you will read the work with interest and advantage; it does

* "Elements of Sacred History."

honour to your favourite village of Stavely*, and to Cambridge."

October 16. The morning was frosty, and the landscape white with newly fallen snow: *Montgomery* (to J. H.): "This is wintry weather;—have you seen any swallows lately? I have been watching three or four of them flying about our colonnade at the Mount this morning: it seemed odd to find them in such a scene: no wonder that they appeared chilled and disconcerted by the cold, raw state of the atmosphere. They reminded me of a similar occurrence several years ago: I was at Leamington, and on the sixteenth of October,—I remember the day well, being the anniversary of what may be called *my settlement in England*, on being placed in Fulneck School, — I rose in the morning, and was surprised to find the ground covered, and the trees loaded with snow. I took a long walk on the Warwick road; and in my way, I noticed several swallows on the wing; but as the sun was then shining brightly, they appeared less chilled and perplexed by the storm than their congeners did this morning." Montgomery was fond of noticing the hirundines, whether as wheeling about at such a height in the atmosphere as only to be just visible, or darting through the streets as the swifts sometimes did in Sheffield; or hanging their "procreant cradles" under the eaves, as he had often seen the martins do in and about the village of Wath. It will be recollected that in his ingenious rhymes entitled "Birds,"† the first lines are on the swallow:—

* Mr. Birks was a native of Stavely, in Derbyshire, and a graduate of the University of Cambridge.

† Originally intended by him, we believe, as mottoes to a series of engravings of birds, in a book for children.

"Swallow, why homeward turn'd thy joyful wing?
—In a far land I heard the voice of spring:
I found myself that moment on the way;
My wings, my wings, they had not power to stay."

1843. October 28. The postmaster of Sheffield having just died, and his daughter, who had long been in the office, being a candidate for the situation, questions as to the propriety of employing women in such places arose, and were much discussed in the town. Montgomery said he did not see why they should not be eligible: they had generally, when employed, filled the office at least as satisfactorily as men; and often more so, as far as his knowledge went; for when he published the *Iris*, several of his agents in the neighbouring towns were the managers of local post offices, and, to their honour he must say it, he never lost a penny by the females, which was more than he could say of the men. He argued also, as a general principle, that as places to which a decent income was attached, and which could properly be filled by females, were, at the best, so few, it was a pity to lessen their number: that above mentioned was long and satisfactorily filled by Miss Wreaks.

About the middle of November, Montgomery overcame his increasing reluctance to occupy public positions, on two very dissimilar occasions. On the evening of the 13th, he read before the members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution, and in discharge of a long outstanding promise, his lecture on the writings of Dryden and Pope. His power of voice was much greater on this occasion than was anticipated; and the disappointment of those who could compare the effect of the present with his former efforts was proportionately diminished. He appeared himself conscious of, and

pleased with, the comparative success of the effort. In the course of the same week, he was solicited to take the chair at a meeting to be held in Sheffield, for the purpose of explaining the principles and promoting the support of the "Free Church" of Scotland. From individuals holding the sentiments of the seceders, Montgomery had, during his previous tour in that country, received many expressions of kindness, both on the score of hospitable entertainment and pecuniary liberality: he could hardly, therefore, have declined to act as president on such an occasion, even had he been disposed to shrink from the office. He was, however, as we have elsewhere intimated, by no means averse to lending a favourable ear to the claims of the "Non-intrusionists," as they called themselves, or were designated by others; and as the meeting was to be held in a Methodist chapel, he considered that the place would justify him in giving, on his part, a religious tone to the meeting, while he regarded the caution of the Wesleyans as a sort of collateral security that no unbecoming violence of expression would be allowed on the platform. The meeting was accordingly held in Carver Street chapel, which was crowded. On opening the business, Montgomery said, that when he consented to take that chair, which ought to be occupied by the humblest individual present, it was,—he would not say on the condition, for it was not for him to make conditions *,—but with the understanding, that he should

* Yet he did something very like it: for on entering the vestry previously to going into the chapel he called aside one of the members of the deputation, and asked him to answer explicitly these two questions: — First, having separated from the Establishment, was it intended that the speakers should attack the principle of a connexion between the Church and the State? if so he (Montgomery) must retire, because the vicarage of Sheffield was in the hands of lay patrons, who presented the Rev. Dr. Sutton, under

not be expected to make a long introductory speech. He consented, therefore, to occupy that station of humility and honour as the "speaker" of that meeting, in the same sense in which the gentleman who presided in the House of Commons was "speaker" there: though he hoped he should not, like him, have occasion to keep, much less call to "order," but merely to witness it. It would not be necessary for him to enter into the general subject,—the gentlemen on the platform who formed the delegation from the Free Church of Scotland were prepared to do that: he would simply state, that when, two years before, it was his privilege to make a missionary pilgrimage in his native country, wherever he went, he came into contact with those men, who were anxiously and prayerfully awaiting the great crisis, and who had now seceded from the established church; he found them in almost every place, under the influence of the spirit in which they were now acting, and which had brought about this great national movement. He was received into their houses,—he witnessed their family devotions,—the earnestness and

whose auspices there were at least twenty clergymen in the parish, every one of whom at that moment faithfully preached the gospel. Secondly, was it intended in connection with detailing the proceedings of the Dukes of Sutherland and Buccleuch, in refusing to grant sites for churches, to submit or advocate any proposal to compel these noblemen or others to part with their land? A reply in the negative was given to both questions. In reference to the latter topic, it is right to add, that while Montgomery was thus careful to guard against any thing which might look like an invasion of the abstract rights of property, even hypothetically, he no less explicitly declared in private that, however his illustrious countrymen might act or think under the circumstances, he thought he could not answer it to *his* conscience, were he to withhold the means from so many hundreds of persons desirous of worshipping God in their own way, as those two individuals had done.

simplicity with which they were regularly performed. He at that time knew comparatively little of the merits of the great question then agitating the country; and from what he had heard, he was at first strongly prejudiced against the party in this movement. But when he went among them, heard their statements, and saw their spirit, and more maturely considered the subject, his prejudices were removed; for he found them not only prepared to be confessors and sufferers, but ready, if necessary, even to become martyrs for their principles. They had already witnessed a good confession; and the Church now beheld between 400 and 500 noble-minded men, going forth, like Abraham, to seek an inheritance, not knowing whither the providence of God might lead him. His whole heart, he said, went with them; and he hoped God would bless them, even as he blessed Abraham.*

* The following lines were suggested by a fact mentioned by one of the deputies whose father was the officiating minister on the occasion alluded to. We doubt whether any one would detect in the initials under which they were published, the signature of Montgomery: —

"*A good Confession.* — It may be well to state, that in Scotland, previous to the Lord's Supper, each communicant receives a *ticket of admission* from his minister, to be shown when he presents himself at the ordinance. Prosaic though the whole may be fairly deemed, as a composition in verse, there is a worth and a power beyond poetry, in the fervent sentiment, and the simple expression of it by the poor woman herself, which are literally preserved in the close of the narrative.

"The Sacramental Table of the Lord
Was spread, his Cross and Passion to record;
A little band were gathering to the Feast,
With whom came one, — the lowliest and the least,
— The least and lowliest in her own esteem; —
To testify her child-like faith in Him;
But, when demanded by the minister,
'To give a reason of the hope' in her,

On the first of December, the Queen and Prince Albert came on a visit to Chatsworth, from Drayton Manor. Mr. Holland described to Montgomery the next day the animated and striking spectacle which was presented to the thousands of people assembled, on the arrival of her Majesty and her royal consort at the "Palace of the Peak." *Montgomery:* "You must come up at six o'clock, take tea at the Mount, and tell Miss Gales all about it, and eat some of Harriet's* bride cake." In the course of the evening, during which the poet was unusually cheerful, he related, and laughed heartily at, a joke of Mr. Roberts's. The Sheffield Town Council had just advertised for designs for a common seal for the newly incorporated borough: Mr. Roberts proposed that the subject should be a cap and bells, with the motto, "Put it on." The following day he called upon Mr. Holland to correct, as he said, a mistake which he had fallen into the previous evening, relative to the artistic design; the cap proposed was to be drawn, not, as usual, with the tassel and tintinabula, but in imitation of one made of checked linen, and called a *pudding poke*, such as was formerly worn, along with a buff leathern apron, turned down with a scarlet

> Silent she stood, and pale, deprived of speech;
> (Feelings there are, which language cannot reach)
> Till, while she mused, the fire within her brake
> Full into flame; — then with her tongue she spake;
> The love of Christ constrain'd her to reply,
> 'I cannot *speak* for him, but I could *die!*'
> Stronger than death that love indeed must be;
> Lord JESUS! may such love abound in me!
>
> "Sheffield, Nov. 17. 1843."

* His niece, Harriet, only daughter of the late Rev. Ignatius Montgomery, married Nov. 21. at Bedford, to the Rev. James E. Malallieu, of Pertenhall.

flap, by the old manufacturers in Sheffield, when they had done their work, as an evening dress; and in which they sometimes appeared even at church, on Sundays. Montgomery said he had been reading Southey's "Madoc," with renewed interest; he felt, however, a great drawback on the pleasure of the narrative, in the harshness of the names. Those in Welsh were generally odd and inharmonious enough, to a merely English ear, but how much more so those derived from the Mexican language! In almost every previous poem of equal magnitude and pretensions, most of the proper names of persons and places have, at least, been more or less familiar to the reader; but in "Madoc" the poet had not only to create an interest in the story for its own sake, but such an interest as should at the same time overcome the difficulties of a singularly cacophonous nomenclature. He proposed also, he said, to read "Thalaba" again, in order to study the metres in which it was written. *Holland:* "The poet states that no two lines of the work are so constructed, and placed in such sequence, that they can be read into one, with the exception of the 'Alexandrine,' which, as he observes is, of course, when perfect, composed of two six syllable lines. I think, however, there occur occasionally masses of matter, which may be read as ordinary blank verse." *Montgomery:* "Try a passage." *Holland:*

"Then pausing—'Whither goest thou?' he ask'd;
'I know not,' answered Thalaba, 'straight on,
'With Destiny my guide.' Quoth the old man,
'I will not blame thy trust, and yet, methinks,
'Thy feet should tread with certainty; in Kaf,
'The Simorg hath his dwelling-place.'

"I think it would be rather difficult for any one previously unacquainted with this passage, by any process

of mere metrical synthesis, to restore it to its original lyric form." *Montgomery:* "I think so, too: but, after all, there are very few passages that would yield, even so far, to your experiment — perhaps there is hardly another. Southey appears to have formed his theory of versification very deliberately; and then to have acted upon it resolutely and carefully." *Holland:* "The following lines would sound to an unpremonished ear as much like heroic as lyric measure:—

"'She took him by the hand, and through the porch
They pass'd, over the garden and the grove;
The fountain-streams of fire pour'd a broad light,
Like noon — a broad, unnatural light, that made
The rose's blush of beauty pale, and dimm'd
The rich geranium's scarlet blaze.'"

Montgomery: "You remember the celebrated spinning scene: the rhythm in that has been as much praised as the imagery of the passage." *Holland:*

"'He found a woman spinning; a soli ——'

No; this refuses to be moulded into decasyllabic lines at the very outset: but let us see if even it resists with equal obstinacy the test of being read as prose:—

"'He found a woman in the cave, a solitary woman, who by the fire was spinning, and singing as she spun. The pine boughs they blazed cheerfully, and her face was bright with the flame. Her face was as a damsel's face, and yet her hair was grey: she bade him welcome with a smile, and still continued spinning, and singing as she spun. The thread the woman drew was finer than the silkworm's, was finer than the gossamer's: the song she sang was low and sweet, and Thalaba knew not the words.'"—*Book VIII.*

Montgomery smiled at, but of course without applauding, as decisive against the metrical merit of Southey's lyric epics, an experiment which would deprive many a set of verses of every semblance of poetry, — except their rhymes.

CHAP. XCII.

1844.

BURNS' COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL. — MONTGOMERY'S LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE. — RIVAL GAS-LIGHT PARTIES. — JOCULAR EPITAPH. — PITMAN'S PHONOGRAPHY. — LONGFELLOW. — LECTURES AT WAKEFIELD AND RETFORD.—INDIAN JUGGLERY.— PUFFING AND QUACKERY. — THE "HINDOO CONVERT." — CONVERSATION. — LETTER TO JAMES EVERETT. — NIEBUHR.— MORAVIAN FESTIVAL. — LECTURES AT LIVERPOOL. — LETTERS TO MRS. BYROM. — TO JOHN HOLLAND. — TO DR. RAFFLES. — M. ZULA. — MR. CONGREVE. — "GIVING OUT" HYMNS. — MEMORIAL OF BISHOP HOLMES.

At the beginning of this year a project was set on foot for a grand national commemoration of the genius of Robert Burns at the place of his birth. The *fête* was suggested by the arrival of the poet's son, Colonel Burns, in Scotland, after an absence of nearly thirty years in India. At the outset it was intended merely as an entertainment of welcome to the gallant officer, by the good people of Ayrshire: but as the affair became farther and better known, hints were received from various quarters to the effect that, as all the surviving sons of the poet happened just then to be in the kingdom, it was desirable to embrace the opportunity of getting up a more comprehensive demonstration. The adoption of this view of the festival, not only superseded its local character, but imparted to it somewhat of the appearance, if not the reality, of a national jubilee in honour of the ploughman-bard, as well as a complimentary congratulation of his living representatives. Ac-

cordingly, letters of invitation were addressed to all the great living poets, as well as to other persons more or less eminent for their literary reputation; and, among the rest, to Montgomery. He should like, he said, to witness the proceedings, if he could be present as an unseen spectator; but he dare not venture to attend the gathering. The festival took place at Ayr on the 6th of August. A field of twenty acres in extent, beautifully situated on "the banks of the Doon," a locality identified with the history and poetry of Burns, and distant only a few yards from the monument erected to his memory in 1820, in the sloping vale immediately below the cottage in which he was born, was appropriated to the accommodation of such visitors as could not obtain access to the interior of a splendid temporary pavilion. In this commodious structure the more intellectual, though perhaps not the most hilarious, part of the day's proceedings took place. The Earl of Eglintoun presided, and delivered an eloquent and appropriate address, as did also Professor Wilson, and others; these compliments were feelingly and gracefully acknowledged by the sons of Burns, who, with other branches of the poet's kindred, were present on the occasion. Letters of apology for absence were read from Wordsworth, Moore, Montgomery, and others. The letter of the Sheffield poet is curious, as well in its relation to the subject, as from its postscriptal appendages; and although somewhat out of place as to date, may as well be given here: —

James Montgomery to the Committee of the Burns' Festival.

"The Mount, near Sheffield, July 11. 1844.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I am sorry and ashamed to have so long delayed acknowledging, with the gratitude which I felt, the courtesy of

your invitation to me to attend the festival in honour of Robert Burns, my countryman, and my *countyman*, too — having myself been born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, but transplanted too early to take root for life in my native soil. Scotland, however, I can safely say, took such early and effectual root in the soil of my heart, that to this hour it appears as green and flourishing in the only eyes with which I can now behold it, as when, after an absence of more than threescore years, I was favoured to see it with the eyes that are looking on this paper. Though scarcely four and a half years old when removed, I have yet more lively, distinct, and delightful recollections of little Irvine, its bridge, its river, its street aspect, and its rural landscape, with sea glimpses between, than I have equal reminiscences of any subsequent period of the same length of time spent since then in fairer, wealthier, and more familiar, and therefore less romantic, England. Yet those fond recollections of my birthplace, and renewals of infant experience, had become through the vista of retrospect so ideal, that when, in the summer of 1841, for the first time I returned to the scenes of my golden age, the humble realities, though as beautiful as heaven's daylight could make them in the first week of a serene October, I could hardly reconcile with the idea of themselves, into which they had been transmuted by frequent repetition and retouching,—in the process of preserving the identity of things that were to me most dear and precious, which had been so soon and so long removed out of sight, but never out of mind. I can, however, say, that with the brief acquaintance which on that occasion I made with my country and my birthplace, and especially with what is the glory and blessing of both,—the frank, and kind, and generous inhabitants, who were not only born but had grown up among its mountains, its woods, and its waters,— in their character, partaking of the raciness of the mother soil whence they sprang, and from which they had drawn all their nutriment—intellectual as well as natural,—my brief acquaintance, I was going to say, with these had more than ever endeared to my better feelings the land that gave me birth, and the blood kindred with whom I felt myself humbly but

honestly allied: for 'a man's a man for a' that,' all the world over, but especially in Scotland, if we may judge by the striking features of the Scottish character, exemplified in the same striking feature of the poetry of Burns—its *nationality*. By that very charm, the spell of Nature herself, unconsciously influencing, or rather inspiring, her own poet (and Scotland's), his verse makes his countrymen feel at home in whatever part of the world they may be found—and where are they *not* found?—for the Scot carries his country with him in his heart, and he has Burns's poems there too, in its cosiest corner, furnishing him with inexhaustible themes of thought, and riches of expression in his own tongue, for all that he thinks, and all that he feels. The associations of time past, the yearnings of affection, the 'joy of grief,' and the tenderness of that melancholy which the happiest, even in their happiest moments, delight to cherish, and therewith temper the too much abandonment of the spirit to the indulgence of the purest pleasures, which in this mortal life cannot be borne in their intensity, without the warning of a voice 'like the boy in Philip's ear,' in a gentler but more authoritative tone, saying—'Remember thou art a man!' or as a voice from heaven once said, 'This is not your rest.' (Micah, ii. 10.) I entreat you to forgive this strange preamble, which I must break off instantly, or I know not whither it may carry you and me, if you could bear to follow me a step further in this rhapsody. I therefore return to the point at which I ought to have begun,—namely, to explain, in as few words as may be, how I am circumstanced, and state what will prevent me from availing myself of your flattering invitation. When the first letter from your secretaries arrived, I was suffering from constitutional infirmity, and deferred from day to day the thanks which, from day to day, I purposed to send to Ayr for your kindness,—the postponed time of the festival meeting affording me a sufficient pretext wherewith to deceive myself into a persuasion that I need be in no hurry about that, especially as I had a sufficient cause to plead in justification of my absence on that occasion. The fact is, that for many months past I have been under an engagement to read a

course of papers on the principal British poets (Burns, of course, among the first class) at Liverpool in August, commencing close upon the time appointed for your meeting, and which will occupy me there, and perhaps at Chester, from three to four weeks. If I have health and strength, this I must attempt to do. Other visits from home I am also pledged to make during the autumn,— all, however, depending on the precarious tenure of the will of heaven, and the breath left me after seventy-two years of many trials and troubles. With the greatest respect, I subscribe myself,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P.S. On hastily running over what I have hastily written, I find I have omitted one thing which I meant to have said, in justice to myself, namely, that I have often and unreservedly expressed, both in prose and rhyme, my admiration of the genius and the best writings of Robert Burns, though I could not, in some instances, do otherwise than acknowledge that, according to my sincere judgment, his talents had not always been worthily employed. What is good in his poems is excellently so; and that which is best in them puts competition out of the field where that is put forth. In a course of lectures on poetry, which I had the honour to deliver before the Royal Institution in London, I gave an elaborate section of criticism on these: in the papers I hope to read at Liverpool, I have prepared further illustrations of their peculiar merits.

"I must make a further explanation of a phrase in the foregoing letter, which on reading over seems to me capable of misconstruction, considering the family name which I bear. On the third page I mention 'the blood-kindred with which I am allied.' I mean my kinship to all the blood of Scotland, neither less nor more; pretending to no affinity with the noble house of Eglintoun, by which the name is so splendidly adorned throughout the land, and especially in the neighbourhood of Irvine.

"The Committee of the Burns' Festival, Ayr, Scotland."

The long and harassing conflict between the rival gas companies, in which Montgomery was officially involved, not without trial and loss of temper, was ended by an amalgamation of their interests,—the leader of the party opposed to the poet, having, as he confessed, found his chief difficulty in the negotiations to arise from personal appeals to his "conscience" in the conduct and settlement of what he considered "a mere business transaction."

"In this strife," said he, in a letter to the Rev. R. Wood, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, have been exercised against us, beyond anything that I ever before witnessed or encountered in all my experience of the world and the world's ways. I must not expatiate on this further than to say, that my health, and my peace of mind, as well as my property, have been grievously injured. Meanwhile," he adds, "a painful complaint, which has been very gradually and insidiously growing for a long long time past, now manifests such aggravated symptoms (much resembling those of the gout, to which I have neither hereditary nor meritorious claim by riotous living), that I sometimes fear the eventual loss of both *hands*, through which it prevails; affecting the joints, and making writing very irksome."

As he never wore any trinket, jewel, or personal ornament of that kind, we were amused one day by his exhibiting on his finger a *galvanic ring* (such as were then common, being made of a rim of zinc and copper), archly remarking that as it had been placed there by a lady, he dare not remove it!

The poet usually called twice or thrice in the week upon Mr. Holland, who not only always tried to rally the sinking spirits of his friend, by diverting his thoughts and conversation from topics of ungenial excitement, but had commonly the satisfaction to see him retire from the interview at least more cheerful than when he

sought it. A very slight and sometimes self-excited cause was occasionally sufficient to restore for a time the tension of his feelings. Coming into Mr. Holland's room one day, it was evident that something had tickled the poet's fancy; on being asked how he was — *Montgomery:* "Wait till I have recovered my breath, and I will tell you. You will have noticed the immense piles of square stones which your friend, William Lee, the surveyor of highways, has laid up yonder for paving the streets." *Holland:* "Yes, sir." *Montgomery:* "Well, I was coming along, in a most melancholy mood, when the sight of those stones, in connection with a sudden fancy, so amused me, that I think the incident has really done me good. I thought that when our surveyor dies, the epitaph originally made for Sir John Vanbrugh would, with the alteration of a single word, be exactly suitable for the worthy Sheffielder: —

> " 'Lie heavy on him, earth, for *Lee*
> Laid many a heavy load on thee!' "

Montgomery, notwithstanding this pleasant sally on the name of Mr. Lee, was as ready as any one to admit the value of the public services of an intelligent individual, through whose official superintendence Sheffield might fairly claim to be regarded as one of the best paved, as well as best drained, towns in the kingdom.* Another instance of the transition from a pensive to a cheerful mood may be mentioned. *Holland:* "How do you do to-day, sir?" *Montgomery:* "A poor creature, almost broken down in body and mind." After some other conversation,—*Holland:* "Have you seen Mr. Roberts's strange pamphlet on his old subject, the new

* Mr. Lee was afterwards appointed to the important situation of Inspector under the Sanitary Commission.

Poor Law?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; he left me a copy this morning, and I have brought it for you: here, read this suggestion made to the secretary of the commissioners." Mr. Holland read as follows:—

"Surely, it would appear that more die *of the doctor* than of *the filth of the town:* yet I do not see among the 'thousand and one' queries of the '*Health of Towns Commission*' one respecting the *number of Doctors!* Might not life be lengthened by abolishing them, or lessening their numbers?"

At the close of this passage, the poet laughed for the moment, as heartily as we almost ever saw him do on any occasion. We mention the circumstance to show what trivial incidents were sometimes sufficient to relieve the morbid sensibility alluded to.

At the latter end of March a person of the name of Pitman, who had succeeded at Bath and some other places in attracting attention to a system of short-hand writing, under the name of *phonography,* visited Sheffield. He immediately waited upon Montgomery, and finding that he took an interest in stenography, he tried to get him to preside at one of the public meetings which he meant to hold for the explanation of his method. The poet, being closely pressed, consented to occupy the chair during one evening, provided the lecturer succeeded in persuading the vicar of Sheffield to preside in the first instance. The arrangement having been thus far completed, Mr. Pitman was exceedingly solicitous to induce the poet to compose some testimony to the merits of his system, in verse. Against this design he fenced for some time; but at length yielded in this as he had done in similar cases, to persevering importunity. "I expect," said the poet to Mr. Holland, "you will say I ought not to have complied, and I think so to; I was, however, much pleased with the dexterity of Mr. Pitman's assistant, who at once wrote

down the lines from my tolerably rapid dictation, with almost verbal accuracy. He followed me also, with equal success, in the writing out of a long passage which I read from 'The Ayrshire Annual,' at the rate of about two hundred words in a minute: now, what do you say to that?"* *Holland:* "I have myself seen enough to be convinced of the professional ingenuity both of the lecturer and the writer: still I must be permitted to express my regret that *you* should have been persuaded to allow your name to appear as one of the patrons of Mr. Pitman's meetings; and still more, that you should have written a line on the subject." The truth was, the poet, who wrote a short-hand of his own devising, really felt curious to hear the explanation, and test the merits, of a system of stenography which assumed to be superior to every other that had preceded it. Accordingly, on the evening of the 28th of March, he took the chair, and introduced the lecturer to a large company. After explaining the reasons of his attendance, he said:—

"That of the various systems of short-hand which had come under his notice, none had appeared better than his own, and but few as good; he never, however, tried to follow a speaker, and much doubted whether any person could do it, in practice, to the extent assumed in theory: at

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* *Antè*, vol. iv. p. 23. Of course, Montgomery's commendation of "phonography," as it is called, must be understood of its merits as a system of short-hand; and not as approving an attempt to emasculate the etymological significance of the English language, by substituting a series of trivial indications of the mere sound of words for the present orthographic representatives of their history as well as meaning. For a series of judicious remarks on this subject, see a very pleasing and instructive little volume "On the Study of Words," by R. Trench, B.D., 1852.

least, what he recollected of a comparison made in past years of reports of great trials made by such able practitioners as Gurney and Ramsey, as compared with what was actually said in Court, led him to that concluson."

After Mr. Pitman had closed his explanatory details and experiments, Montgomery said :—

"There is a system of short-hand in speaking as well as in writing; and you will be surprised when I tell you, as an old practitioner, that it is poetry which is the short-hand of speech, the expression of thought condensed, giving the greatest quantity in the words, and admitting the greatest variety and extent of information. Being an old practitioner, whether a good one or not, I will this evening give you my speech in my short-hand :—

"Mind is insensible; yet when we write,
That world of mystery comes forth to sight;
In vocal speech, the idle air breathes sense,
And empty sound becomes intelligence.
Phonetic art hath both these modes outdone,
By blending sounds and symbols into one :
Take one step more, and science may define
How spirits discourse without a word or sign;
And teach mankind their feelings to impart,
Unseen, unheard, by pulses of the heart;
While souls by sympathy the world embrace,
And hold communion, free of time and place;
Or, unembodied, with survivors keep
Sweet intercourse, both when we wake and sleep.
Glorious and good, and wonderful such powers!
And who shall say they never can be ours!
They 're ours already in the parent root,
The stem, the branch, the flower,—why not the fruit?
These are vain *fancies!* Call them such who will,
The *facts* remain uncontroverted still.
Oh, ye who know them, of this truth beware,
The greatest talent is the greatest snare,

When ill employed; sin turns from bad to worse,—
The greatest blessing to the greatest curse.
The mind, intangible in its recess,
Two organs hath its meaning to express —
The tongue, the pen. What *this* by lines records,
That utters in irrevocable words:
For words are not the breath on which they rise,
Nor thoughts the ink that gives them to our eyes;
They both have life. A word may never die;
A thought may travel to eternity;
And each, for evil or for good, control
The bliss or bane of an immortal soul." . . . .

Mr. Everett being on a visit to Montgomery, the conversation turned on the American poet, Longfellow. *Montgomery:* "I have just been reading his 'Village Blacksmith,' a subject which ought to interest *you* especially." * *Everett:* "I also have read the verses, and have been pleased with their touching simplicity." *Montgomery:* "They are real poetry; the inspiration of a happy moment; and not mere rhymes *got up* on a selected subject, to show the author's skill: they will form a beautiful pendent to Shakspeare's graphic and well-known description of a smith. How happily has the poet described the burning toil of the worthy man; and even my own wondering curiosity, when, as a Fulneck school-boy, I used to peep into old John Oddy's smithy at Tonge:—

"Weell in — weell out — from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat, and slow . . . .

* Alluding to Mr. Everett's Memoir of Samuel Hick, "The Village Blacksmith."

"And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

And then the moral built upon the blacksmith's "something attempted—something done:"—

"Thus at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!" *

In further conversation he said:—

"Nicholas Nickleby is the only one of Dickens's works which I ever read through: the story is full of interest, which is sustained to the end. Dickens is, on the whole, more unobjectionable in morals and sentiments than some of the writers of his school; but I have no taste for the highly seasoned style of composition which they have introduced and rendered popular.

"I am occasionally almost startled to see how rapidly young people shoot up! Some that I know, a few years ago, when they were like sparrows in the street—you stepped aside lest you should tread upon them: now, they come boldly up, and almost place their chins on one's head!

"A few of the finest original hymns in Dr. Leifchild's collection are by a lady, who signs F.; I should like to know who she is.

"Dr. Murray, in a lecture before our Philosophical Society, the other evening, mentioned, as a remarkable fact—

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* "Basil the Blacksmith" is one of the characters in Longfellow's "Evangeline;" he is an important man in the village.

"For since the birth of Time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people."

and so it must be, *if a fact* — that in the hand of one of the Egyptian mummies recently brought to this country, some grains of wheat had been found which, on being planted, had actually sprung up*, and produced the branched ears of corn commonly called Egyptian! Thus the embalmed body of the dead man actually carried in its hand the emblem of his own resurrection in these cereal seeds, which, although perhaps collected under the rule of Joseph, between three and four thousand years ago, still retained their mysterious vitality! The thought has haunted me day and night."

At the beginning of April, Montgomery was induced to give a lecture on poetry at Wakefield; and afterwards two at Retford—at both places, with a degree of comfort to himself, and gratification to his hearers, beyond what we had ventured to anticipate, considering his feeble health at the time. On the 3rd Mr. Holland took tea at the Mount, with Dr. Murray the lecturer, and several other persons. The poet was not in a talking mood: at most, he said little beyond what was elicited by the person who happened to sit next to him: but he listened with much apparent interest to Murray's description of the *cow tree* (*palo de vaca*†) of the Caraccas, specimens of the bark, and milk, and a drawing of which he had received from Sir Robert Ker Porter. The extremely rapid growth of some descriptions of tropical vegetation being mentioned, the Rev. I. Hodgson, a Wesleyan missionary from the East Indies, who was present, described a curious feat of Hindoo jugglery, which he had witnessed, and which he ascribed *diabolo juvanti:* the man, after allowing himself to be examined, planted a native fruit in the open ground immediately under the spectator's eye: having covered

* Some very careful experiments made under scientific direction have led to an explicit denial of the assumed fact.

† Humboldt's Personal Narrative, vol. iv. p. 212. First ed.

it with earth, and watered it, he stuck down a stick, and threw over it a light piece of cloth, so as to form a sort of miniature tent. After some apparently trivial manipulations, he lifted off the covering, and there appeared a mango-tree just shooting above the sand: covering up the plant as before, he resumed the pretended incantations for a few minutes, and again removed the cloth, when there stood a short, but apparently mature, tree, in full leaf! Once more the operations were repeated, and the tree, on being uncovered, bore a large fruit!! This, it will be recollected, belongs to a class of tricks at which the Indian jugglers are singularly expert, and cannot, we believe, be successfully performed by European conjurors; but few intelligent individuals would think it necessary to refer to satanic agency, as we recollect once to have heard a good man do, even so notable a trick as the sowing, raising, ripening, and reaping a little plot of rice, in a few minutes, which he once witnessed on the sea-shore in India. Montgomery remarked that he had been exceedingly struck on first reading, and had never lost the impression made by Waterton's account of the break of day amidst the strange vegetation and sublime solitudes of a South American forest.

April 17. Mr. Holland placed in the poet's hand a "*puff direct*," describing a scheme for publishing by lottery, which had just been issued. *Montgomery:* "Another *ad captandum* project! We live in an age of quackery, and begging, and puffing, and deception; and all done so openly, and sometimes even made a merit of: why, only yesterday, Miss Gales called at a shop to buy some ground coffee; and the grocer, who must surely have been as simple as he was dishonest, asked her whether she would have any *chicory* among it!" *Holland:* "The chicory would in some respects rather improve

than injure the coffee, so far, at least, as health is concerned, to say nothing of flavour; it has the valuable diuretic qualities of the root of the dandelion, whose despised yellow flower now blazes so brightly amidst the daisies of our grass-fields." *Montgomery:* "I admire the flower of the dandelion, and am, of course, aware of the virtues of its root: indeed, my friend, Dr. Hall of Retford, entertained me with a dissertation on its medicinal qualities the other day, while driving me out in the direction of Wiseton in Nottinghamshire, where it grew on all sides most profusely. I think I have heard, too, of the dandelion root, as well as the chicory, being used with, and even as a substitute for coffee: but give me the beverage without mixture of either ingredient; one rarely enough meets with good coffee anywhere: and never, when it is purchased ready ground." Mr. Holland mentioned that a minister of the Gospel, well known in Sheffield, was said to be the author of "Chatsworth: or the Romance of a Week,"* and another novel. *Montgomery:* "A very clever, but strange man! He always chilled me with his speeches —eloquent as they sometimes were. I recollect once at a meeting of Sunday-school teachers, in a small chapel vestry, after I had addressed them as 'brethren and sisters,' he followed, with 'ladies and gentlemen!' a somewhat startling contrast!" *Holland:* "If he had said 'gentlemen and ladies,' I should, at least, have approved of the order of precedence in the sexes: but even you, when addressing a genteel audience, conform to the usual impropriety, and address the women first; in similar circumstances, I should probably do the same." *Montgomery:* "Aye, that you would: 'tis a mere matter of courtesy—the established formula of oratorical civility—the *chicory* of the occasion," he

* It was written by the late P. G. Patmore.

added, smiling, as he turned on his heel, and walked away.

The following lines, founded on an incident mentioned by the late Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht, the church missionary to India, and recorded in the note at the foot of this page*, are not included in the printed works of our poet:—

* "A student of the Hindoo College, named *Modoosoodun Dutt*, had for some time past determined to renounce the religion of his fathers, and to embrace Christianity. It is very singular, that before he had actually made up his mind to take this step, he had received no clerical instruction whatever, having been in the habit of reading books and tracts by himself. A few weeks ago, he presented himself before a clergyman in Calcutta, as a Catechumen, and stated his willingness to embrace the religion which reason, conscience, experience, all conspired to tell him was the true one. He was shortly afterwards introduced to the archdeacon, who was highly satisfied with the proofs he exhibited in himself of a sound faith and a well-grounded conviction. His relations, being men of wealth and respectability, he was subjected to a great deal of annoyance and trouble. He withstood their opposition with great firmness, and continued unshaken in his determinations. A thousand rupees, in Government security, were sent to him, with a request that he should immediately take his passage to England, and get baptized there, that no obloquy might be cast upon his family by his embracing Christianity on the spot. He refused the gift upon such conditions, and was baptized in the old church of Calcutta, by the Venerable Archdeacon Dealtry. He had been accustomed to write occasional pieces of poetry in the Hindoo College, and several of his productions were printed in the 'Literary Gazette' and other periodicals there. On the occasion of his baptism, he composed the following verses: —

"'Long sunk in superstition's night,
By sin and Satan driven,
I saw not, cared not, for the light
That leads the blind to heaven.

"'I sat in darkness, — Reason's eye
Was shut — was closed in me;
I hastened to eternity
O'er error's dreadful sea!

"*The Hindoo Convert.*

"'The entrance of thy words giveth light.' Psalm cxix. 30.

"His spirit was born blind,
'Long sunk in superstition's night,'
Till, through the darkness of his mind,
God said, 'Let there be light.'
Then, with the secresy of thought
A silent miracle was wrought;
—Like hidden treasure, found unsought,
The blind received his sight.
Thus to the eye, in death-shade sealed,
Power from above was given to look
Upon the volume of that Book
Which hath the light of life revealed;
Then, from the eternal throne,
On every page such glory shone,
That line on line, as ray by ray,
Led upward into perfect day,
And his freed soul, from 'superstition's night,'
Rose like the morning-star in Gospel light.
Not from the lips of erring man
His knowledge of the truth began;
If, as the simple record saith,
He thus was 'saved by grace through faith.'
By God himself God's work was done,
To him the Father sent the Son,

"'But now at length thy grace, O Lord,
Bids all around me shine;
I drink thy sweet, thy precious word,
I kneel before thy shrine.

"'I've broke affection's tenderest ties,
For my dear Saviour's sake;
All, all I love, beneath the skies,
Lord, I for thee forsake.'"—

"The Friend of India," Feb. 16. 1843, and the "Church Missionary Gleaner," May, 1843.

On him the Holy Ghost came down
That victory o'er the world to crown ;
Gladly the Cross he then could take,
And for his Saviour all forsake.
So may that Holy Spirit rest,
The Comforter, upon his breast,
So, in his heart's pure Sanctuary,
May Christ, the Hope of Glory be,
And, over all, the Father's love
Conduct him to that House above,
Whither his heaven-ward steps advance,
At every moment made more meet
To share the saints' inheritance;
To sit with them at Jesus' feet;
And there the Spirit born blind, restored,
Itself shall be 'Light in the Lord.'

" The Mount, May 21. 1844."

June 22. Mr. Everett paid a visit for two or three days at the Mount; he thought the poet was more ailing, feeble, and spiritless than he appeared three months previously: he, nevertheless, conversed cheerfully on literary and general topics; while the realities of an unseen world seemed to be more immediately present to his thoughts. He spoke with feeling of the death of Campbell: of what he was as a young man, when indulging " The Pleasures of Hope," of which he afterwards sang so sweetly : of what he did during the hey-day of his reputation as a poet, and of what he became at the close of his literary, his earthly career. The "Athenæum" was on the table; it afforded him, he said, not only a glimpse of what was doing in the world of books, but in the world of science: the reviews, if seldom kindly, and never evangelical, were always spirited and instructive ; while the general information on matters coming within the scope of the paper was exactly such as he wanted. He read also the " Eclectic

Review;" the mention of which led him to remark, that he had no occasion to be ashamed of any of the contributions to that work which might happen to be found in his handwriting, with the single exception of a notice of a pleasing little poem entitled "Home," the author of which was unknown to him; in printing the article, Parken had hitched in a compliment to the author of "The West Indies," along with the quotation of a well-known passage from that poem.* He anticipated much gratification from the collection of Burke's Letters about to appear, under the joint editorship of Earl Fitzwilliam and General Bourke; he almost wished Croly's name had been added; especially if the character and talents of the great orator were to be brought in any way under review: if not, the curious relation in which Burke stood to the Marquis of Rockingham, while member for Malton, would, no doubt, be sufficiently illustrated by the correspondence itself. The difficulty of reporting such speeches as those of Burke, when even note-taking was not allowed in the gallery of the House of Commons, was mentioned: this led Montgomery to describe the expedients and dangers of those who sought to afford the public anything like "Parliamentary Intelligence," almost within his own memory, when a corresponding advance had taken place in newspaper writing—the "Iris" having been among the earliest provincial journals to set the example of giving *leading articles*.

As the meeting of the British Association was held this year at York, where Mr. Everett was residing, we had hoped that Montgomery would realise his design of visiting the city on that occasion; but he allowed Mr. Holland to proceed thither without him.

* Eclectic Review, vol. ii. p. 903.

James Montgomery to James Everett.

"The Mount, Sheffield, July 25. 1844.

"My dear Friend,

"After a hard struggle with myself, I am forced to submit to *what* from procrastination of some work upon my hands, which I must now finish before I leave home, has become a *necessity*, to relinquish the hope of visiting York, according to your very kind invitation, during the ensuing meeting there of the wise men from all quarters. I cannot learn when the assembling begins, but till the 16th of August, when I am under strict engagement to go a lecturing at Liverpool, I have manuscript to prepare, and proofs to receive as it goes through the press, of a brief historical retrospect of the Church of the Moravian Brethren, to accompany a memoir of one of our late deceased bishops, which is almost out of the press; and my article, though last printed, is to form an introduction to the Biography. I had set my heart and my hope on being able to avail myself of your hospitality (always so warmly and ingenuously offered to me, when occasion tempts you to show kindness to one who is at least sincerely grateful for it), but I deserve the disappointment, as I ought several weeks ago to have done at leisure that which must now be done in haste, at the hazard of good speed. But, in truth, the feeble and diseased state of my hands seems to paralyse all my faculties, and the difficulty and pain of writing make the process so languid, that such thoughts and feelings as I have, in the effort of composition, effervesce and exhale before I embody them in fit words. There is as much music as ever in the fiddle, but the hand has lost power over the bow, and cannot call the spirit out. This letter, creaking and wheezing as it is, shows that at present all is horsehair and catgut, unscrewed and untuned. But with *all the thanks I have*, as a good woman once said to Mrs. Brackenbury, I *do* thank you and Mrs. E. for your goodness,

"And am ever your obliged friend,

"J. Montgomery.

"Rev. James Everett, York."

In reply to a question, he said he had not read D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," which everybody appeared bound to admire and to praise: he had, in fact, conceived a prejudice against it, solely, he believed, in consequence of seeing quoted from it, as something new, or, at least, as placing in a novel light, information with which he had been familiar ever since, as a boy, he read it at Fulneck school. D'Aubigné's work was sure to attract a great number of readers, from the charm of its style; and by this means, thousands of persons in our day would be made acquainted with the grounds on which Protestants separated from Rome, who would probably otherwise have remained in comparative ignorance on that important point.

"The Life of Dr. Arnold" delighted Montgomery as well as every other reader: he said, the perusal of the letters to Niebuhr, the historian, reminded him that he once met him in Sheffield, and accompanied him to the theatre.*

August 13. Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland, and remarked, "This is a great day with our Brethren in every part of the world†, and I ought to have been at Bedford, on a visit to my niece Harriet and her husband, who has fallen into one of our rich Moravian livings of fifty pounds a-year!" This visit he paid towards the end of the year; when, although he did not get, as he would gladly have done, to Elstow, Bunyan's birth-place, he was led to several other spots identified with the history of the "glorious dreamer:"

* This interview took place in 1798, as in that year Niebuhr passed through Sheffield on his way to Edinburgh. — *Life and Letters of B. G. Niebuhr*, vol. i. p. 123.

† Aug. 13. 1727. "Particular visitation of grace in the congregation at *Herrnhut*, at the Holy Communion in the church at *Bethelsdorf*." — *Moravian Text Book.*

and he was especially gratified with a sight of an old folio copy of Fox's Martyrology *, which contained numerous quaint rhymes in the rude but curious autograph of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

In August he went to Liverpool, and there delivered his six lectures on the British poets: he would occupy private lodgings, though there were at least three persons who were anxious to have had him as a guest, viz., Dr. Raffles, Sir Arnold Knight, and the lady to whom the following letter was addressed:—

James Montgomery to Mrs. Byrom.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Aug. 12. 1844.

"My dear Friend,

"I am most sincerely thankful for your kind offer of hospitality to me during my intended visit to Liverpool, and had the way been clear, I should have rejoiced to avail myself of it. But without referring to the fact, that your numerous and happy household might have been inconvenienced by the addition of such a guest (for three weeks!), I must simply say, that I have already declined an invitation cordially given to me by my friend and late neighbour Sir Arnold Knight, a physician who has removed to Liverpool, and resides in Abercrombie Square. After that it would seem a very ungrateful slight to him, if I were to take up my quarters elsewhere than, as I informed him I intended to do, in private lodgings, if I can get comfortable ones in Liverpool.

"It is, indeed, twenty years at least since I had the privilege and the blessing to be a guest of yours, twice in Bold Street, and since in Wesley Place †; seasons which I re-

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* Particularly described in Southey's Memoir of Bunyan.

† His worthy hostess at that time introduced to him, by letter, the name and merits of her young friend Miss Mary Ann Browne,

member with much gratitude for kindnesses which I can repay with nothing more than the acknowledgment of my deep and abiding sense of them,—and I may add, my fervent prayers, that you, and every member of your family, may be rewarded a thousand-fold in this life, and (not as a reward, but as of free grace from the Giver of all Good) with life everlasting in the world to come, where all the redeemed will be gathered as one family, in their Father's house, and be *neither guests, nor entertainers of strangers, but altogether at home, and ever with the Lord.* I shall be happy, if I reach Liverpool, and all goes well, to renew my acquaintance, and repeat with my lips the expression of that thankfulness which warms my heart whenever I call to mind the days of former years, when we occasionally met and parted, and were glad to meet again as the opportunity recurred. To your dear daughter (Mrs. Franceys, herself a little one when I first saw her,—now, like the pretty flower found at Matlock, which is called '*the mother of a thousand*'*) pray give my kindest remembrance; and, though her progeny are not yet *so* numerous, may the Lord make them more precious than all the flowers that have bloomed on earth since Paradise was lost here, and may they all be plants in that Paradise which never can be lost!

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a poetess whose precocious blossoms in verse, unfolded before she was fourteen years of age, had recently been collected and printed in a volume; and who herself invoked, not unsuccessfully, the notice of the poet, in a set of complimentary rhymes which closed with a simile, striking at least for its originality: "as when," says she, within "the Capitol" of ancient Rome,

> "The lightning's sacred flame was seen to fall,
> And wheresoever it left its burning trace,
> That, that was ever held a hallowed place;—
> So, o'er the chords of thine immortal lyre,
> Hath fallen from heaven a better, purer fire,
> And all with reverence think and look on thee,
> Thus blest, thus sanctified."

* *Linaria Cymbalaria.*

With respectful regards to Mr. Byrom, I am truly your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mrs. Byrom, Wesley Place, Liverpool."

"The lectures," says the poet in a letter to Miss Gales, "have gone off better than either my fears or my hopes would allow me to expect, labouring, as I have done, under discouragements for which there was little occasion. The room is indeed an enormous one, capable of holding three thousand persons; and how is it possible that I should fill it either with my voice or with an audience to hearken to my voice. However, I am told my audience has been 'numerous and respectable,' as all *middling* audiences are, according to the newspaper reporters of public meetings. The newspapers here have been courteous, and generous I may say, in their notices. I am informed by the Secretary of the Institution, that from 700 to 800 ladies and gentlemen have honoured me with *their* presence to see *mine*, for it required all their ears to hear me, though the blindest might see me with half an eye, so conspicuously do I stand between two splendid gas-lamps. I have just returned from a call on Sir Arnold Knight, who has wrung from me a promise to return and dine with his family, when I shall meet Lady Knight, and most of the young ones, whom I have not yet seen. . . . Mr. Holland was very good to send me the ticket for the Cutlers' feast; and, what was better, some of his picturesque writing."

Many authors have regarded the reading of "proofs," even of their own works, as an irksome, if not a repulsive, duty: not so Montgomery, who, as we have already stated, rather enjoyed the exercise of that branch of his old craft which had made him a dexterous "corrector of the press:" hence his friends were always glad, and always found it easy, to obtain his revision of matter in type, whatever the subject, before the sheets were printed off. The following letter refers to a case of

this kind, and in which Mr. Holland had undertaken, with a charitable object, the compilation of a volume of brief notices of "The Poets of Yorkshire."

James Montgomery to John Holland.

"Liverpool, Sept. 2. 1844.

"My dear Friend,

"I have just returned to my den from a long forenoon ramble of sight-seeing, and find your *proof*, which I sat down and ran over as hastily and as carefully as I could, that I might return it by the post this evening. You do but justice to what I said, that I never sleep to your literary offspring while they are in the egg. On Saturday night I had made two memoranda of Yorkshire poets for you — De Brunne [editor of Langtoft's 'Chronicle'] and the Hampole Minstrel [Richard Rolle], — but, as I find them hatched already, I need not refer you to slight notices of them in Campbell's Introduction to his 'Specimens of English Poets:' in that work, however, you will find a favourable (and decent) quotation from John Hall Stevenson, which may serve your purpose, and will be more come-at-able than the 'Ass's Judgment between the Singing of the Nightingale and the Cuckoo.' By the by, this, or something like it, may have been the origin of the ass's long ears; the false judgment of Mid-*as* (for what an *ass* he must have been!), when he decided so absurdly between the singing of Apollo and — I dare say you know who [Pan], but I forget — for which the god of song pulled his ears to the hypercritical length! This scrawl is nonsense; I can make nothing else of it: but even that is a warrant of its being genuine. Work a miracle, and make sense of it — if you can.

"I am truly your friend,

"J. Montgomery.

"Mr. John Holland, Sheffield."

Popular feeling was about this time excited by the power which an Act of Parliament gave to the Secretary

of State to open letters which he believed to be of a treasonable nature; nor did Montgomery deny that conceivable exigencies might justify such a course; but in a note to Mr. Samuel Roberts he says:—

"I forgot to send the enclosed yesterday by *Lilly;* I therefore put it into the post-office, hoping it will escape Sir James Graham's scrutiny, not knowing what covert treason he might discover in it, as veritably as the astronomer discovered an inhabitant of the moon, which happened to be an inhabitant of his telescope only. This is nonsense; but never mind it, for it is nothing worse, and that, in a matter of treason, is no great harm, I trow."

James Montgomery to the Rev. Dr. Raffles.

"Sheffield, Sept. 10. 1844.

"My dear Friend,

"Pray permit me still to call you so, though during my late sojourn in Liverpool, by the help of bad management, I failed, time after time, in my purposes to make you a personal visit, and spend an hour with you, in living over again the days and weeks of former years, when, as your guest, I had the privilege to enjoy, in company with our late friend George Bennet, some of the pleasantest, and not the least profitable hours of Christian society that I ever remember in the house of my pilgrimage, witnessing and sharing the happiness of your home of love and friendship. Twice I adventured through the sea of Liverpool—for to me the town with its high-ways and bye-ways was as pathless and bewildering as the great deep itself—towards your chapel; and by inquiring at every corner or open door, I reached the spot in safety. On the first occasion you were absent, but your pulpit was well occupied by good Dr. Urwick, of Dublin, (as I understood); and an excellent discourse he delivered. I was both awed and affected by the *largeness* of the place, and the *multitude* of the congregation;

but yet more deeply touched on the following Sabbath evening to find that the congregation was no more diminished than the place, when you, as the ordinary preacher, were on duty. I confess that, though the thought was overpowering, I rejoiced to find that such a burthen of the Lord had been laid upon you, and that He had given, and continued to give to you, bodily strength and mental resources, but above all, His heavenly grace, and His Holy Spirit, to bear up under such 'a weight of glory' as that 'burthen' must be,—standing between Him and so many souls, as the one who must give account. This, I do trust, you will be enabled to render, when the thousands to whom you have ministered shall rise up to call you blessed, and be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ . . . I close this letter with assuring you that, with sincere gratitude for many kindnesses at your hands in years gone by, and with confirmed esteem and respect, I am your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Rev. Dr. Raffles, Liverpool."

While on his missionary tour in Ireland in 1843, the poet met at Grace-Hill a Moravian minister of the name of Zula, a native of Greece, who, after having been engaged and wounded in battle with his countrymen, became a true Christian convert, and joined the Brethren's church. He was a handsome, intelligent man; and his zeal, as a professor and a minister of religion, was as ardent as his heroism while a soldier had been conspicuous. He died suddenly of fever, in Dublin; and was buried at Kilwarden on the 8th of October this year.* On hearing of his death, Montgomery began a poetical tribute to his memory, of which, however, we have only the following fragment:—

* For an account of this remarkable individual, see "Dublin Warder" of Oct. 19. 1844.

"A warrior from his youth, he rose
The avenger of his country's woes;
A Greek, a chieftain, he was one
Who might have fought at Marathon;
Swept Persian navies from the seas,
And triumphed with Themistocles,
Or at Thermopylæ have lain,
First at the onset, yet last slain.
—With carnal weapons thus he fought,
And deeds of patriot prowess wrought,
Preferring liberty and Greece
To thraldom with the name of Peace,
Perils and hardships, toils and pains
To the slave's safety in his chains,
The moment of a glorious death
To years of ignominious breath.
O'er vale and mountain, field and flood,
He clave his way, he spent his blood,
And won the meed of trophied scars,
From lightning stroke of scimitars,
Nor knew to tremble or retreat,
Till the mine sprang before his feet,
Ramparts from their foundations rent,
And filled with wrecks the firmament,
Whence dead and dying, strange to tell,
A storm of carnage round him fell."
* * * * *

In Hunter's "Hallamshire" we are told "There have been few instances of extraordinary longevity at Sheffield. The most remarkable is that of William Congreve, who is stated on his grave-stone, in the parish churchyard, to have been 111 years 8 months old at the time of his death in 1754." January 23, Montgomery and Mr. Holland met a party of friends at the house of a descendant of the old man in the fourth degree. In the course of the evening Mr. Congreve mentioned that he had just had the inscription on the

grave-stone of his ancestor above-named recut. This led Mr. Holland to refer to Hunter's doubt of the great age ascribed to the deceased; he regarded as certainly fabulous the accounts of an incredible number of days attributed to Parr and Jenkins: and besides this, he stated that Mr. Wilson, a local antiquary, who took some pains to investigate the case of Congreve, could not find that it rested on anything but the vague reports of the people at Bolsover, where he was born. On the other hand, the longevity of the Sheffield patriarch was contended for, on what was deemed sufficiently credible testimony, by Mr. Congreve, who stated that his great-grandfather, a son of the foregoing, lived to the age of 108 years 11 months; that both these ancient men were reputable schoolmasters, classical scholars, and of superior intelligence in every respect, and not therefore very likely to be mistaken as to their ages; "and that," said he, pointing to a fine portrait on the wall, "is a likeness of him, at the age of 101." Montgomery, who had been a good deal amused with the discussion, was anxious to examine the picture closely; it was therefore taken down, the bard expressing his admiration of the venerable looking old schoolmaster, and not the less so, as there was good reason to suppose the painting was by "Wright of Derby." On being asked at what age his grandfather died, Mr. Congreve replied that he was *only* a little turned 90; and his own father much younger. "Aye," said Montgomery, "when they had lived beyond 110, it was high time to begin to go back again." * Two Wesleyan

* Montgomery was particularly entertained with an anecdote which Mr. Congreve related, of his ancestor, an orthodox Non-conformist of the old school: — when more than one hundred years of age, he continued to attend the "Upper Chapel," in Sheffield, and for the convenience of hearing, was allowed to

preachers being present, the conversation turned on what is termed "giving out" hymns in the pulpit,—that is, reading every two lines previous to singing them. Mr. Holland thought that it would be advantageous to abandon the practice in chapels, where not only almost every individual had a hymn book, and could read it, perhaps as well as the minister; but where there was an organ too. The Rev. Mr. Haswell admitted that one ground for the original adoption of the practice, the rarity of books, had ceased to exist; and moreover, that the singing, especially where there was an organ, was somewhat injured by the breaks in the tune; but then, he contended, that much was still gained by the degree in which the attention of the audience is kept up, or intelligibly recalled to the subject, by the practice in question. Montgomery was, on the whole, of the same opinion. "It is," said he, "the old Methodist practice, and has long worked well: whether there would be sufficient reason for adopting such a practice now, for the first time, is another thing; but it certainly secures to the preacher a command over the service which I should advise Mr. Haswell and his friends not to give up." As to the breaking up the tune and verses of a given hymn, they had, he proceeded, "at one time a practice among the Moravians that went much further: the minister, sitting in the meeting, first read a verse, and then struck up a tune, which was immediately caught by the organist and choir, and sung by the audience; another,

stand at the top of the pulpit stairs. At the period in question, the minister was beginning to broach some of those Unitarian notions which finally prevailed in the chapel: on one of these occasions, old Congreve was so excited by what he heard that, forgetful alike of the presence of others and his own feebleness, he laid hold of the preacher's collar, exclaiming, "Come down with thee, thou preachest false doctrines!"

and another portion of hymns, in different metres, and the notes often pitched in as various keys, were, in like manner, given out, and sung." He had often, when a boy at Fulneck school, lain in bed and listened, with inexpressible delight, to this social singing.

In October appeared "A Memorial of the Rev. J. B. Holmes, late Bishop of the Church of the United Brethren." To this volume was prefixed an "Introduction" of an hundred pages, from the pen of Montgomery, whose name, however, in consequence of some oversight, was omitted altogether. On presenting a copy of the work to Mr. Holland, who immediately noticed the omission, the poet remarked, that he could only account for it from the circumstance of his having neglected formally to write it upon the proof-sheet, while passing through his hands. He regretted the accident, he said, because the appearance of his name would, doubtless, have led certain classes of persons to read the book; and thus have made them, in some degree at least, better acquainted with the early history of the Brethren's church. The "Introduction" itself contains, perhaps, fewer passages strikingly indicative of Montgomery's style than almost any other of his compositions of a similar character: but it is, however, not the less valuable on that account, for there is reason to believe it is exactly what he intended it to be, — a plain and affecting abstract of a very little known, and less considered, chapter of the "Book of Martyrs," written, as it originally was, in the mingled blood and tears of that ancient church, the line of whose bishops had descended unbroken, amidst the desolation of fire and sword, to him whose simple autobiography and literary remains form the substance of the volume in question. In reply to a remark, that the writer of the "Introduction" had forborne to say

anything about the doctrines or discipline of the "Brethren's Unity," as distinguished from other Christian churches, Montgomery replied, that he had once intended to have done something of the sort; but that the length of the narrative connected with the persecutions, testimony, and resuscitation of the Moravians as a people, which were comparatively so little known, on the one hand, and his own involuntary faintness in the task on the other hand, prevented him from doing more. In a note accompanying a present of the book to his old friend Mr. Roberts, one of the most liberal * supporters of the Brethren's missions, he says: "The memoir of our Brother Holmes may be found too minute to be generally interesting; but read only what you like; I do not set you a task, but offer you the opportunity of seeing Christian patience and labours in a new form."

* So liberal, indeed, that in the first instance Montgomery hesitated to accept the money (100*l.* we believe), till the donor had reconsidered the grounds on which he proposed "to consecrate so large a sum to so worthy a purpose."

CHAP. XCIII.

1845.

INDICATIONS OF AGE. — LORD ELDON'S OPINION ON SLAVERY. — LETTERS AND AUTOGRAPHS. — THE "SHEFFIELD CLUB."—POETICAL PUFFS.—WHIT-MONDAY.— ETHNOLOGY.—THE FAIR.—ILLINGWORTH'S "VOICE FROM THE SANCTUARY." — MONTGOMERY'S OPINION OF THE WORK.—AMERICAN THEOLOGIANS. — SWISS VISITOR AT THE MOUNT.— GIFT OF A SILVER INKSTAND.— THE BURYING BEETLE.—INTERVIEW WITH BRYANT THE AMERICAN POET. — CONVERSATION.— THE MAPLE IN AUTUMN. — VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD. — BASALT COLUMNS. — POCAHONTAS.—PYBUS.—LETTER TO REV. P. LATROBE.

MONTGOMERY entered upon the new year in feeble health, and with rather more than his usual depression of spirits; the latter, perhaps, a consequence of his being involuntarily made a party in some process of litigation between the claimants to ownership of a tilt and grinding-mill, on the river Don, upon which he had, as already mentioned, a considerable mortgage. Although his memory was, on the whole, remarkably tenacious, as it had ever been, he appeared rather more liable to forgetfulness on recent and indifferent subjects.

January 11. *Holland:* "This is the second volume of the 'Life of Lord Eldon.' Do you recollect the passage relative to his opposition to the abolition of the Slave Trade in 1807?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; though not perfectly — read it." The passage, pp. 21—22.

vol. ii. ed. 1844, was read. *Holland:* "I think Mr. Twiss has hardly dealt satisfactorily with the subject. I can understand, and believe that the Lord Chancellor might entertain a persuasion that the cause of justice and humanity would gain nothing by the abolition, as then proposed; but I cannot admit, with his biographer, that 'the results have but too amply fulfilled his forebodings;' much less am I prepared to concede that 'for want of the requisite concurrence on the part of foreign states, the total suffering endured by the African race, instead of having been diminished, has been frightfully augmented.' To say nothing of the historical insubstantiality of the alleged fact, it must be obvious, that if Great Britain had not abolished the Slave Trade until the co-operative consent of all other parties interested had been secured, it would have been existing at this day." *Montgomery:* "Aye, that it would: as to Lord Eldon, his mind had been so long and so deeply conversant with questions of property, in the legal and abstract view of them, that it was not easy for him to regard in any other light the claims of those persons who had so long held human beings to be property—mere 'chattels real.'" *Holland:* "As to the incidental evils which, after all, exist — however much to be deplored — they are no more to be charged upon the abolition of the Slave Trade, than the recent iniquitous proceedings at Tahiti are to be laid to the account of missionary success." *Montgomery:* "Certainly not; nor than the *Inquisition* itself is to be attributed to Christianity, because it has been established by its professors."

Something was said about poetical and other favours being written for, and transmitted to, parties who failed to acknowledge them. *Montgomery:* "Of the numerous persons who persecute me in this way, including

especially those who solicit autographs, not two in ten afterwards give themselves the trouble to thank me: on the other hand, I know not that I ever in my life troubled any person with a letter, asking for information, however trifling, on receiving which I did not immediately write and thank the sender of it. By the way, I have just received, in a singular manner, a large collection of my own early letters, addressed to a friend, between the years 1794 and 1827." *Holland:* "Oh, how I wish they had fallen into my hands; or that they could be transferred to my custody!" *Montgomery:* "On reading them over at this distance of time, I am surprised how little they contain that is objectionable of a political nature; but there are in the earlier ones some casual improprieties of expression, which I should not like even *you* to see." *Holland:* "I think I am already too intimately acquainted with your earlier history in that respect, to meet with anything likely either to surprise or shock me: I am sure I should find nothing that would affect my present convictions." *

In the spring of this year, one of the Sheffield newspapers † contained the following paragraph:—

"We are glad to learn that our talented and respected townsman, James Montgomery, Esq., was, at a special general meeting of the Sheffield Club, held last week, unanimously elected an honorary member; and that he has in the handsomest manner acknowledged the compliment thus paid him."

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* Letters addressed to Joseph Aston, of Manchester. Montgomery afterwards gave them to Mr. Holland, Vol. IV. p. 196.

† "Sheffield Mercury," April 25. 1845.

This "Sheffield Club" was formed somewhat on the principle of those established in London; and comprised the conveniences of a news-room, dining-house, place of meeting, appointment, or reference, and of temporary accommodation for reading or writing letters by those persons who happened not to have either their residences or places of business in the town. It was chiefly on the latter account, that the members contemplated the convenience of the poet, — who was, however, in the most emphatic sense of Dr. Johnson's well-known phrase, "an unclubbable man," and therefore but rarely, if ever, availed himself of this otherwise convenient "house of call."

April 28. Seeing Montgomery in the town without a great coat, Mr. Holland alluded to the circumstance, in connection with the fineness of the weather: the reply was, that he had abandoned it the day before; that throughout life he had always felt an objection to anyone helping him to put it on until lately, when he had been compelled to accept the assistance of either Miss Gales or the servant; one of many evidences of increasing infirmity. On being recommended to get a light over-coat made with wide sleeves, he jocularly answered, he "could not afford it." Tailoring being mentioned, Mr. Holland said he had been applied to, recently, to write a poetical puff for a dashing slop-shop, — "price no object." Montgomery remarked, that he had once received a similar application himself, from a celebrated blacking-maker, who offered him ten guineas for a few lines!

On the afternoon of Whit Monday Montgomery presided, as usual, at the meeting of the teachers of the Sheffield Sunday School Union; and on the following evening at a public meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary

Society. On both occasions it was remarked that the few words with which he prefaced the proceedings were nearly the same as those he had used the previous year. He indeed confessed, on the platform, that his days for speech-making were over; and at the same time mentioned, with considerable feeling, the receipt of a ten pound note from some anonymous "Friend to the Moravian Missions;" adding, that he had appropriated, as he was allowed to do by the donor, the money to the mission at Tobago, originally commenced by his devoted parents.

Taking up a number * of Jameson's "Philosophical Journal," he read aloud the title of one of the articles, Dr. King on the "Intellectual Character of the Esquimaux," adding, "Does the writer know anything about the operations of the Moravian missionaries among the Esquimaux? if not, he must be but partially and imperfectly acquainted with their character." *Holland:* "It is remarkable that although the object of the author of this paper is to present and support a favourable view of the moral and intellectual condition of the Esquimaux, not one word is said about their susceptibility of religious improvement." The case of a young Swede being mentioned, who on making a profession of religion soon afterwards became the first pious teacher of a Sunday school in Stockholm, then a preacher in the villages around that city, and lastly, after habituating himself to preparatory privations and hardships, became, and was at that time labouring as a missionary among the Laplanders,—Montgomery replied: "Nothing but the love of Christ could have produced in that individual such a course of Christian con-

* Edin. New Phil. Journ. vol. xxxviii. p. 306.

duct, such an exemplary spontaneous sacrifice of comfort, health, and home." Two equally good men, but of very different temperaments, having had a few words of difference in public, Montgomery compared the contention to that which arose between Paul and Barnabas; adding, "I dare say they were both to blame; but I know whose opposition I would prefer to have encountered. Mr. —— is very quiet in his manner, but his words strike you like cannon balls; there's no turning them aside: Mr. ——, on the other hand, is quick and voluble, but his words, excellent as they are, often make no more impression than a shower of rain on a goose's back!"

May 24. The poet somewhat surprised Mr. Holland by saying he had been at *the Fair;* and also, that he had inquired his way thither,—in a town where he had resided more than half a century! * It appeared that having gone to the post-office, which he found closed for half an hour, he walked along a street or two, in the direction of the spot where the fair was formerly held: finding that the locality was changed, he inquired of some one whither the shows were gone. On receiving an answer, he walked forward to the scene, and just skirted the crowd in front of the booths. "There were," said he, "nothing but mountebanks—no collection of wild beasts, no curious work of human ingenuity; it was a display of almost every abomination which the depraved actors dare exhibit outwardly to such a crowd. I never was more disgusted with anything in my life." *Holland:* "Have you received any account of the death of John Edwards, of Derby, author of the 'Tour of the

* The fair had, however, only been held in the place referred to, for a few years.

Dove?'" *Montgomery:* "Yes, he was a worthy man, and very fond of poetry; an early and ardent admirer of Wordsworth. I always saw him on my visits to Ockbrook. You know he was one of *your* poets of Yorkshire*, and it is remarkable that to the end of his life he retained something of the broad dialect of that county, as in my school days it was spoken about his birthplace, in the vicinity of Leeds." *Holland:* "I have just received a copy of Mr. Illingworth's admirable collection of American Missionary Discourses †, and have read with pleasure your 'Introduction' to them." *Montgomery:* "You got me to touch the subject with my finger, and thus my whole body was drawn into it. What I wrote was merely a long letter; but they have thrown it into the form of an essay, and even printed my name conspicuously in the title page of the book. I am not sorry, however, to find myself in such company; for in no walk of literature, as I said to Mr. Illingworth, have our trans-Atlantic kindred so worthily rivalled, and so nearly equalled, the writers of the parent country, as in works of divinity; I mean, of course, those of a popular and practical character."‡ *Holland:* "You have given no opinion of the 'Discourses' severally or collectively, beyond a general testimony to their value as missionary tracts." *Montgomery:* "No: nor did I wish to do so; they are all of them good, in one way or other; but criticism was no part of my purpose." The "Introduction" to these excellent Missionary

* *Vide* p. 222. *antè.*

† "A Voice from the Sanctuary on the Missionary Enterprise."

‡ Southey appears to have entertained a similar opinion. Writing to his friend Mr. Ticknor, the Laureate says:—"You have sent me a good specimen of American divinity; I very much doubt whether we have any contemporary sermons as good as Buckminster's."—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. v. p. 89.

Discourses contains a somewhat striking passage in reference to certain religionists, who say, "that the world never will, never *can* be evangelised by the preaching of Jesus Christ and him crucified; but that by a triumphant Saviour appearing in glory and majesty, the fulness of the Gentiles shall be brought in, and all Israel be saved." After urging the incongruity of this hypothesis with Old and New Testament language, as plainly interpreted, and the evidence of facts derived from success at various mission stations, Montgomery says: "It cannot be altogether right for such persons [as profess to be expecting, looking, and praying for the second coming of Christ in his kingdom,] who are waiting in their character of saints to welcome the millennial reign of the Redeemer on earth, to be neglecting the only means through which we are warranted by Scripture testimony to hope that all the Heathen, Mohammedans, and Jews, shall be converted from the evil and the error of their ways." It may be mentioned, that while in several of these American Discourses quotations occur from the works of Montgomery, there is hardly one of them in which the preacher does not bear grateful testimony to the early enterprise and signal success of the Moravian missionaries.

May 30. Mr. Holland took tea at the Mount with a small party, including a "Wanderer of Switzerland," in the person of a lively and intelligent young lady from Lausanne, who almost startled the poet by the joyous exuberance of her animal spirits, especially when she took her seat beside him, and assured him how glad she should be to welcome him to her home and her friends in the land of Tell; and at the same time described the ease with which he would get thither! He listened, and shook his head at the proposition; remarking that however he might once have indulged the notion of a con-

tinental tour as at least possible, the time was long since past for even thinking of such an adventure. He mentioned a pleasing incident which had occurred in the course of the week: a strange gentleman and lady, seemingly Quakers, drove up to the Mount in a gig, and having introduced themselves, the former stated that the latter was the widow of his brother, who had several years before solicited the opinion of Montgomery relative to the expediency of publishing a volume of juvenile poems. The advice *not* to publish was candidly but tenderly given, and wisely taken; the votary of the muses thenceforward turning zealously to the drier, but more lucrative profession of the law, he was in due time called to the bar. Previous to his death, he often said that he owed a debt of obligation to Montgomery, for his judicious counsel, and expressed a wish to make some acknowledgment of it; finally directing that after his interment a handsome silver inkstand should be purchased, and presented by his widow to the poet. To execute this graceful commission was the object of the strangers, for such they were: nor could our friend at all recollect either the manuscript referred to, or the name of the posthumous donor of the plate. The inkstand, which thus singularly and unexpectedly supplied the place of the more valuable one stolen some years before, bore no inscription beyond "T. E. to J. M." *

June 21. *Montgomery:* "Miss Gales and I, as well as several other persons, have been interested these last few days in watching the operations of the 'burying beetle,' in Mr. Brookfield's ground, where a single pair

* The gentleman whose grateful and appropriate gift is here noticed was, we believe, the late Thomas Eaton, Esq., of the Middle Temple, of Chancery Lane, London, and Upton, Essex, who died at Hastings, Dec. 10. 1843.

of these little creatures have, in a very short time, interred two frogs and a bird. What a wonderful instinct God has implanted in this insect scavenger! I never saw or heard of it before. Do you know anything about it?" *Holland:* "It is the *Necrophorus Vespilio* of Latreille. Kirby and Spence, in their delightful work*, mention that characteristic peculiarity of its economy from which the insect is named; and an earlier popular author, Bingley†, has a still more detailed description of it." *Montgomery:* "I think I can give you a still older but seemingly overlooked reference:—

'Who killed Cock Robin? &c.,
And who shall make his shroud?
I, said the *beetle*,
With my thread and needle,
I will make his shroud!'

And this was doubtless the *burying beetle*, or *beadle*, as the word is commonly pronounced by country people." The funny gravity with which the poet quoted these well-known nursery rhymes, as illustrative of the funeral labours of the *necrophori*, adding, "Now don't forget this, should you ever think of publishing an edition of 'Cock Robin, with *variorum* notes,'" was an amusing instance of the pleasantry in which he sometimes indulged with intimate friends.

William Cullen Bryant, the American poet, having passed through Sheffield, in order to call upon a countryman of his, John Hicks, Esq., then on a visit to his relatives, the brothers Sanderson, the celebrated steel manufacturers, one of the latter asked Mr. Holland to introduce the strangers to Montgomery. For this purpose the party delayed their departure from Sheffield

* Vol. i. p. 238. † Animal Biography, vol. iii. p. 211—215.

half a day; and on the morning of the 5th of June, as beautiful a morning as almost ever shone either on Europe or America, the trans-Atlantic traveller poet had the gratification of a brief but very pleasant interview with one whose name, he said, he had long honoured, and of the admiration of whose works he had given sufficient evidence, by committing to memory, when young, the whole of the "Wanderer of Switzerland." The meeting was without affectation on either side; but with a pleasing cordiality which showed that Montgomery not less sincerely recognised the brotherhood of genius in its American representative, than Bryant cordially offered the right hand of fellowship in his country's name, as well as his own. Mr. Bryant was, in appearance, between fifty and sixty years of age; about five feet ten inches in height; somewhat slightly built, upright, and firm in his gait; his whole frame giving that idea of sinewy elasticity, that parsimony of muscular substance, which seems so generally to characterise the natives of the United States. There was, however, a quietness and unaffectedness of manner about the American poet which evidently made Montgomery feel at home with him in an instant. The conversation was, of course, very general. *Montgomery:* "I think you will be pleased with this country, and probably with this neighbourhood, even after having so recently visited Italy." *Bryant:* "I am, in some respects, *more* pleased with England: the celebrated valley of the Arno, for instance, is so parched in summer, that it is not comparable, at that season, with the delicious freshness of some portions of the Derbyshire valley of the Derwent, which we have just seen: the views in the neighbourhood of Hathersage are also exceedingly fine, especially from one elevated point." *Montgomery:* "Millstone Edge, as it is called. As you have just

been in London, you would find all the world there at this season." *Bryant:* "All the world, *besides* those who were there about railway business; for people almost appeared to be talking and thinking about nothing else."

Montgomery: "But your countrymen are nearly as busy with railways as our own; and you are now making your own iron for them: so that, with steamers on their bosoms and mills and forges on their banks, the American rivers are becoming, in this respect, very like those of the old country, where the water has so long had to work for its living." Washington Irving was mentioned*: Montgomery had never seen him, though he had visited a relative at Sheffield,—Mr. Vanwart. On its being remarked that this was a New York name, Mr. Bryant said it was an old surname in the States; Isaac Vanwart having been one of the captors of Major André in 1780.

Holland: "Much as I have been interested with the historical works of Washington Irving, I was perhaps, on the whole, in common with other persons, most de-

* In 1832, Mr. Irving introduced the poems of Bryant to the English reader in a volume dedicated to Samuel Rogers, in which he thus characterises the productions of the American poet: —

"The descriptive writings of Mr. Bryant are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the primæval forest, to the shores of the lovely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes. His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and common-place, while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart."

lighted with the author when I first read his 'Sketch Book;' and especially with his stories illustrative of old English manners." *Montgomery:* "I admire much more those in which he has embodied the traditions, and described the scenery, of his own country, as in the story of 'Rip Van Winkle' and the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow:' in some of the others he has, at the best, only done well what Addison and others had done better in the 'Spectator.' I am anxious to see your poets give to their works an impression of native originality, more of an interest derived from the peculiar character of their country, and imitate less those of our own*: I have, on this account, been very much pleased with Longfellow's poetry." In reply to a remark by Mr. Holland, relative to the frequent allusions which are made by American poets to the peculiar *redness* of their forests in autumn, Mr. Bryant said that the rich crimson colour of the leaves of the maple at that season was extremely striking† even to a person

* The celebrated American Judge Story, entertained a similar opinion: "I am tired," says he in a letter to a friend, "as well as yourself, of the endless imitations, by American poets, of the forms and figures and topics of British poetry; it is time we had something of our own." — *Life of Story*, ii. 366.

† "'Twas early summer when Maquou's bride
Was stolen from his door;
But at length the *maples* in *crimson* are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin side,
And she smiles at his hearth no more."
An Indian Story, BRYANT.

"Beneath yon *crimson* tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame."
Autumn Woods, BRYANT.

The American maple is the emblem of nationality in Canada,

familiar with the sight, and much more so to a stranger. Montgomery said he had never seen the autumnal tints on the trees richer than about Stoke Hall, in Derbyshire. *Holland*, pointing to the prospect, as seen from the windows: "Around the Mount you perceive, Mr. Bryant, that the landscape is very plentifully scattered over with fine trees; you also get a glimpse of some rich masses of wood scenery, and you will have seen plenty of others, in your progress through the country, to remind you of your own incomparable Western forests." *Bryant:* "I have not only found more large trees scattered over England generally, than I had anticipated, but much more and finer old woodland scenery of a striking character." *Holland:* "In our own country there are few situations more deeply impressive than the walks amidst these sylvan shades; how much more so, then, in the primeval forests of America, where

> '—— those lofty trees
> Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
> Moulder beneath them!'"

Montgomery: "None of those ancient trees have recorded their own history; or what might they not have told us of the origin of those 'ruined cities' over whose remains we muse with so much astonishment in the pages of Mr. Stephens!" On Montgomery jocularly remarking, "You pirate our books so in your country,

as is the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, and the thistle of Scotland. In a sweet little American book entitled "Rural Hours," by Miss Cooper, the fair writer endeavours to show that the colours have deepened, and the tone softened, in poetical descriptions of autumn even by European poets, since they became familiar with the glowing hues of the forest scenery in the "fall season" of the New World (ii. 70.).

sometimes reprinting a whole volume in a newspaper," Mr. Bryant replied, "and you certainly return the compliment: I say nothing of Longfellow's poems, which you have named; but my own have all been reprinted here, without either consultation or concurrence on my part: and I was surprised, when in London the other day, to have put into my hand a metropolitan impression of a few pieces which I published only just before I left home to complete a volume. The English printer seems to have thought them equally desirable to perfect his surreptitious edition." Montgomery had just received from some of the Moravian missionaries a small model of a kayack, made by an Esquimaux artist, of the same materials, and furnished, in miniature, with all the accoutrements of that which he himself navigated. Of the kayack, that bubble of a boat*, Montgomery has, it will be recollected, given a description in the concluding note on his "Greenland:" and it was hardly possible, while he pointed out to his visitors the neat slope and special adaptation of the "dexterous paddle," not to recall the motto in the title-page of the above-named poem, in allusion to the author's life-long tugging at the literary oar: —

> "*Oft var ek dasa, dur ek dro thik.*
> Oft was I weary when I drew thee."

After a pleasant interview of about half an hour, the poets shook hands and parted, Mr. Bryant remarking, after leaving the house, that the Mount was by no

* Montgomery afterwards presented it to the Museum of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society. There is an original full-sized canoe of this description in the Trinity House at Hull, which has been there since 1613, in which year it was picked up at sea along with its daring occupant, by the captain of a Greenland whaler.

means an unenviable residence for a poet: adding that he should long recall with pleasure the beauty of the suburban villas on the west of Sheffield, and especially the gratifying nature of his brief interview with the remarkable author of "The World before the Flood."

June 11. Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland to walk with him to tea at the Mount. It was a warm, sunny afternoon, such as the poet enjoyed; and there was, as usual, a striking difference between the querulous tone of his conversation at the outset and its liveliness at the end of the walk. He recalled, with evident pleasure, some particulars of his nutting exploits at Fulneck, remarking that the lads there called the "brown shellers" by a term he had never elsewhere heard — "leemings." * The word itself appeared to transport him back to boyhood. He adverted to the fact that he and the late Ebenezer Rhodes went "a-nutting into Parker's Spring Wood" on the afternoon previous to that on which his friend took his seat, on the 1st of September, 1808, as "Master Cutler," probably to confer about the speech to be delivered by the "Master." Turning suddenly round, Montgomery said, "I have some good news for you. 'Tis not of another dividend from Parker and Shore's bankruptcy: I have been very much pleased with your verses on the death of poor Lily." † *Holland:* "I am certainly much obliged to you for so rare a compliment." *Montgomery:* "And, let me tell you, they have given very great pleasure to all the parties concerned, and especially to her father." He then adverted to a little memoir of the dear child above mentioned, which her grandfather had appended to the Report of the "Aged

* Or *leemers*, from *leem*, to leap out of the husk. — *Halliwell.*

† Daughter of Samuel Roberts, Esq., of Queen's Tower, Sheffield Park.

Female Society," making it the vehicle of a donation of one hundred pounds to that institution, "to be regarded as a bequest from his beloved grandchild."

James Montgomery to Samuel Roberts.

"The Mount, June 21. 1845.

"My dear Friend,

"Will you kindly accept the enclosed lines, the best I can offer, after all the most natural and beautiful ideas and sentiments connected with the subject have been happily anticipated by Mr. Holland, and not unworthily taken up by Mary Hutton. Deeply and affectionately sympathising with you and each respectively of your family, sufferers by the late bereavement, I can only add, that, though the delight of your eyes has been taken away with a stroke, the desire of your hearts, — their treasure, for so brief a time in possession,—is, I verily believe, where all your treasures ought to be—in heaven, and whither to the end may every one among your number seek it individually, and find it for ever; since *there* it cannot be lost, and there its true value can alone be known, as the purchase of the precious blood of Jesus Christ — the richest ransom which eternal love itself could pay.

"I am your obliged and affectionate friend,

"J. Montgomery.

"Samuel Roberts, Esq."

"*In Memory of E. C. R.* (*Lily*), *who died aged five years.*

"She was a spirit, sent
On earth a little while;
She came among us, peep'd, and went
Away like her own smile;
That smile, which oft, with childhood's grace,
Show'd us heaven's image in her face,
The mirror of a soul, from whence
Sin had not banish'd innocence.

"She was a jewel rare,
Precious beyond all price;
Not lost, as worldly treasures are,
But lodged in Paradise;
Where, at the rising of the just,
We pray, we hope, we humbly trust
To see her shine, a glorious gem
In the Redeemer's diadem.

"She was a love-knot, tied
By Heavenly Love's own hand,
To hold, what death could not divide,
In one united band,
The cords of many a gentle heart,
Which parting only seem'd to part,
For Lily cannot cease to be
Our love-knot in eternity.

"J. M.

"The Mount, June, 1845."

July 7th. Mr. Holland met Montgomery to tea at the house of his neighbour, Mr. Wostenholm, at the Mount. The day had been hot, the thermometer at 75° in the shade; yet the considerate hostess, for the special comfort of the poet, had a decent fire in the grate; and it was amusing to see how little he appeared to be sensible of undue warmth, while the ladies were sweltering and fanning themselves, at the same time evidently seeking and receiving from Mrs. Wostenholm some explanation of her motive for having such a fire in such a roomful of people in the dog-days. *Holland:* "Well, sir, how did you like Mr. Bryant?" *Montgomery:* "Oh, I liked him much better than I have liked many persons who have called *to look at me*. There was a quietness about him which pleased me. He is evidently a man of thought and observation. I have often been pleased with those productions of his

pen which have reference to his own country; but I think he has not only, like the rest of the poets, become a *prose-man*, but a *political* writer." *Holland:* "He is the editor of one of the most popular New York papers on the Liberal side: indeed I believe his sentiments are occasionally of a more liberal cast than some of his discreet friends are prepared to subscribe to; and they are not without hope that his visit to this country may tend to ameliorate his tone in this respect. I, who saw rather more of him than you did, was equally pleased with him in every way." Some one mentioned that the latest accounts represented Vesuvius to have been in a very active state of eruption. Montgomery said he had just been reading the account, which he repeated, some allusion likewise being made to the evidences of ancient volcanic action in this country. *Holland:* "A most preposterous theory, in some degree connected with this subject, has just been broached. Every person is aware that the basaltic columns of the far-famed 'Giant's Causeway,' and many similar formations, are demonstrably of igneous origin, and that, during the cooling of some recently erupted lavas, indications of this peculiar conchoidal form of fracture have been noticed. In one of this month's periodicals, however, a writer very gravely and formally propounds a truly novel hypothesis; namely, that these striking basaltæform phenomena are neither more nor less than gigantic bamboos in a state of petrifaction!" Montgomery smiled at this idea of the speculatist, adding, "You should slip Mr. 'Anti-Megatherium'* at him." *Holland:* "What is the subject of that picture, sir; it looks very like one of Catlin's Indian

* The signature of a writer in the *Times* newspaper, who was then attempting to throw ridicule on the common theory of the formation of the earth's crust, as expounded by every geologist.

sketches." *Wostenholm:* "It is the intercession of Pocahontas for the white man's life, and was painted by an American artist." *Montgomery:* "It belongs to one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the New World.* You know the story." *Holland:* "Yes; it forms the subject of the leading and perhaps the best poem in the collection of Mrs. Sigourney. She seems to describe the picture:—

"'The sentenced captive, see,—his brow how white!
Stretch'd on the turf his manly form lies low,
The war-club poises for its fatal blow,
The death-mist swims before his darken'd sight,—
Forth springs the child, in tearful pity bold,—
Her head on his declines,—her arms his neck enfold.
'The child!—What madness fires her? Hence! Depart!
Fly, daughter, fly! before the death-stroke rings;
Divide her, warriors, from that English heart.'—
In vain!—for with convulsive clasp she clings,—
She claims a pardon from her frowning sire;
Her pleading tones subdue his gathered ire,—
And so, uplifting high his feathery dart,
That doating father gave the child her will,
And bade the victim live, and be his servant still.'"

Mr. Holland having mentioned a person of the name of Pybus, Montgomery said:—"I have a sort of prejudice against names ending in *us* as un-English; and

* Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, king of the country where the founders of Virginia first chose their residence, was, at the period of the incident alluded to, a girl of ten or twelve years of age, and who, according to Captain Smith, not only for feature, countenance, and expression, much exceeded any of the rest of her people, "but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country." Her marriage, the first between a British subject and a native of the western world, was solemnised with Mr. Rolfe, in the church at Jamestown, April, 1613. She afterwards accompanied her husband to England, where she died in the early part of the year 1617, at the age of twenty-two.

yet the name you mention is associated with poetry. Charles Small Pybus, a Lord of the Treasury, published, about half a century ago, a guinea quarto volume of verse on the accession of the Emperor Paul to the throne of Russia.* I suppose the book is now worth threepence a pound for waste paper, like the "Iris" newspaper which contained some verses of mine on the same subject, composed to the tune of 'Crazy Jane.'"

On the 13th of June the Rev. P. Latrobe held a meeting in Sheffield in aid of the Moravian Missions, the result of which was in every way gratifying to Montgomery. The "clear amount of the Sheffield contributions was 83*l.* 18*s.*," exclusive of the liberal donation adverted to at the close of the following letter: —

James Montgomery to the Rev. P. Latrobe.

"The Mount, July 19. 1845.

"My dear Brother Latrobe,

"The box of precious stones and other treasures safely arrived, and its contents were apportioned as you desire. Mr. Holland is very grateful for the articles presented by you to the Museum. Miss Gales, in like manner, thanks you for the Esquimaux casket and the rest of the curiosities, which, though almost as unintelligible as their names in the language of 'the barbarous people' to an English ear or eye, are, nevertheless, such symbols of intelligence, skill, and ingenuity in the minds of the inventors and hands of the artificers, as raise them to no mean rank above all irrational creatures. We admire the works of the latter — the nests of

* "*The Sovereign, a Poem.*" 1800.

† The name of this poet was waggishly used as a rhyme in a Latin triplet, published by an ingenious cotemporary: —

"Poetis nos gaudemus tribus:
Si vis, amice, scire quibus —
Pye, Petro Pindar, Parvo Pybus."

birds, the combs of bees, &c.,—and wonder by what incomprehensible faculty they achieve them, since it seems certain that they know not what they do ; an infallible motive which we call *instinct*, causing them to produce everything alike, without improvement or failure from the original models, through a thousand generations, and (which is most marvellous) without design in the process, or discovering the *use* of what they have, without contrivance, put together, till *the necessity of using it* is felt, and *the way to use it* as unconsciously taught by the secret power that moves in them, as the impulse and ability to construct the convenience were imparted when the time came for them to breed and bring up families of their own species,—to do those very things which all families of the same kind had done from the beginning, and will continue to do to the end of the world. I have entangled myself in the mazes of a subject too high for me, and concerning which, as I dare not say I quite understand my own meaning, I fear I may have made the hypothesis utterly incomprehensible to you. I will only add,—to make, if possible, the 'darkness *visible*,'—I believe that no bird, in constructing its first nest, has any idea why it gathers straws, and moss, and hairs, and weaves them together, with consummate adaptation to a purpose of which it has no foreknowledge, and which it effects with as little free will as it conceives and lays an egg, sits upon and hatches the chicken, though, till its appearance, she no more expected such a birth than that a star would come out of the shell. But I must make my escape, if I can, from this addle egg, which my runaway imagination has dropped but cannot quicken, and take refuge in Labrador, just to say that *the construction* and *equipment* of a kayack, though perhaps for ages unvaried, and the same in Greenland as Labrador, was the fruit of long forethought and much experiment before the whole, in all its parts, was brought to perfection ; at which point invention stood still, for further experiment was not needed. It is impossible to look without admiration (for example) on the *harpoon* only, which intelligence, contradistinguished from instinct, alone could have contrived,

with a *simplicity* of *complexity* unsurpassed, so far as it is carried, by the most artful of human implements or utensils. The Esquimaux mind that could discover the principle of this harpoon, could have found out the principle of the steam engine, and applied it too. I am happy to turn over a new leaf; and you will be so likewise when I come to common sense and matter of fact by telling you that, prosperous as your visit to Sheffield proved in the sequel, after the discouraging appearance of the meeting at the Cutlers' Hall, a further result came with delightful surprise upon me two days ago. Two ladies, who have often contributed liberally before, presented me with 50*l.* (25*l.* each) for the Brethren's Mission, saying that, when you were here, they had not in their hands to do what was in their hearts. May their hearts be ever full to overflowing with that love of Christ, and to Christ, which shall make their hands prompt to communicate to Him, and to the least of these his brethren, what his bounty in providence to them has put into their power to spare. . . . I thank you for the printed scrap from a Tobago journal: on the back of it there is a fragment of a prison scene, and the execution of an apparent murderer, more strangely tragical and fearfully touching than almost anything I ever lighted on in record or romance, — a marriage in the condemned cell, whence the bridegroom was instantly led forth to slaughter by an engine of diabolically merciful construction! . . . . . .

"I am, very truly,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

CHAP. XCIV.

1845.

THE "TWO MONTGOMERIES." — EGREGIOUS MISSTATEMENTS. — REV. CHARLES HOYLE. — WEDDING RHYMES. — MEETING OF MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. — MONTGOMERY'S CHANGE OF DRESS. — LADY HESTER STANHOPE. — BISHOP RAVENSCROFT. — COOPER'S "PURGATORY OF SUICIDES." — MORAVIAN HYMN BOOK. — CHANGE OF MINISTRY. — DEATH OF LORD WHARNCLIFFE. — CHRISTMAS EVE. — THE CORN LAWS.

At this time there occurred one of those curious illustrations of "the imperfectness of the materials of historical record," of which the poet had often been the subject, in the shape of an entertaining essay entitled "The two Montgomeries, — James and Robert," published in an American newspaper called the "Boston Atlas." With the critical and other opinions of the writer of this paper, whoever he may have been, we have nothing to do; but a few specimens of the statements gravely put forth as facts, will doubtless amuse the reader of these pages as much as they surprised Montgomery himself. The writer, who, by the way, is not an American, represents himself, perhaps truly, as having been introduced to the Sheffield poet at Bristol, and says:—

"I remember the conversation turning on Mrs. Hemans's poetry, which he considered to be the perfection of musical

verse, the lines chiming, as he remarked, like the silver bells in 'fairy lands.' I asked him which he considered to be the most powerful of her minor pieces; and, after hesitating a minute, he replied, 'I think nothing can surpass, in simple grandeur and almost perfect beauty, her Hymn to the Mountain Winds, commencing with

"'Mountain winds! oh! whither would ye bear me?'

"He said he had received from Mrs. Hemans some of the most delightful letters which mortal ever penned, and remarked, 'Ah! sir, that woman has always appeared to me to have been a ready-made angel.' He told us several anecdotes of Mrs. Hemans, whom he once visited at St. Asaph; but as these will possess more interest when related in connection with the account of an afternoon visit which I paid to the poetess at Wavertree, hereafter to be sketched, I shall for the present postpone relating them."

What Montgomery may have said, or what this veracious sketcher may have written about Mrs. Hemans under the circumstances referred to, we know not: the story of "delightful letters" is certainly, and the "ready-made angel" probably, pure fiction. The writer adds:—

"Among the company present that evening, who had been invited for the express purpose of meeting Mr. Montgomery, was Miss Jane Porter, then residing with her brother, Dr. Porter, a physician practising in Bristol. The authoress of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' was a very tall, very thin, very pale, and very old-maidish lady, but in conversation she was one of the most sprightly and agreeable persons I ever knew."

When Montgomery read this very precise description, of what did *not take place*, he declared that he had no recollection of having seen Miss Porter anywhere except once in London, in 1812, when, what-

ever might be the opinion of others, he then thought her not only a fine, but a lovely woman. "She very delicately," said he, "gave me a copy of her sister's volume of poems, with which I was much pleased; though," he added, "I would rather it had been a work of her own."

After one or two more paragraphs of apocryphal import:—

"My next personal recollection of James Montgomery," continues the scribe, "is connected with a visit which I paid to Olney, the sometime residence of the poet Cowper. In the summer of 1838 I was on a fly-fishing excursion in the neighbourhood of that place; and, hearing from the postman who brought letters to our party from the post-office to our country quarters, that the poet Montgomery was there, myself and a friend, who had never seen him, took a walk to Olney the next day, to call on him. We inquired for Mr. M.; but no one seemed to be aware of his whereabout, and, as a last resource, we went to the post-office, where we were informed that he would most likely be found at *Squire* Cowper's school. To this place we proceeded. It was a dwelling which Cowper had once tenanted; and ever since it had been used as a village school, and called by his name. There we found Montgomery surrounded by the children, who were singing that beautiful hymn of the bard of Olney, commencing with—

"'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

"I had heard this beautiful hymn sung hundreds of times, but never with such effect as in that room, the very place in which, we are told (and there is every reason to suppose with truth) Cowper composed it.

"Montgomery received us very kindly, and we visited together some of Cowper's favourite spots. It was highly gratifying to repair to such hallowed retreats, in the company

of one who has been not unaptly called the Cowper of our own time. On leaving, Montgomery kindly invited me to call on him, should I ever visit Sheffield, which I gladly promised to do."

Would the reader of the foregoing paragraph believe that Montgomery never set foot in Olney in his life! The whole is pure invention. What follows in the same vein, is better still:—

"About two years afterward I was in that busy mart (Sheffield) and, remembering the poet's invitation, I determined to avail myself of it. I had no difficulty in finding my way to 'The Mount,' the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant talk together; and after dinner he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighbourhood, and it was quite delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was every where received. I noticed this to him, and said he must feel highly gratified by it. 'I am, of course,' he replied; 'but I have enemies. Not long since, some rascals broke into my house, one Sunday while I was delivering an address at a chapel in Sheffield, (Mr. Montgomery sometimes preaches among his own people—the Moravians,) and stole, among other things, a silver inkstand, which had been given me by the ladies of Sheffield. However,' he added, 'the loss was but for a time, and proved to be the occasion of the greatest compliment which, in my opinion, I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me, and, on opening it, lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand, and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house, and abstracted it. The thief said his mother had taught him some of my verses when he was a boy, and on seeing my name on the inkstand he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with remorse, that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping God would forgive him."

There is hardly one word even of "truth by chance" in the bulk of this straightforward statement: Montgomery never did preach in Sheffield at all; as to "his own people," he was the only Moravian in the town; the inkstand, as we have elsewhere stated, he never either saw or heard of, after it was stolen! But we proceed to give one more quotation from this strange romance:—

"On our way back to his house, our conversation turned on the poems of the 'Corn Law Rhymer,' of which Mr. Montgomery spoke in very high terms, but deprecated his violence of language. 'Would you like to see Elliott?' he asked.

"'Much,' said I.

"'Well, he lives some three miles from here, at Upperthorpe; but he is to speak to-night, at a corn-law meeting in Sheffield, and, if you like, after tea, we'll go and hear him, and I'll introduce you to him.'

"At the time specified we set out — the place where the lecture was to be delivered was situated in one of the most densely inhabited portions of the smoky town of Sheffield. As we neared the hall, groups of dark-looking, unwashed artisans were seen, proceeding in the same direction as ourselves — all of them engaged in deep and earnest conversation on the then one great subject, the corn laws. Strong men, as they hurried by, clenched their hands, and knitted their brows, and ground their teeth, as they muttered imprecations on those whom they considered their oppressors.

"Here we would encounter a crowd of dusky forms circling around a pale, anxious man, who was reading, by the light of a gas lamp, a speech reported in the 'Northern Star,' or the last letter of Publicola, in the 'Weekly Despatch'—and women, with meagre children in their arms — children *drugged* to a death-like sleep, by that curse of the manufacturing districts of England—laudanum, disguised as Godfrey's cordial, were raising their shrill, shrewish voices, and execrating the laws which ground them to the dust—

and there were fierce denunciations from mere boys, and treasonable speeches from young men — old men, with half-paralysed energies, moaned and groaned, and said they had never known such times — all seemed gaunt and fierce, and ripe for revolt. It was an audience of working men — of such as those that Ebenezer Elliott was to address that evening.

"Montgomery introduced me to Elliott, and we all three walked to the house of the former together. How different from the man on the platform, was the man in the parlour! No longer the fervid orator, he was now the simple, placid poet; and I never before or since heard from mortal lips such powerful and yet pleasant criticisms on our literary men, as I did that night from the lips of Elliott."

Pure fiction again, from beginning to end! Montgomery never introduced any one to Elliott in his life: never heard him lecture on any subject: never took the "simple, placid poet!" with him to the Mount. He laughed heartily at the egregious description of the female portion of the Corn Law Rhymer's Sheffield audience; which, however, has not one particle more of its foundation in fact than the rest of the story.

Upon what principle of literary expediency, to say nothing of moral honesty, any writer professing to speak of matters within his own knowledge, could bring himself to deliver such deliberate and baseless fabrications as matters of fact, in a narrative ostensibly intended to compliment Montgomery, we confess ourselves unable to conceive.* It appeared, however, due

* When the remarks in the text were written, we had made no inquiry as to the character of the person to whose lucubrations they referred; but confess that neither our surprise nor our regret was lessened, on ascertaining that the individual in question was the author of at least one work, the character of which might well preclude him from the suspicion, as we think it ought to have saved him from the temptation, of writing "The two Montgomeries."

to the admirers of the Sheffield bard, on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as to truth itself, to prevent ideal, not to say mendacious statements, which may seem, perhaps, to be merely amusing in the columns of a newspaper, from passing, without protest, into any grave biographical narrative.

Montgomery called one day upon Mr. Holland, and, after the usual greeting, said, with a grave look, "I have discovered in your volume of 'The Poets of Yorkshire,' a *hiatus maxime deplorandus.* You have omitted the author of an epic poem as long as 'Paradise Lost.' I mean the Rev. Charles Hoyle*, whose 'Exodus,' in thirteen books of blank verse, was published in 1808." *Holland:* "I remember him, of course, from Byron's sneer at his 'epic blank;'† but I did not know that he was a Yorkshire poet; nor have I ever met with his book: did you ever see it?" *Montgomery:* "I think not; though I well recollect a review of it, including the quotation of a passage in which the poet describes the plague of flies in conformity with the opinion of some ancient commentators, as comprising, also, all sorts of horrible creatures:—

"'A grievous swarm
Of winged plagues, and every loathsome shape
Of serpent, beast of ravin, fowls obscene,
To deluge Pharaoh's realms; while Goshen rests
In safe repose.'

Miss Mellin, of Hull, has promised to lend me the book, and you shall see it."

* The Rev. Charles Hoyle, A.M., of Trinity College, Cambridge, was born at Halifax. Besides the work mentioned in the text, he wrote two or three Seatonian prize poems. He was many years chaplain to the Duke of Marlborough, and resided at Blenheim.

† In "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

July 28. *Montgomery:* "Come up to the Mount this afternoon, and I will give you Hoyle's poem: it will repay the perusal; for, if it contains little of the fire of genius, few approaches towards 'the highest heaven of invention,' it evinces the mind of a scholar and the sentiments of a Christian; and as such, it has interested me, and will interest you. Read it fairly through." Mr. Holland accordingly called on the poet, who introduced with his wine a wedge of bride-cake, which he had just received from one of the nieces of his late friend Rowland Hodgson, Esq., in whose company he had often seen the lady; and he must have been pleased with her too, for a few days before he had ratified a promise of long standing to congratulate her in rhyme on her wedding-day. The following is a copy of the lines:—

To Miss E. T. Key. Written on her Wedding-Day.*

"Now be this day, that makes you wife,
The best and happiest of your life;
Yet may the next in love and bliss
Be better, happier, ev'n than this,
And every one beyond it bring
Benigner blessings on its wing;
Till, as you run your Christian race,
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Each in its turn, above the rest,
Shall be so sweetly, truly blest;
(The present better than the past,
The future bright'ning to the last,)
That your rejoicing soul shall call,
That last the happiest of them all,

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* Elizabeth Tudor, daughter of H. G. Key, Esq., of Tulse Hill, Surrey, and niece to Sir John Key, bart., Lord Mayor of London 1831, was married at Brixton, July 23. 1845, to E. T. Carver, Esq.

And find, when earthly days are done,
The days of Paradise begun,—
Days without number, without night,
That round the throne of God unite
In one eternity of light.

"July 22. 1845."

July 31. The meeting of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association being this year held in Sheffield, Montgomery, partly in consequence of his position as chairman of the Weekly Board of the Infirmary, but mainly out of respect for his general character, was invited to dine with the members of the profession at the Cutlers' Hall. He sat between Dr. Hastings of Worcester, the founder of the Association, and Dr. Robertson of Northampton, the ex-president. His health was proposed, in very kind and complimentary terms, by his countryman, Dr. Robertson, and the toast was responded to in a neat and feeling speech by Montgomery, who evidently enjoyed the conversation of those about him, and, indeed, the meeting in general. He afterwards intimated that he had rarely, if ever, dined with a more intellectual party, equally numerous. "Most large dinner-companies," said he, "are of a mixed character; but here almost every individual was not only a gentleman in manners, but one, the exercise of whose very profession was in itself a pledge and proof of some meritorious attainments, while many of them were evidently characterised by that strong mental energy and superior education which are commonly at once the basis and the safeguard of distinguished abilities."

August 2. Mr. Holland was somewhat surprised today to see Montgomery more strikingly metamorphosed in appearance, by means of the change in a single article of his dress, than he had apparently been by any similar

cause during the previous thirty years. We had seen him, in common with individuals of every section of the community, surrender the gentlemanly-looking, full-dress black "smalls and silks" for the universal trowsers; had seen him, with evident reluctance, occasionally pretermit the wear, but never entirely abandon, the old-fashioned shirt frill for the plain front; and even give up the white cambric neckerchief for black silk, it being his constant habit to wear *two* of the latter: and now, more conspicuous than all, the common long-lapped great-coat, which he wore through almost all seasons, was superseded by one made whole in the skirt, such as was then generally worn only by fashionables! His appearance in a new, and by no means light, top-coat in the dog-days, would have surprised nobody who was aware of his impatience of cold, or rather his predilection for warmth: but his strangely altered look in a regular "paletot" had evidently attracted attention, as well it might, out of doors; for, said he, "I have just met the Rev. W. Mercer, who declared that he did not at first recognise me, I had got on such a fashionable top-coat! I certainly did not intend, much less order, anything fashionable; I merely told the tailor to make me a coat as plain as possible." *Holland:* "And therefore it happens you are in the height of the fashion." *

August 23. Montgomery had been reading the "Life of Lady Hester Stanhope." "I do not like her ladyship," said he, "though I have gone through the book, as I should think every reader must have done, with deep interest. I have been particularly pleased with the glimpses she gives us of Pitt, as they almost

* How entirely a few years sufficed to render the surprise of a reader of *to-day* less applicable to the appearance of the garment, than to the remarks in the text! So rapidly do fashions change.

always show him in a favourable light; as possessed of, and indulging, the common feelings of humanity to an extent which I have always been willing to give him credit for, though on this subject so little evidence has been afforded by his political biographers. Lady Hester, however, denies the truth of the statement which has attributed to him something like a profession of religious belief in his last hours: it is to be hoped she is less correct as to this matter than his biographers: at any rate, as she was not always present with him during his illness, I wish she had let alone this part of his character." *Holland:* "It seems rather remarkable, considering her peculiar superstitions, and the freedom with which she evidently conversed with her 'doctor' on almost all other topics, that nothing at all is recorded of her own religious opinions; not that the world is likely to lose anything of importance on this point, whether the silence be attributable to her ladyship or her biographer." *Montgomery:* "She appears to have been nearly as much a Mahometan in her religion as in her dress and mode of life." Mr. Holland read some stanzas on the death of the American Bishop Ravenscroft, by George Washington Doane, and asked Montgomery if he did not admire them? He said they were of a very pleasing character, particularly the following: —

"The good old man is gone!
An Apostle's chair is void;
There is dust on his mitre thrown,
And they 've broken his pastoral rod;
And the gold of his love he has left alone,
To account for its case to God."

Montgomery: "Doane has himself, you know, become a bishop; in that volume of 'Missionary Discourses, by American Divines,' published by Mr. Illingworth,

there is one by him, and which, like the rest, is very excellent: indeed, the more I read these Discourses, the more I am impressed with their value. The volume ought to be as acceptable a gift to the British churches, as the spirit and object of its contents are honourable to the United States' preachers."

October 3. Mr. Holland lent to Montgomery "The Purgatory of Suicides," a poem by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, which had just appeared. Our friend concurred with the reviewers in general in regarding it as a production of extraordinary power; adding, however, that it would perhaps have been as well if the author had acted upon the advice of the Editor of the "Quarterly," given some years before to a poet, to the effect that he had better suppress a dangerous political work. *Montgomery:* "Cooper may, indeed, have been the very individual: at any rate, his volume is an evidence of the possession of splendid talents, awfully misused. He has passages worthy of Dante: how striking his description of the manner in which he became conscious of the appearance of objects without light:—

> "'I know not how these mariners I saw;
> No light made visible the gristly crew:
> It seemed a vision of the soul,—by law
> Of corporal sense unfettered, and more true
> Than living things revealed to mortal view.'"
>
> B. I. St. xviii.

Holland: "And not less so, the manner in which he held communion with them:—

> "'—— But now my trance
> Teemed with more wonder,—for enwrapt, I heard
> These spirits' thoughts: no vocal resonance
> There was: yet soul to soul made mystic utterance.'"
>
> B. I. St. lxiii.

He then adverted to the beauty of the exordiums of some of the Books, quoting in a tender tone the stanza commencing—

> "O woman! fairest, frailest, sweetest flower
> Of Nature's garden—what rude storms thee bend!" &c.
> B. IX. St. vii.

"Moore, himself," said he, "has written nothing finer than that." *Holland:* "You will be glad to know that throughout the tangled web of his religious apostasy, his political chartism, and recent imprisonment, his better principles as a son and a husband, like two threads, the one of gold, the other of silver, extended unbroken, for he has ever manifested strong feelings of affection towards his mother and his wife." *Montgomery:* "Do you then know him personally?" *Holland:* "No, but *you* should remember him, as he once inscribed to you a volume of his own verses, and was, I believe, in some way concerned with you in editing another little volume by Mrs. Nicholson of Gainsborough." *Montgomery:* "I have no recollection of him — indeed, I think I shall forget myself presently." On being shown a set of proof sheets exhibiting numerous corrections in his own writing, he recollected the book; and after reading aloud from the margin of an address to "Lincoln Cathedral" the following sentence written there by himself a dozen years before, "These are very noble lines, and the versification is worthy of them," he exclaimed, "Capital! I'm glad I had the courage thus to praise him at the time." *Holland:* "I believe Cooper was formerly as fervid in his pious exercises, while a professor of religion, as he now appears to be enthusiastic in some of the lines which shock us so much as evidences of his awful backsliding, in the 'Purgatory of Suicides.' Read this passage from

the old proof-sheet; it seems graphically to anticipate the manner of his own fearful lapse from godliness." Montgomery read, with his usual feeling, these lines from a poem entitled "The Dying Backslider:"—

"'Neglectful of the hour, his mindful youth
Had oft devoted to the service sweet
Of secret intercourse with God. The Book
Divine, which long and frequent on his knees
He earnestly perused, its relish lost;
The public news, and gossip politic,
His eye and tongue engrossed; and soon all prayer
Grew irksome.'

"What you have now told me corroborates my own impression: for, repeatedly, while reading Cooper's remarkable poem, I have said to myself, this Chartist has certainly known something of the religion of Christ at a former period of his life." The author afterwards sent to Montgomery a copy of the "Purgatory of Suicides."

During the visit of Mr. Latrobe to Sheffield in the earlier part of this year, Montgomery gladly and largely entered into confidential conversation with him relative to a work of great importance to the church with which they were both connected: this was a revision of the Moravian Hymn Book which the poet, had been officially requested to undertake, and had now completed.

James Montgomery to the Rev. P. Latrobe.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Nov. 6. 1845.

"My dear Friend and Brother,

"....The principal reason of my present writing is to say that at length I have received an application from the P. H. C. [Provincial Helpers' Conference] by Brother Reichel, respecting the Hymn Book. In answer I referred him to

you, in whose hands it had been (I presumed) long enough to enable you to give him a full, fearless, and impartial opinion respecting the possibility of making my new readings at all available for a standard edition of the volume. I desire to be clearly understood, that, under circumstances not easily to be explained, I did my best *as an experiment*, and the business having been so long in hand, I felt I could not do more than submit the result to the judgment and the decision of the authorities who employed me, with no other design or hope than that, in any new modification of the Hymn Book, they would make use of such suggestions, and such only, as they perfectly approved, and were willing to adopt. I do not stipulate for their approval or adoption of a single line or phrase which I have ventured to set down; the whole without reserve may be laid aside, and I shall be quite content: or any portion, small or large, may be used, and I shall acquiesce. My only difficulty is, in what manner anything can be done with the rude and undigested mass of old and new materials in the printed and manuscript copy, to prepare it for the press. Were you and I next-door neighbours for three or four months, and had we full power to settle the regenerated text, I would most willingly, day by day, go with you through the whole, — *minutely through it;* and then I can imagine that we might produce a Brethren's Hymn Book, which *ought to be acceptable* (in despair of ever obtaining a better from the labours of others, willing and able to excel in a task), while, as a thing to be absolutely calculated upon, no revised edition of the current collection, though an angel were the experimentor, *could be acceptable* to the congregations at large, till the people, old, middle-aged, and young, had sung it down to the tone of their own feelings, or sung their own feelings up to the tone of the new language in which they must thenceforward give utterance to them. I must defer other difficult considerations on this head. I write specially to implore you, *first*, to transmit the copy in your hands to Brother Reichel at Ockbrook, through the agency of your neighbour Brother Mallalieu; and *secondly*, to give Brother R., for the use of P. H. C., your frank opinion and advice on the ques-

tion, 'What must be done with my alterations?' Lay me quite out of personal consideration, and *confidentially* express yourself to the great folks; I say *confidentially*, for I need never know, (nor do I wish to know) a word you say, or the *critical* bearing of the discussion: *with the general issue alone* do I feel that I have anything to do.

"I am truly your friend and brother,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"The Rev. P. Latrobe, Ely Place, Holborn, London."

Towards the end of December, great public anxiety was manifested in consequence of the sudden breaking up of Sir Robert Peel's government; and the attempt, ultimately unsuccessful, on the part of Lord John Russell, to form an administration on the basis of a coalition of parties favourable to an immediate abolition of the Corn Laws. This crisis of the Cabinet was rendered still more interesting by the unexpected demise of Lord Wharncliffe, at this time President of the Privy Council. In these occurrences Montgomery seemingly evinced a more lively concern than he had latterly been wont to take in political movements; hence he was very anxious to hear the news. *Holland:* (addressing J. M.) "Under which king? Benzonian? speak, or die." *Montgomery:* "Nay, sir, I am rather come to ask *you* under whose government we live, Sir Robert's, or Lord John's? But I have been much more affected by the news of Lord Wharncliffe's death than concerned about the ministerial difficulties; though I certainly do feel for the poor Queen in this serious dilemma. It was only the other day that I saw and conversed with his lordship, who appeared to be looking so cheerful and well. I was standing by the fire in St. George's school-room*, when he came up

* The large new schools in connexion with St. George's church, Sheffield, were opened by the Bishop of Ripon and Lord Wharncliffe, October 13. 1845.

to me, and shook me by the hand, more heartily than even you would have done: I was, indeed, quite shocked to hear of his sudden death. I am told there is a memoir of him in the 'Times,' in which the family name of Mackenzie does not occur; though I have a strong recollection of having once received from him a cheque, signed 'M'Ke.'" *Holland:* "That was a name assumed by his father, in 1803, on inheriting the Scottish estate of Rosehaugh: but here is the newspaper account to which you refer. I will read it to you." Montgomery listened attentively to the narrative. On the recurrence of an allusion to the return, in 1818, of his lordship, then Mr. Wortley, to parliament, as one of the representatives of the county of York, the present Earl Fitzwilliam, then Lord Milton, being the other; he said: "I remember the time very well; having been the first person to whom he broached his intention in Sheffield. I was sitting alone in our little parlour in the Hartshead, one Sunday afternoon, when there was a smart rap at the door: I opened it myself, when suddenly, and somewhat to my surprise,—for I did not recognise him at the moment—in stepped a gentleman, unaccompanied by any one, and announcing himself as Mr. Wortley; he told me that he had just made up his mind to come forward as a candidate for the county, and that he wished me to print his address to the electors." *Holland:* "But you were on the opposite side in politics?" *Montgomery:* "He, of course, was well aware of that; but he likewise knew that my imprint on his placard, at any rate would do him no harm, on that account, in Sheffield." On coming to the detailed account of his elevation to the peerage, by the title of Lord Wharncliffe, Montgomery remarked, "There was a rumour at the time that it was the wish of Mr. Wortley to have the title of Lord

Stuart; and I had a conversation with the late Rev. Dr. Corbet on the subject, in which I strongly advocated the propriety of his lordship's title being derived from Wharncliffe; there being already several noblemen bearing the former title, while the latter would be at once new and appropriate. I do not say that my opinion had any influence, but I was glad to find it corroborated by the result." *Holland:* "Perhaps there might exist at first some misgivings as to the taste or expediency of adopting a title so obviously liable to be identified with the equivocal ballad celebrity of the spot." *Montgomery:* "I thought so too; but there was not a man in England who would even then have cared less about *that* than Lord Wharncliffe." An expression occurred in the Memoir, to the effect that this elevation to the peerage had been resorted to because the unqualified support which Mr. Wortley had given to ministers, had so diminished his popularity in Yorkshire that he stood no chance of being again returned to parliament for any section of the county. *Montgomery:* "Fudge! that is the common cant of party, which is usually resorted to in such cases; but seldom less plausibly, and never less truly, than in the instance of Lord Wharncliffe."

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Holland took tea and supper with Montgomery and Miss Gales at the Mount, in company with the Rev. C. W. Woodhouse, an amiable and intelligent young clergyman, who was about to leave Sheffield on his appointment to the situation of a teacher in the collegiate establishment at St. Bees, near Whitehaven. The conversation of the evening was mostly of a serious cast; and was evidently not more in keeping with the religious significance of the season, than with the actual tone of the pious poet's mind. The tidings of the sudden

death of Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem, at Cairo, had just reached Sheffield, where the Rev. John Blackburn publicly related the following anecdote:— "He (Mr. B.) was travelling in Syria, three or four years previously, with the Bishop and Mr. Ewald: arriving at Hebron, the three lay in separate corners of a low, damp room, in the middle of which was suspended a dull lamp: their beds were mattresses on the floor. At midnight, Mr. Blackburn, not having fallen asleep, saw the Bishop quietly rise and put on his dressing-gown; he then kneeled down, and continued in prayer for about half an hour, when he took his bible from under his pillow, and read for about the same time; after this he adjusted himself and again laid down, like one in whose heart was shed abroad 'the peace that passeth understanding.'" Mr. Woodhouse said he had heard Mr. Blackburn describe the incident on a former occasion: "So have I," replied Montgomery; "and I have no objection to hear a good story twice from a person who was himself a spectator of, or participator in, what he describes: such a one is almost sure to give some new touch of feeling — some fresh feature of interest, to his narrative." The conversation then turned on the different views which separate individuals, equally observant and equally trustworthy, commonly took of the same transaction; the remark being made, that this circumstance accounted, in some sort, for that diversity in the Gospel history which is apparent in the narratives of the four evangelists; and to which we have previously alluded.

A recent attempt at explaining the ancient inscriptions on certain rocks in Arabia, being mentioned, as illustrating Job, xix. 24., Mr. Woodhouse said, that it was a very singular wish of the man of God that his

words "were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." *Montgomery:* "Many persons who are much struck with the scriptural mention of rock-writing* in that passage, fail to notice that the sentiment in reference to which the desire of perpetuity is so strongly expressed, is that memorable declaration of the patriarch, — 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth,'" &c. The evening was spent very agreeably: the worthy clergyman reading a portion of Scripture, and offering a prayer appropriate to the sacredness of the season, — and remarking to Mr. Holland, as they left the house, how readily and pleasurably Montgomery turned to spiritual things.

On the day but one following, Mr. Holland dined with Montgomery and several other persons, at Queen's Tower, in Sheffield Park. After dinner, the poet gladly listened to the reading of a long letter which Mr. Roberts had just received from the venerable Thomas Clarkson, giving some account of his family; especially of his brother, who had on one occasion shipped 1400 free negroes from Halifax, in North America, to Sierra Leone. On rejoining the ladies at tea, Montgomery fell into a pleasant chat with Miss Pashley, a daughter of the octogenarian minister of Holmsfield, near Barlow: it was evidently gratifying to him, thus to recal, with this lady, various incidents in the history of his friends the Mowers, previously mentioned†, and with whom she appeared to have

* Several years afterwards, he read with deep interest, though not with entire conviction, the curious book entitled "The one Primæval Language," by the Rev. C. Forster, whose object was to prove that the celebrated rock inscription in questions were executed by the Israelites during their long sojourn in the wilderness of Sinai.

† *Antè*, Vol. II. p. 173.

been, though at a somewhat later period, almost as well acquainted as himself.

December 27. Montgomery said: "I have been thinking about the Corn Laws: I am, perhaps, not a competent, though I am certainly a disinterested, judge in the question, and I must confess I can neither perceive in what way they must needs be so mischievous as they are said to be, nor how their abolition will certainly lead to all those great national benefits that some persons appear to anticipate; but stronger heads and sterner wills than mine will determine the issue. I only wish the conflict was well over." He had, a few days previously, rated Mr. Holland for not going to hear Mr. Cobden speak at the Cutlers' Hall. "I should have gone to hear him myself," said Montgomery, "if I could have been invisible, or allowed to make one of the crowd; but I did not like to encounter the risk of being invited to take a seat on the platform, and then find my name in the newspaper: as it is, I must read the report of his speech; and I have got in my pocket the 'Independent' newspaper, which contains it *in extenso*." The close of this year found Mr. Montgomery more infirm both in body and in mind, especially for voluntary exertion; though he was scarcely less lively than ever, when gently and seasonably excited.

CHAP. XCV.

1846.

INDICATIONS OF AGE. — "WHYCHCOTE OF ST. JOHN'S." — SIDNEY AND LANGUET'S LETTERS.—ASTLEY COOPER AND THE BODY-SNATCHERS.— NEEDLES IN THE FLESH. — MEMOIRS OF MUSICIANS.—ANTI-POLEMICS. — DODSLEY'S BIRTH-PLACE. — WALK AND CONVERSATION. — ILLIGE'S PORTRAIT OF MONTGOMERY.

THE year upon which we now enter will be found to be even less prolific of original verse than any of those which preceded it in the poetical life of Montgomery. An ingenious little poem or two, presently to be specified, and at the most three or four occasional hymns, comprise the metrical harvest of that mental soil heretofore so fertile. Two very obvious causes concurred to produce this result: the natural tendency of age to abate the voluntary excitement of the imagination, in common with the other faculties of the mind, and the comparative absence of external stimulus from collision or competition, in consequence of the popular indifference to poetry in general; for while at the ripe age of seventy-five our poet appeared in his conversation with intimate friends, and sometimes when called upon by strangers, almost as vivacious and fascinating as ever, — especially in cases where the fervency of his temperament, which never cooled, and the tone of his piety, which increased with years, happened to be concerned,— it often, however, required some skill to draw him out, and still more to prevent him from hastily retreating into the *penetralia* of his own thoughts. It may be added

that, while those who claimed to belong to the living Bard-roll of Great Britain in 1846 did not contribute more, *cæteris paribus*, in that year to the mass of imperishable song than Montgomery did to his own precious stock, the annals of England point to that very period as otherwise one of the most desperately exciting, and in many respects extensively ruinous, which had occurred in the later history of speculative enterprise. We allude to the railway mania, which, having manifested itself at a somewhat earlier date, ultimately infected both sexes, as well as all classes of society, young and old. Even Montgomery's name appeared opposite a large sum in one of the lists of scrip-holders published in the newspapers; and the subject is only mentioned here for the purpose of explaining that, whatever might be thought or said to the contrary, he really appeared in his *ex officio* character of treasurer to a charitable institution, some of the property of which accidentally was implicated in the transactions alluded to. It was evidently gratifying, however, to the venerable poet, when, notwithstanding this apparently all but universal absorption of the popular mind, as well as personal capital, in the gambling vortex, Messrs. Longman's account indicated a sale of his works far from inconsiderable, though, in consequence of the unliquidated balance still due on the cost of getting up the new edition of the poems in four illustrated volumes, none of it had reached the author's pocket.

On the forenoon of the third of January Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland, and, after a cordial interchange of the "compliments of the season," the poet remarked that he had not been able to get down to the parish church as usual on Christmas day. He was told he had been missed from the Sacramental table by the

officiating clergyman, the Reverend Edward Goodwin, who kindly inquired after him. He mentioned that he had just commenced reading the life of Sir Astley Cooper, and had been much interested with the biographies of "body-snatchers" at the end of the first volume. This led, in some way, to a remark on mental hallucinations; and Mr. Holland having one of the volumes entitled "Whychcote of St. John's" on the table, read from it a paper entitled "The Unearthly Tenants of Denton Hall," near Newcastle. On coming to the description of the "noble pear-tree, completely covering the whole range of the building — in summer one sheet of blossom, in autumn loaded with fruit," Montgomery said, "I would rather have seen the bloom than have eaten the fruit." Mr. Holland said, that in both those respects, as well as on other accounts, he could testify that the tree was an interesting object, and proceeded with the narrative. Montgomery smiled and shook his head sceptically at the assertion that "there Johnson moralised;" while he admitted that, if the house had really once been occupied by Mrs. Montague, there was no reason to doubt the assertion that an "array of talent often congregated within its walls." The principal design of the reader, however, was to obtain the listener's opinion of the story of "the murdered girl" and her apparition, which it is alleged was seen by the sailors on board a collier-ship returning from London to the Tyne in ballast. Montgomery heard the tale through with attention. "It is," said he, at the close, "a very curious and apparently circumstantial account, especially in the asserted juxtaposition of the spectral appearance and the dead body of the girl afterwards discovered; but you cannot reason upon it. Even if it had any foundation in fact, it is obviously embellished in the telling. The author

of that book, whoever he was *, did not, and does not pretend that he did, see what he so minutely describes; and no sailor keeping his night-watch on the deck of a collier vessel would so have described such an affair, even had he been actually concerned in it."

January 10. *Holland*: "Have you read the letters of Sir Philip Sidney and Herbert Languet, which are just published by Pickering?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; but with less interest than I should have done had they been the originals instead of translations. After all, we hail with some degree of pleasure any information which throws additional light upon the character of one who enjoys so large a reputation, and of whom we really know so little. The style of some of the letters strongly reminded me of our juvenile Moravian correspondence, in which, before we knew anything about love, we wrote on friendship, as if we had been lovers. The author of the memoir prefixed to the volume, in common with other biographers, just mentions that Sir Philip Sidney, and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, *did* make a metrical version of the Psalms, as if that was not one of the most remarkable poetical productions of the age—perhaps next to the 'Faërie Queene.' The 'Arcadia' has probably been more talked about than read — at least in our day: I have often dipped into, but never got fairly through it. To understand it, one should have read all the novels of the age of Elizabeth— at least all that was comprised in those which *Belinda's* beau sacrificed, when he

> "'——to Love an altar built,
> Of twelve vast French Romances neatly gilt.'" †

* The work was written by the Rev. Erskine Neale.

† Pope's Rape of the Lock, canto ii. l. 38.

January 17. *Montgomery:* "I am still, as I told Mr. Holland the other day, reading the 'Life of Sir Astley Cooper.'" *Mr. Henry Jackson,* surgeon: "I am sorry to hear that." *Montgomery:* "Why? Do you think the book reveals too many professional secrets?" *Jackson:* "Of some kinds, it certainly does: but, on the whole, what is your opinion of Sir Astley? does he not rather sink than rise in the hands of his biographer, in comparison with the estimate you had previously formed of him? At any rate, I should not like my life to be placed at the mercy of Mr. Bransby Cooper." *Montgomery:* "No; I cannot say that I think less highly of that really great man, after what I have just read of him, than I did before: it were indeed to be wished, gentleman as he was, that some one had been found to write his life with an elegance equal, if possible, to that with which Sir Thomas Lawrence painted his portrait; but that was rather to be desired than expected. The book is somewhat clumsily constructed, I grant, but I was particularly anxious to read it; and I have certainly been much gratified with what is, no doubt, a faithful professional history of one of the most eminent men of his day." Mr. Jackson described, as particularly objectionable, the details relative to the "Resurrectionists," towards the end of the first volume, to which we have already alluded: it was, he said, at once an outrage on good taste, and unjust to the reputation of Sir Astley, to identify his memory so directly with proceedings which, revolting, but professionally important as they were, had, in fact, no more to do with his conduct than with that of many others. Mr. Holland contended that the chapters in question were at least in place, as illustrating not only a striking phase in the position of every chirurgical student at the period referred to, but as forming a

curious chapter in the history of society itself, as well as constituting a genuine memorial of practices which, however viewed in their relation to morality or science, it was hoped no longer existed, except in such descriptions; while there was probably no eminent surgeon, living or dead, whose reputation would suffer less by being thus directly identified with these revolting revelations than Sir Astley Cooper's. Montgomery apparently acquiesced in this opinion, though he said nothing: he had certainly read the painful disclosures alluded to, with feelings far too intense for mere disgust; and no man had less taste for vulgar "raw-head and bloody-bone" stories. The question which was then agitated relative to the expediency of rendering more or less stringent the laws regulating medical and surgical practice having been introduced — *Montgomery:* "Mr. Holland tells me that he performed a surgical operation the other day, for which you may now censure him as an unlicensed practitioner in your profession!" *Holland:* "I was anxious to satisfy myself of the reality of a curious case: having seen seven or eight needles which had been extracted from the arm of a young woman, some above and some below the elbow, I not only examined the patient, but actually drew out one needle myself from the fleshy part of her shoulder." *Montgomery:* "Had she swallowed them?" *Holland:* "She has no recollection of ever having done so; but that was, most probably, the mode of their introduction into her body. She says that about forty pieces of needles were taken out of one of her fingers seven years since." *Jackson:* "Various analogous cases occur in the records of the profession: needles have even been found in the muscular substance of the heart itself. There is a preparation illustrative of a case of this kind in the Sheffield Infirmary: it is from a child which died in London,—

the cause of death being an effusion of blood into the pericardium, from a puncture of the heart, in which a needle was sticking."*

Holland: "Unmusical as I am, I have been reading the 'Life of Mozart:' it is full of materials for reflection in the incidental notices of the family of the renowned composer, in addition to the interest which attaches to the history of his own extraordinary career." *Montgomery:* "You must get me the book; I like to read the lives of eminent musicians, as well as the memoirs of poets: they are often curious revelations of individual mind, exhibiting something more than the bald records of professional trial and success. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, were indisputably men of genius of a high order. I recollect that among the German music which we used to play when I was a boy in Fulneck School, there were some pieces said to have been composed by Mozart when little more than seven years of age." Something being said about the old "clavier," so early used and so often named by the precocious musician, as contrasted with the exquisitely-perfect keyed instruments of the present day, Montgomery proceeded to describe the different mechanism of the spinet, harpsichord, and pianoforte, with a degree of exactness which was hardly to have been expected from one so little familiar with the details of machinery in general.

Montgomery attended, and evidently enjoyed, six lectures "On the Origin and Progress of the Lyric Drama or Opera, and on other Secular Music, of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," which were given by Sir Henry R. Bishop to the members of the

* A needle was taken out of the flesh below the shoulder of Mrs. Billington the actress. — *Boaden's Memoirs of Kemble*, ii. 303.

Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, in the early part of this year. The lecturer, in turn, was gratified by the presence of Montgomery, who, at the conclusion of the last piece, unexpectedly rose to acknowledge, on the part of the audience, the pleasure they had derived from the lectures. He said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, late as it is by the clock, you will not, I am sure, begrudge a few moments—and they shall but be few—to the discharge of a pleasant duty which has devolved upon me;" then, turning to the lecturer, the venerable poet proceeded:—"Sir Henry Bishop, allow me to express for myself, and on behalf of this respectable audience, our satisfaction as to the talent, the taste, and the discretion with which you have conducted this delightful entertainment. The fact that persons holding the Society's tickets have attended six successive lectures in greater numbers than ever thronged this hall on any former occasion, is the best expression of their respect for you, while it is the strongest evidence of their own gratification. In the graceful digression which you made from the main business of the lecture, you held out a hope that this may not be the last interview with your Sheffield friends: from the manner in which that intimation was received, I am sure both you and they will allow me to respond in the words which you used, but accompanied by the context,—'Joyful words—we meet again.'"

"My interest in the subject," he afterwards said to Mr. Holland, "is much heightened from the circumstance, that there is scarcely a composer named in the lectures, or a piece of poetry sung in the illustrations, with which I do not associate some recollections of a literary or musical character; whereas there must have been hundreds of persons present each evening, who, if they were pleased at all, could probably give no rational account of the sources of their gratification: but

pleased they must have been, from their constant and eager attendance." *Holland:* "So pleased, that the project was once entertained of closing the course with a concert of Sir Henry's own music; but the scheme was frustrated by a protest from the Rev. H. Farish, who, as a clergyman and a member of the Society's Council, could not allow his name to be used, officially, for such an object." *Montgomery:* "What, they wanted to '*Bishop the broth!*' It was much better to let well alone, which is often an exceedingly difficult thing." A remark having been made relative to the absence of some, and the presence of other, quakers at these musical lectures — *Montgomery:* "I had a visit, the other morning, from Mr. J. J. Gurney and his wife. I met him, for the first time, many years since, with his sister, the late Mrs. Fry. After we had talked awhile on religious subjects, he asked whether I had any objection to spending a few minutes in *silence?* I at once gladly assented; and after we had sat a short time, he commenced a quiet, pious rhapsody on the blessings we had both experienced since we last met, very properly adverting to the shortness of time and the duty of increased holiness of life."* Sir Henry Bishop entered the room just as Montgomery concluded a series of remarks to Mr. Holland on the striking adaptability of the words of the 104th Psalm to the various movements of a sublime musical composition, and which subject the poet had, in a previous interview, mentioned to the musician. *Holland:* "Did you, Sir Henry, ever carry out, in any degree, the intention once attributed to you, of composing an oratorio on the subject of the Deluge?" *Sir H. Bishop:* "I only proceeded so far as to attempt to adapt music to several passages from

* Mr. Gurney died Jan. 4. 1847.

Mr. Montgomery's 'World before the Flood.' I believe the experiment failed on my part." *Montgomery:* "The late John Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, wrote to ask me to supply words, at the same time mentioning Mr. Bishop's name: I at once made a sketch, which I should have been glad to have worked out. Had I been a musician, I think I could have produced a most effective and original piece; for the subject presents fine opportunities for the legitimate introduction of almost every species of effect that is within a composer's grasp." *Sir H. Bishop:* "So it does; but oratorios do not take in these times: we are too unimaginative to enjoy them: and when they *are* performed, a general audience appears to care comparatively little about the words with which the music is associated."

February 18. *Montgomery:* "I have just received an anonymous letter from a lady, — at least, so I conclude from the style of it, and a drab-coloured lady too, — in which the writer says that having, in years past, read and admired my poetry, she had, on a recent re-perusal, been struck and surprised with the great number of instances in which I have either directly excited, or by implication approved and applauded, the spirit of martial strife among parties of my own sex,—adding, that she wishes I would, as she thinks I ought to do, write something in direct disapproval of such sentiments. Thus it is, that some persons take for granted the *prima facie* evidence of an offence, but give themselves little or no trouble as to the reparation which may have been made: if this good woman, who appears to have been as much shocked by the military tone of certain pieces of mine as the bulk of my newspaper readers used to be with my sentiments in the opposite direction, had only looked over the contents of my collected poems, she would have met with one entitled "Farewell to War," in which I

am fain to hope my repudiation of the evil alluded to is as formal, as intelligible, and conclusive, as either my unknown correspondent, or any other anti-polemic, can reasonably desire."

March 8. Montgomery invited Mr. Holland to take an afternoon's walk with him and Miss Gales to Cherry-tree Hill, to look at "the only marble house* in the neighbourhood," which had just been built by Mr. Wostenholm. On getting into the fields, the poet, starting from some incidental topic of conversation, asked Mr. Holland if he had ever heard it said that Robert Dodsley was a Yorkshireman? *Holland:* "No, sir; all the biographers, so far as I recollect, name as his birth-place Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, where he has laid the scene of his 'King and Miller.'" *Montgomery:* "I am aware of that: but Mr. Roberts told me yesterday, that Dodsley was born at Anston.† You must examine and settle this question." *Holland:* "I will certainly endeavour to do so. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that while the writers of all the memoirs of the poet-publisher mention Mansfield as his birth-place; and notwithstanding he himself thus sings:—

> "'O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
> Might these, his rural notes to future time,
> Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er the plain,
> Rose to their tuneful melody;'

and though Harrod, in his 'History of Mansfield,' ad-

* The building is entirely of encrinital limestone — "grey Derbyshire marble," as it is called; and very commonly used for mantel-pieces.

† Anston, in Yorkshire, is a village about ten miles east of Sheffield; it is adjacent to the quarries of fine magnesian limestone, from which so large a portion of the building materials of the Houses of Parliament was derived.

verts to him as 'a poor stocking-weaver youth' in that town, and author of the 'King and Miller,' the latter says not one word of his having been born there. I recollect, too, because I was struck with the fact when I read the book, that out of nearly four or five hundred names which are given in Harrod's book, as inscribed on gravestones at Mansfield and the adjacent village of Woodhouse, that of *Dodsley* does not occur." *Montgomery:* "And yet, to show you how little dependence is to be placed on the absence of the name from a local work printed in 1801, I have just read a curious pamphlet by Joseph Hunter*, in which two individuals of the name of Dodsley are mentioned as living at Mansfield in 1701 and 1713, but *his* silence as to the poet appears unfavourable to the hypothesis of his having been born in Nottinghamshire." *Holland:* "I have also read with deep interest these memorials of the *Sylvesters*, exhibiting, as they do, the 'good and religious' ancestors of Mr. Hunter himself, 'through eleven generations of a Puritan family.'" A few days afterwards, Mr. Holland visited Anston, and carefully examined the register of baptisms, both before and after 1703, the alleged year of Dodsley's birth; but the name does not appear, neither did "the oldest inhabitant,"—the parish-clerk,—or other resident, recollect ever to have heard of its occurrence in the neighbourhood. Mr. Hol-

* "Gens Sylvestrina," printed in 1845, "for private distribution only." At a court held at Mansfield, May 7. 1701, it appeared that Robert Dodsley, one of the trustees of the old dissenting chapel in that town, and who had been appointed in 1701, was then dead; and at a court held at the same place, Nov. 6. 1713, a surrender of trust in this "Presbyterian meeting house," is made, *inter alia*, to "Thomas Dodsley, cooper," probably a son of the preceding. — *Gens Sylv.* p. 47.

land then wrote to Dr. Cursham, the vicar of Mansfield, and was assured by that gentleman that the name of Dodsley is not found in his parish-register under or about the year specified. As this reply still left a doubt in favour of Anston, Mr. Roberts was kind enough, at the request of Mr. Holland, to repeat the question relative to Dodsley's birth-place to George Wright, Esq., an elderly native of that village, then on his death-bed. The reply was, that he recollected perfectly well *his* father pointing out to him, when a boy, the cottage in his yard as that in which Dodsley, the author of the "Economy of Human Life," was born. Except so far, therefore, as the preceding information goes, the *date*, and seemingly the *place*, of the nativity of this amiable author and worthy man are yet "to seek." It may be added, that the living representative of the Dodsley family testifies to the same effect. On reaching Kenwood, and while looking out upon the scenery from one of Mr. Wostenholm's windows, it was remarked, in reply to an inquiry, that a small dwelling-house, immediately in sight, had been built by Mr. Bright; and "a descendant," said Montgomery, "according to his own account, of the old lords of Ecclesall." *Holland:* "I was not aware of the existence of any person in this neighbourhood who claimed relationship to the old parliamentary colonel, the manors of Ecclesall and Badsworth having long since passed, by an heiress, into the Wentworth family." *Montgomery:* "Yes; by the marriage of Miss Bright with the late Marquis of Rockingham. When first I came into the neighbourhood, a story was current to the effect, that his lordship, on being twitted with the fact that he had taken a commoner to wife, replied, 'that might be; but if she wanted *blood* she had plenty of *suet*,' alluding to her

ample inheritance." * *Holland:* "On Friday night, I heard Mr. Bailey† read an ingenious essay on 'The Theory of Wit.'" *Montgomery:* "I should like to have heard him." *Holland:* "And he told me he should have been very glad to have had you as an auditor." *Montgomery:* "Did Mr. Bailey attempt to define wit?" *Holland:* "His definition, as nearly as I can recollect, was, that true 'wit is an unexpected and ingenious combination of ideas, of such a nature as not to carry away the attention from the ingenuity displayed:' it is more recondite, but perhaps less generally intelligible than the well-known theory of the Edinburgh Reviewer, that the pleasure arising from wit depends upon our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity. In dealing with his subject, Mr. Bailey adverted to the cognate subjects of fun, humour, drollery, and jokes." *Montgomery:* "You recollect Lord Chesterfield's declaration, that 'a joker is nearly akin to a buffoon, while they are neither of them in the least related to a wit;' and the same might sometimes be said of repartee, humour, drollery, and fun, which, though merry fellows all, are often at best but the bastards of wit, which, when genuine, is, as Wordsworth says of the soul of Milton —

"'— like a star, and dwells apart.'" ‡

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* The Marquis may have used the words attributed to him; but the sentiment occurs in one of the apophthegms published in the works of Lord Bacon, vol. ii. p. 456., Montagu's edition.

† Author of "The Formation and Publication of Opinions," and several other works.

‡ Mr. Bailey's essay has since been published; and at the close of it is a note, in which the author compares with his own the sentiments contained in two lectures on "Wit and Humour," by the Rev. Sydney Smith.

On returning to the Mount to tea, Montgomery placed in Mr. Holland's hand a letter which had just been received from Mrs. Alexander, a quaker lady, and containing an account of her recent visit to Thomas Clarkson, the venerable abolitionist, with a vignette of his residence at Playford Hall, Essex. But there was one item which was evidently productive of some slight annoyance to the poet;—he was formally congratulated on the singular restoration of the stolen silver inkstand *, which, said he, would compel him to write an awkward explanatory letter to his kind and worthy correspondent.

During the latter part of the short ramble above alluded to the sun was overcast, and the air came chilly from the moors. Montgomery felt it a good deal, and the pinching effect of the cold co-operated with a shrinking of his mouth from the loss of teeth to impress Mr. Holland with the momentary conviction that the last satisfactory portrait of the poet had been painted. This idea was strongly recalled when, on reaching the town, the biographer found himself suddenly and most unexpectedly confronted by Illige's quiet, pleasing, but still imperfectly expressive likeness of the poet, which had just been sent to a picture exhibition in Sheffield. On this being mentioned to Montgomery, he said "Yes; and I have been both annoyed and hurt about it. When I consented to sit, it was with an express understanding that the artist's personal gratification was the only object in view; but some time since he made an application to me for my concurrence, and even advice, in a design to publish an engraving of the portrait; and, as I declined to be any party to such a scheme, I now perceive there is in one of the Sheffield newspapers a suggestion that it should be purchased by subscription and placed in the Cutlers' Hall! This, it

* *Vide* p. 256. *antè*.

will be said, is complimentary to me personally; it may be so; but why should my reputation, if I have any, be *hawked* about? Why should individuals be thus called upon, either to pay a pecuniary penalty on their presumed respect for myself, or be made to feel that they are risking their title to such consideration, by a refusal to do so?" *Holland:* "I was surprised the other day, to hear a clergyman quote, as yours, some with which I was unacquainted, from a tract which he held in his hand." *Montgomery:* "I know what you mean, I will give you a copy." It was the following inscription for a head-stone over the grave of Amelia Gale, a very poor but pious old woman, who died and was buried at Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, and of whom the Rev. W. Bolland, the vicar of that place, published a very striking memoir: —

ALIVE when all her friends were dead,
Alone in this dark world she stood,
Like a scath'd oak that lifts its head,
Where flourish'd once a mighty wood.
Yet ere the sinner pass'd from earth,
Who long had drawn unhallow'd breath,
The Gospel gave her second birth,
To save her from the second death.
Then lived she to herself no more,
But loving much, since much forgiven,
Her Saviour's cross she meekly bore,
And took the *Calvary Road* to Heaven.
And still she lives to Him, though dead,
For, while her memory survives,
Others, by her example led,
May shew *her* living in *their* lives.

CHAP. XCVI.

1846.

HOWITT'S VISIT TO HERRNHUT. — LETTER TO MRS. BRACKENBURY. — AUTOGRAPHS. — NORTON-HALL. — THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN. — WHITMONDAY. — THE "GRASSHOPPER." — WORDSWORTH'S ANTI-RAILROAD SONNET. — CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. — LETTER TO JOHN BLACKWELL. — THOMAS COOPER, "THE CHARTIST."

On the 2nd of March, Mr. Everett spent the night with Montgomery at the Mount. The east wind whistled cheerlessly about the house. Apparently shrinking at the sound, while sitting by the fireside, he remarked that the winds seemed to have a common playground behind the Mount; for only let a breeze be stirring from any quarter, and *there* you either hear or feel it. After alluding to the mental energy of his old friend, Mr. Roberts, he said his own mind was worn down to a "grindle-coke," — a term used in Sheffield for that portion of a grindstone which remains when the original is so reduced in bulk by wear as to be no longer useful.

On the following morning Mr. Holland joined his friends at breakfast, taking with him Howitt's "Germany," which Montgomery wanted to see, for the sake of an account of the author's visit to Herrnhut, which he understood it contained. Mr. Holland read out the entire narrative, at the request of the poet, who was not only evidently much pleased with the tone of kindness and candour which pervades the whole article, but still more so with the uncommon accuracy of the details, — Count Zinzendorf himself passing muster with com-

mendation, in this review of the Moravian polity by the wholesale castigator of "priestcraft." * Assuredly the noble founder of Herrnhut was not chargeable with being a "hireling;" while the singular quietude of the settlement itself appears to have thrown something of a Quaker sobriety of aspect and feeling into its external, to say nothing of some coincidences of a similar class in its internal character. These considerations may, perhaps, to a certain extent, account for the placid and unquerulous tone of the entertaining tourist in this instance. Count Reuss, the brother-in-law of Zinzendorf, being mentioned, Montgomery smilingly remarked that Queen Victoria was descended from the same family as the old Moravian nobleman, on her mother's side; adding, with peculiar *naïveté*: "When her Majesty and Prince Albert were married, bridecake was sent to Count Reuss, "one of our Moravian ministers in London." *Everett:* "Does the Count still preach occasionally?" *Montgomery:* "Yes, it seems so; for he offered, at the time when my nephew John James was ill, at Malmsbury, to become his *curate* for a month or two." *Everett:*

* It is very possible that the above mentioned pleasing account of Herrnhut, added to an interesting description of a visit to Australia, by the writer's brother Richard, which Montgomery had just read, might have something to do in producing the equanimity maintained by the Sheffield poet when he found himself, a few weeks afterwards, suddenly confronted in his own parlour at the Mount, by William Howitt, then in quest of materials for his entertaining volumes on "The Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets." Our friend not only entered freely into conversation with the inquisitive ex-Quaker, but invited him to breakfast next morning, and afterwards walked down with him to the Botanical Gardens. This pleasant and confidential interview, which was turned to very successful account by the ingenuity of the author, is gratefully recorded in one of the pleasantest pages of the book referred to.

"Herrnhut is one of the *lions* of Germany, and is usually visited when it lies in the route of a tourist; not so Fulneck, in Moravia, it seems to lie quite out of the ordinary path of English travellers." *Montgomery:* "It does; and of course we have various and conflicting accounts of the settlement from strangers: indeed I never met with a person who had been there, and therefore should like to have had a description of Fulneck from William Howitt." *Holland:* "Have you read in the 'Athenæum,' just now, some remarks on the Moravians in the notice of a work * written by one of the Brethren?" *Montgomery:* "Yes; and I should like to see the book, but I won't buy it. The reviewer not only confounds the early Moravian confessors with the Calixtenes and the Taborits, as others have done, but he charges his author with tacitly passing over a doctrine which I never before heard mentioned among the slanders to which the Brethren have, at one time or other, been exposed,—namely, that one of their fundamental maxims was, that when a temporal ruler was not in a state of grace, obedience to him not only ceased to be a duty, but actually became a sin,—that he should, in fact, be rejected by men as he was rejected by God; and that his place should be immediately supplied by another functionary! The reviewer intimates that this egregious and pernicious principle was extended not to rulers only, but to the rich — to all who held lordships, domains, or large estates!" † *Holland:* "The imputation of such a tenet reminds us of a process of inductive reasoning attributed to the early Puritan colonists in one of the New England settlements: the worthies met, deliberated, and left on

* "The Reformation and Anti-Reformation," from the German.

† Athen. No. 956. p. 191.

their books a record to this effect:—'Voted—that the earth is the Lord's, with the fulness thereof: voted—that the Lord has given the earth for an inheritance to the saints: voted—that we are the saints.'" * *Montgomery:* "I know of no foundation whatever for the sentiment alluded to by the writer in the 'Athenæum:' it may, perhaps, have been entertained by an individual, or more than one, in the early times of Romish persecution, but assuredly it was never generally adopted in the ancient, any more than in the modern, communities of the United Brethren."

James Montgomery to Mrs. Brackenbury.

"The Mount, Sheffield, April 25. 1846.

"My dear Friend,

"Your little packet came safely to hand, and much that it contained went deep into my heart, to be treasured there with many former precious keepsakes from Raithby, which gratitude and memory delight to cherish. What can I answer for this last token of unforgetting kindness on your part? I must borrow the simple, but *to me* the sublime and affecting language of your Lincolnshire peasantry, and say with the one, 'I thank you with all the thanks I have;' and with the other, 'again, and again, and again!' The former expression I have repeatedly adopted at the close of lectures delivered before numerous and intelligent audiences, as the most eloquent expression of honest acknowledgment for their indulgent and attentive liberality to me,

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* This curious and comprehensive "appropriation clause" of the Calvinistic Bill of Rights, was strongly and seasonably recalled by the American correspondent of the "Times" newspaper, at the close of his report of a strange speech delivered by old John Quincey Adams in the House of Representatives, at Washington, pending the dispute about the Oregon territory. — *Times*, March 12. 1846.

in many parts of the kingdom which I have had occasion to visit. Of the latter emphatical phrase, — a single word thrice uttered, — I shall surely think 'again, and again, and again,' if I can *foretell* anything that will come into my mind with a delightful association, should my far-gone life be spared a little longer.

"Now I must turn to the particulars of your letter, though very briefly, as I wish to save this day's post. The section of a five pound bank note for the Brethrens' missions shall be duly carried to their account; and will insure you a share in the blessings of thousands and tens of thousands of gentile converts, who pray continually for their benefactors in Britain. The extract from Mrs. Holgate's letter I read with humbling emotions, but yet with lively pleasure. The subject which she suggests has a peculiar delicacy,—a bosom interest in it, which, had it been inspired into my own mind originally, I do not know how I could have well escaped attempting to body it forth in rhyme; but I cannot now say that I dare meddle with it: indeed, I have three times written occasional verses on the express character of the Bible; copies of two of these I have transcribed on two pages of the enclosed printed tract, which is itself the most glorious, complete, and blessed testimony of 'the usefulness, excellence, and several perfections of the Holy Scriptures,' that (*so far as I know and in so small a compass*), was ever penned by uninspired man. The third mite of my tribute, above alluded to, though only consisting of four lines, will be found at the close of the pamphlet itself. Of this publication I may add a few words. I found the piece nearly ten years ago, in a copy of the volume mentioned in my introductory recommendation. I extracted it, and sent it to the 'Religious Tract Society,' in London, hoping that they would gladly have seized on such a prize for universal distribution. The committee, however, for an unassigned reason, declined to accept it. A hint was given to me indirectly by a friend who was cognisant of the fact. I took no notice of the matter, but immediately transmitted the copy to the Wesleyan Tract Society's Committee, who

at once undertook to adopt it, and sent me cordial thanks for the communication. They promptly issued an edition, and I procured a considerable number of copies, which I gave away while they lasted, and which were everywhere read with the admiration due to so valuable a help to the Scriptures. Whether the committee continue to keep this on the current list of their publications I know not; but a few months ago I received a letter from a distinguished clergyman in the South, asking my permission to print it at his own expense with my Introduction appended. I had not a copy left at the time, and requested him to send me one, if he had such a thing. A specimen of the Wesleyan edition he transmitted by return of post. I wanted to see what I had said in commendation of the piece before I consented to its re-publication; for I had quite forgotten my share in the work, except that I had written something. On receiving it, however, I was glad to find that I had no need to be afraid or ashamed to commit either my critical taste or my orthodoxy of sentiment to the hazard of a re-publication after so long an interval. My correspondent then printed the tract at his own expense (so far as I understood), and now circulates it among his influential Church connexions. He kindly sent me 250 copies; but, having received them at so cheap a rate, I have already nearly exhausted my stock. Wherever they have been delivered, I learn that the tracts of 'The Great Word' have found welcome acceptance. I enclose a copy also for Mrs. Holgate. I have only one point more to touch upon. You mention honey; and very considerately offer to send me some if I like it, and on a certain condition. I do like it, and consent to the condition, if not to be bound by the letter, yet to keep it according to the spirit. 'What is sweeter than honey?' was one of the points of Samson's riddle. One of the Apocryphal writers (Eccles. xi. 3.) says, beautifully, 'The bee is little among such as fly; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things.' On higher and holier authority, however, I find that there is indeed something on earth, even sweeter than 'the fruit' of the bee, and no wonder, for it

came down from heaven, and is yet more delicious than that 'angels' food,' the manna that was sent to the children of Israel in the wilderness. The inspired Psalmist says, Ps. xix. — see verses 9, 10., and Ps. cxix. v. 103.; and *you* know that these things are so, for you 'have tasted the good word of God;' and may you ever live thereby! For this, may I too hunger and thirst, that my soul may live by it through both worlds; for it is the seed of eternal life when sown and quickened in a prepared heart. I have only to add, in answer to your kind enquiries, that new maladies, almost necessarily incurable in old bodies, multiply upon me with years; and I must be thankful for comparative exemption from very painful ones. An internal symptom of morbid disease, without anything to be called suffering, is my latest warning of a decaying tabernacle.

"I am, very truly, your much obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mrs. Brackenbury, Raitbey Hall, near Spilsby."

April 30. As illustrative of the extent to which Montgomery sometimes allowed his kindness to be taxed, when the service of a benevolent object was pleaded, we may mention that, at this period, a bazaar being held in aid of the funds of the schools in connexion with St. George's church in Sheffield, a lady who was engaged in the scheme obtained from the poet a copy of verses to be printed on fancy paper and sold on that occasion. So far, there was nothing to object: on its being suggested to her, how much the value of her "scrip" would be enhanced, if each impression was signed by the writer, with his name at length, he was implored to undertake the task! Notwithstanding the stiffness of his fingers, the good-natured poet yielded to the request with the best grace he could; and, to the credit of his fair townswomen — for they were chiefly the purchasers — the number of these autograph signs-manual of a man whose handwriting could hardly be said to be a

rarity in Sheffield, which were disposed of at a shilling each, by the lady in question, amounted to several pounds.

James Yates, Esq., the president of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, having invited the members to Norton Hall, Mr. Holland accompanied the poet thither in a coach, May 12. The evening passed very pleasantly; Montgomery staying all night, according to previous arrangement. On entering his bedroom, he was startled by a resemblance between the portrait of "an unknown lady" on the wall, and his own "Incognita" at the Mount. On his return home the next day, he gave a pleasant and lively account of the incident, protesting, at the same time, an unshaken fidelity of attachment to his old favourite, the Leamington beauty, notwithstanding the acknowledged loveliness of her Norton rival! He was still more impressed with likenesses of the Misses Offley, through whose family the estate came to the Shores: and with one of their singular benefactor, old "Squire Newton," as he was called, the veritable hero of Mr. Plumer Ward's interesting story of St. Lawrence, in his "Illustrations of Human Life."

A few days afterwards the poet showed Mr. Holland a letter which he had just received, and with which he was much affected. In 1825 a stranger called at the "Iris" office, and, placing in Montgomery's hand a pamphlet, asked him what would be the expense of reprinting a given number of it for a society of which the applicant said he was a member. The quick eye of the printer instantly saw that the ostensible "London" imprint on the title-page was an impression from Sheffield types, while he more than suspected that the work itself was of an objectionable character: he therefore at once declined having anything to do with it. The man

remonstrated against this decision, alleging, that as the discussion of his author was in favour of "truth," good, and not evil, would be the result of such a publication. Montgomery merely replied, that the pursuit of truth was not only most important, but there was infallible authority for believing, that whoever sought for it in a right spirit, and at the proper source, would find it. The man walked away, apparently not by any means satisfied, and no more was heard of him, except as an infidel bookseller, whose shop-window disgusted every decent passer-by with the display of blasphemous publications. Such was the man who, many years afterwards, was identified with the writer of the following letter:—

"London, May 13, 1846.

"SIR,

"An humble individual addresses you. Believing that you love the Lord Jesus Christ, you cannot be averse to hearing of the triumphs of His grace. I have often thought of you, for I once exchanged a few words with you; but then I was wise in my own conceit, and would have none of your reproofs, nor the Lord's neither. I think you cannot but rejoice, and give glory to God, when I tell you that I am the person who came to Sheffield in the year 1824, as an agent for Richard Carlile, to give what he called 'mental light' to your town. Ah! how dark was that light! Well, Sir, I thank God, that about six years ago, I began to think that if I could understand so little of that with which I am surrounded, there might be a God, and he might have revealed some truth, which, though I could not understand, I ought to receive on his authority. I took the Bible, and on my knees promised to read it carefully through, begging of God, the unseen, unknown, to convince me of the truth, if it really contained any. Ah, Sir, when was such a prayer unanswered? Blessed be God! as I read, His Spirit carried the Word with power to my heart and conscience;

and from the proud despiser, I was made the humble learner in the school of our exalted Lord. And such I continue, being kept by His power.—And now, you may possibly say, —Why this to me? I can scarcely answer: I felt constrained to tell you what God hath done for my soul; and I thought you would thank God in my behalf, and be pleased to hear it. If it be not too much to ask, I should like a line in reply from the 'Christian Poet,' whose stanzas have often extracted a tear from my eyes.

"I am, Sir, I trust,
"A Brother Pilgrim to Zion,
"And your obedient Servant,
* * * *

"James Montgomery, Esq."

June 8. *Whitmonday. Holland:* "I walked up this morning to see the children of the Sunday Schools assemble on the ground in front of Wesley College; and, as you will believe, a very pleasing sight it was; the hundreds of well-dressed scholars, with their teachers and banners, immediately in front of that noble building, the fine trees, with their glorious foliage in perfection, just beyond, and the richly cultivated hills in the distance,—these formed, altogether, a very striking and gratifying picture." *Montgomery:* "I can easily conceive of it; because, with the exception of the boys and girls, it is what I look upon from my own window every day: but I had not sufficient resolution to walk two hundred yards to the spot. When, however, I heard the children sing, I at once felt myself with them in spirit, and involuntarily ejaculated, 'May they thus sing to all eternity!'" He attended and presided, as usual, at the meeting of teachers of the Sunday School Union, in the afternoon.

June 11. *Montgomery:* "I have just received a letter from my sister Agnes, enclosing an extract from

a note of Mrs. Hayley, the widow of the poet, who wishes for an explanation of what I mean in one of the verses of my little poem entitled 'At Home in Heaven.'"* *Holland:* "At what particular stanza does the good lady stumble?" *Montgomery:* "I will tell you some other time; meanwhile, look over the composition carefully yourself, and tell me whether any portion of it appears obscure to *you*." A day or two afterwards, — *Holland:* "I have attentively read your verses, and am unable to detect anything that I could think likely to be chargeable with obscurity by a person conversant with the phraseology of Holy Scripture. In the seventh verse the language is bold; but the allusion is plainly to the vision of the prophet Elisha."† *Montgomery:* "Exactly so: and that is the sentiment in question. The poet imagines the believer to obtain occasional glimpses of that 'Home in Heaven' to which he is hastening: the prospect is, however, at times obscured by clouds; over these, nevertheless, the bow of peace extends, and the prospect breaks again; then, in the words of the stanza, the Christian exclaims, —

> "'Beneath its glowing arch,
> Along the hallowed ground,
> I see cherubic armies march —
> A camp of fire around.'

I have received," he added, "directly and indirectly, more testimonials of approbation in reference to these verses than perhaps of any other I have written of the same class, with the exception of those on 'Prayer.'‡

* Works, iv. 268. † 2 Kings, vi. 17.

‡ It has been asserted in print that this universally admired hymn was merely a versification of the discourse called "A Discoverie of Prayer," which occurs in a book entitled "Sparkles of Glory, or some Beams of the Morning Star, &c., by John Salt-

They have, I believe, often afforded consolation and encouragement even to dying persons."

"I have," said Montgomery, "posted to-day, for a gentleman at Bath, a little poem, which I have had in hand ever since January, on the 'Grasshopper;' a subject proposed by himself, and intended, I believe, to illustrate some statement or other in a book on grasses.* You will hardly believe me when I tell you, that I made nine or ten transcripts of the piece before I could fully satisfy myself with it. Such a trifle would not, at one period, have cost me so much labour; but now, literally as well as metaphorically, even 'the grasshopper is a burden' to me." As soon as Montgomery received a copy of this *Liber graminosus,* he sent it to Mr. Holland, and expressed his surprise to find the lines, which he had supposed were to be inlaid in the text, prefixed to the work in all the formality of an "Introductory Poem." *Holland:* "I have read your lines with far more interest than any other portion of the book: the 'Grasshopper' on 'the Moors' might be taken as the counterpart of 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' had Dickens written in rhyme: as it is, your composition will probably be compared with Cowper's translation of the 'Ad Gryllum of Vincent Bourne." *Montgomery:* "There are numerous allusions to the grasshopper by poets, ancient and modern; but I recollect no English composition exclusively on the

marsh, Preacher of the Gospel." London, 1647. Montgomery never saw the volume, though it may have been reprinted. We examined the article in the original edition in the British Museum, but it does not bear the slightest resemblance to the verses, except that both treat of prayer.

* "Natural Illustrations of the British Grasses." Folio, 3*l.* 3*s:* Binns and Goodwin, Bath, 1846.

subject, besides Cowley's, in imitation of Anacreon; and which appears very heavy: I think *that* cannot be objected against my lines." *Holland:* "You mis-translate the grasshopper's note, where you call the male moor-bird a 'black-cock;' the latter being the name of a different species of game common in the Highlands, but never seen on our hills." *Montgomery:* "You are quite right: I know the black-cock (*Tetrao tetrix*) well enough, having dined off him in Scotland; which, I suppose, is more than you can say: but as I was somewhat at a loss for an epithet to distinguish the male bird of the grouse, who is darker than the hen, I did not expect you, or anyone else, would attach so technical a signification to a general term. I *do* regret the accidental omission of one characteristic moorland production from the poem; I mean the foxglove, the ranks of which make so conspicuous a figure among the rocks in summer. I tried five or six lines on the subject, after the copy was gone to press; but they would not fit, so that I shall never hereafter see the foxglove but it will upbraid me with the neglect." *Holland:* "I hope you are correct about the occurrence of the grasshopper lark (*Alauda trivialis*) on the moors: I think the shrill squeak of the shrewmouse is liable to be mistaken for the note of the bird." *Montgomery:* "I have heard them both too often to confound them; though I could never satisfy myself as to the latter until I read the account in White's 'Selbourne.' * I particularly recollect to have heard the bird on Eckington Marsh many years ago, and, along with Mr. Rhodes, was much puzzled to make out what it was." *Holland:* "Kirby and Spence mention a tribe of grass-

* Letter, xvi.

hoppers (*Acrida, Pterophylla,* &c.*) which have a more uninterrupted chirp, and upon which, as they say, the *Sylvia locustella*, or grasshopper lark, occasionally preys." † *Montgomery:* "I know nothing about that." *Holland:* "I have just been reading again Wordsworth's sonnet in deprecation of the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway; and I must say, I sympathise with him, in some degree, in his dread of the threatened invasion of that *quiet* of the lake scenery which is, in reality, one of its charms." *Montgomery:* "Poetically, the lines are not unworthy of their author; but practically, I think he is wrong. For my part, I should have no more objection to it than to the small steamer 'Lady of the Lake,' which, as you are aware, now actually plies on Windermere itself; though, I confess, I should not like to see even such a craft on Rydal Water, which is so much less." *Holland:* "I am afraid you are of the same opinion with *Punch*, who represents the laureate as exclaiming, at the unwelcome apparition of such an object in such a place,—

"'What incubus, my goodness! have we here,
Cumbering the bosom of our lovely lake?
A steam-boat, as I live!—without mistake!
Puffing and splashing over Windermere!
What inharmonious shouts assail mine ear?
Shocking poor Echo, that perforce replies,—
"Ease her!" and "Stop her!"—frightful horrid cries,
Mingling with frequent pop of ginger beer.'"

The poet enjoyed and laughed at the quotation, saying, "Well, now that the thing has become familiar, I must confess I always watch the progress of a steamer

* Zool. Journ. p. iv. 429. † Introd. Entomol. ii. 394.

or of a railway train with pleasure, even amidst the finest of our home scenery at least; and I was particularly pleased the other day, with observing the transit of an engine and train of carriages along the bank side of the River Don, and through the graceful skirts of Wharncliffe Wood." *Holland:* "The convenient distance from your point of view, the swelling masses of the trees, now in full foliage, as well as the light smoke wreaths, mutually contributed to render the spectacle far more pleasing than it would probably have appeared had you been close to the roadside." *Montgomery:* "Undoubtedly that was the case."

July 25. Montgomery appeared a good deal affected by a little incident which occurred this afternoon. He was mentioning the death of Mrs. Tonna, better known by her name of "Charlotte Elizabeth," tidings of which had just reached Sheffield, when Mr. Holland replied, "And I, Sir, have been charged with a message to you from that pious Christian lady, which I seem now to deliver as if spoken from her grave: A few days since, Mr. Edwin Smith, the sculptor, placed before the then suffering but kind-hearted woman, a cabinet copy of your bust; and after some difficulty in overcoming her natural and religious repugnance to anything like even the shadow of personal vanity, succeeded in obtaining from her the sittings requisite to enable him to execute in wax, a corresponding bust of herself. 'I am glad,' said she, to the artist, "to have seen even this image of the Christian poet; give my love to him, and tell him that, although I must now surrender the fond and long-cherished hope of ever enjoying an interview in the flesh with one whose devotional strains I have so much admired, I trust we shall meet hereafter, in glorified bodies.' Mr. Smith, not seeing you, charged me, only a few days ago, with

the delivery of this message, which I little thought so brief a delay had rendered posthumous." After a few moments of solemn silence, Montgomery replied, "She was a most devoted disciple of her divine Lord and Master, and will be missed by a numerous class of pious readers: few persons of her sex have exercised to the last a larger direct amount of beneficial influence on the minds of others;—*her* spirit is already glorified."

James Montgomery to John Blackwell.

"Sheffield, Aug. 5. 1846.

"Dear Friend,

"I thank you sincerely for your very kind letter of invitation to visit Newcastle. This I should be glad to accept were it with me as in times past; but the infirmities of age, and certain constitutional ailments, prevent me from availing myself of almost all opportunities of indulgence from home. In truth, I am relinquishing all my former active exertions in public matters, holding my tongue in meetings, and refraining from engagements in private company, lest I should be drawn out into excitement, or sink into apathy. . . . I cannot at present make up my mind to take an autumnal excursion, or I should be happy to meet you at Harrogate or elsewhere. Miss Gales and I have talked about such a thing; and if you determine to go thither, pray send me word, but do not bind yourself or delay on our account. I rejoice to hear of the growing as well as established prosperity of your newspaper. You had a happy escape from the 'Iris.' There are now *four* papers in poor Sheffield. . . . . Mrs. Blackwell will please to accept the assurance of my respectful remembrance; and with best wishes and prayers for the welfare of the young ones of your family,

"I am truly your obliged friend and servant,

"J. Montgomery.

"John Blackwell, Esq., Ellison Place,
"Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

August 8. *Holland:* "Three days since, I was invited by a friend in Sheffield to take tea with him: I went, and on entering the room, was startled by an unexpected introduction to Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, and author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' and to his wife, the 'lorn dove' of that extraordinary poem." *Montgomery:* "I am glad you saw him; did he answer your expectation on the score of conversation and intelligence?" *Holland:* "Yes; fully. I found him a frank, well-behaved, strong-minded, clever-spoken man, full of poetry. He described, in vivid terms, his trials and anxieties during the composition of his poem, and afterwards, while seeking a publisher for it; and equally so, his flattering interviews with the principal London *literati* of both sexes, when the sudden success of the volume in question had made him, for the moment, *famous!* He spoke with much animation and respect of Thomas Carlyle, who had shown him some kindness." *Montgomery:* "Carlyle must be an individual of special mark and likelihood for study, in any point of view: I am just finishing his memorials of Cromwell, which I have read with intense interest. I find it almost equally difficult to resist the conviction that at least Oliver believed himself to be acting as the immediate agent of Divine Providence, and to receive any apology for that large effusion of human blood which he directly caused: Carlyle, who has written a book on Heroes and Hero-worship, is himself a worshipper of Cromwell. I believe he is the same Carlyle who, as I was told at the time, reviewed my 'Christian Psalmist,' in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' several years ago." *Holland:* "Cooper wished me to present to you this copy of his two *Orations* against taking away human life under any circumstances. I told him I would gladly do so, although I was apprehensive you might

think I had been keeping very strange company — that of an avowed *Chartist*, who was on his way from the Convention of Delegates at Leeds! Cooper replied that I might perhaps be surprised at the avowal — but he was no longer a Chartist; he and his old friends having formally parted company the day before: they denouncing him as timid and infirm in a cause for which he had suffered so long and so much; and he determining to have nothing more to do with them, unless they would at once repudiate Feargus O'Connor, and openly renounce the doctrine of appeal to physical force under all circumstances." Montgomery carried away the book, and was evidently pleased to have heard thus much of the author.

CHAP. XCVII.

1846.

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA PREACHES AT SHEFFIELD. — CONVERSATION. — ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING. — LETTER TO MRS. FAVELL. — VISIT TO HARROGATE. — LETTERS TO JOHN HOLLAND. — MR. ROBERTS' DONATION TO THE MORAVIANS.—SONNET BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.— THE PLANET NEPTUNE. — VISIT TO RAITHBY HALL. — ACCIDENT. — CONVERSATION. — LINES ON "FRANKLIN."—THE "DEPARTING YEAR."

THE twelfth of August is what is termed "opening day" of the grouse shooting season on the Moors, and numbers of gentlemen were passing the Mount on their return home after the sport. *Holland:* "What a waste of beautiful bird-life there has been on yonder purple hills to-day!" *Montgomery:* "A somewhat similar reflection occurred to me last night, as I saw numbers of men going out with their guns and dogs: I said to myself, what hundreds of plump lively grouse will go to rest among the heath-flowers to-night never to awake more than once again!" Of course, neither the poet nor his friend were sportsmen. *Holland:* "Did you hear the Bishop of Calcutta preach last night?" * *Montgomery:* "Yes; and I was on the whole very much pleased with his discourse — unlike a sermon as the latter part of it was." *Holland:* "The latter portion was altogether in the popular platform style; and from so

* In St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, in aid of a fund for the renovation of the cathedral of St. Paul, Calcutta.

steady and decorous a pulpit as our St. Paul's, the often impassioned tone of the venerable prelate, and the unusual number of salient, not to say singular, features in his discourse, the ears of some of the very scrupulous and old-fashioned members of his congregation must occasionally have tingled. It is not often that one finds oneself, or rather, that any large congregation finds itself, admitted to what may be called so confidential an interview with a bishop. Right or wrong, the more common practice, on the part of such dignified preachers, appears to be carefully to avoid as much as possible saying anything that may excite opinion, or provoke remark, or in fact move to any strong mental operation in any way. I only wished that when speaking of what British Christians had done and ought to do for India, he had, if only by the slightest allusion or parenthesis, recognised the *existence* — though *not*, of course, the exertions or success—of other branches of the Church of Christ, besides that which he so ably represented. Every clergyman of the Anglican Establishment has a right—in many cases it is his duty—to speak of his own church, her claims and preeminence, in superlative and even exclusive terms: but when the nature, extent, obligations, and success of *missionary Christianity* are spoken of, and especially in connection with India, there seems to be something very like unfairness, not to say dishonesty (for it cannot be ignorance) on the part of a public speaker, who apparently either does not himself or would not have his hearers remember, that more than one religious party have been and must be laudably engaged in the great work of evangelising the world." *Montgomery:* "You are quite right: I thought, too, that the bishop might have spared, because out of place, at least, his disparaging allusion to the Evangelical Alliance: but I was, on the whole, well pleased, as I know

some of the clergy who sat near me were, with the discourse. The first time I heard Dr. Wilson was when he delivered, in one of the London churches, his memorable sermon on the execution of Bellingham who had assassinated Mr. Perceval, and whom he had repeatedly visited in prison: my friend Parken was with me. I afterwards met with him at a missionary meeting at Hackney, when he invited me to attend one in his own parish at Islington. In 1817, I think it was, he happened to be passing through Sheffield, and called in the Hartshead, to see me; at the same time he bought a set of my poems — four volumes — which, instead of allowing to be sent to his lodgings, he would put into his pockets, previously loaded, as they were, with books like a pair of saddle-bags."

September 5. Montgomery placed in Mr. Holland's hand a little volume containing the autobiography of a popular American temperance advocate. "See," said he, "I have marked a single passage—now read it." It was the following:—

"When the keen blasts of January howled round yonder dwelling, in the outskirts of this populous city [New York], a pale, wan woman [the eloquent temperance reformer's own wife!] might have been sitting 'plying her needle and thread;' and as she pondered on the new year just entered upon its existence, she looked forward to its months with no hope, and reverted to the past with no pleasure! The past! What had it written on the page of memory to cheer her? He to whom her young vows were given,—who had promised to love and cherish her,—had all but deserted her, and had buried feeling and affection in the intoxicating cup. One by one every slender thread of comfort had snapped, and with them some fine heartstrings cracked too. *Earth appeared to her but a long dreary desert, over which a miserable caravan was passing, from which, one after the*

other, the wretched pilgrims turned away and died, far from the refreshing fountains for which they pined." *

"That," said Montgomery, "is, I think, one of the most perfect, striking, and original similes in the English language." On going into the Sheffield Library, J. H. noticed Montgomery in the reading-room, deeply engaged with "Tait's Magazine."† Lifting up his eyes, and pointing to an article entitled "James Montgomery, by George Gilfillan," he asked, "Have you seen this?" *Holland:* "Yes, sir; and have been entertained with the writer's mistake in supposing that you had been a night on the Alps, and his opinion that your visit to Scotland was not 'a proper,'—not 'a poetical progress.'" *Montgomery:* "He may say what he will about that; but the manner in which he describes my reception among my countrymen in either Edinburgh or Glasgow, — for he must allude to one of those towns, — is so contrary to the fact, that I am, as I have often been, struck with the absence of accuracy in an article concerning myself, even in matters quite open to ordinary observation." He then mentioned his intention—with an avowed reluctance to leave home—of accompanying Miss Gales to Harrogate. *Holland:* "I am glad, however, you are going; these autumn days are so fine." *Montgomery:* "Aye," in a tone of sadness, "they may be so to young men, who *talk* of those pensive sensations which old men *feel*." A few days afterwards he called upon Mr. Holland, to bid him farewell for a fortnight; requesting him at the same time to call for his letters at the post-office, open, and read them, but only for-

* "The Hand of Providence exemplified in the History of John B. Gough," p. 169.

† For September, 1846.

ward to Harrogate any that might require immediate personal attention.

He had been persuaded, the evening before he left, to be present at an anti-slavery meeting in the Quaker's Meeting-House; the speakers being the well-known William Loyd Garrison, and Douglass, a fugitive slave from the United States. The platform certainly presented on this occasion a group worthy of a painter: the chairman, a member of the Society of Friends, to whose efforts the abolition of the British slave trade and of colonial slavery had been materially indebted; the veteran poet, who had celebrated those glorious events in his country's history in strains everywhere admired; a representative of the federal communities of America, upon whose venerable head his countrymen had set a death-price of 100 dollars, because he had reproached them with being among the last to retain the barbarous and inhuman system of domestic slavery, when they ought rather to have been the first to renounce it altogether; and, lastly, there stood a man of colour, a native of the "model republic," but — A SLAVE, expounding, with a degree of ardour and eloquence which Montgomery said strongly reminded him of the oratory of the late Henry Redhead Yorke, the atrocious fact that he was at that moment, according to the laws of the state of Alabama, from whence he had fled, a "chattel real," a portion of the advertisable and saleable estate of a class-leader belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church!

A leading inducement with the parties to this Harrogate trip was the prospect of joining there our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, of Newcastle; who kindly awaited the poet and his companion on their arrival, and carried them at once to comfortable private apartments next to those occupied by themselves

and family in Cornwall House. This was a very pleasant and satisfactory arrangement for all parties: and as Mr. Blackwell had his own carriage with him, Montgomery enjoyed a much larger amount of out-door recreation, and, indeed, a greater quantum of enjoyment in every way, than would have been likely to have fallen to his lot under any other circumstances.

James Montgomery to John Holland.

[Post mark, Sept. 18. 1846.]

"My dear Friend,

"I ought to have written to you sooner, though there being no high pressure upon my conscience, I have as usual deferred the obligation to the last hour. . . . Miss Gales and I arrived here safely on Tuesday evening. Mr. Blackwell met us on our alighting at the entrance of this multifarious collection of all manner of human dwellings, where there are fewer homes than houses; the latter, in bulk and accommodations, being built and furnished for pilgrims and sojourners rather than for the resident inhabitants. Yet at this season so overflowing is the tide of population, that on our arrival, had not our friend Mr. B. been warned of our coming, we might, indeed, have found room enough on High Harrogate Common to spread our garments on the green sward, and rested on our mother's lap, and under the infinite of space, where all the host of heaven sleep by day and watch by night; for no narrower bed or lower roof might have been accessible to afford us shelter.

"Our journey was pleasant and easy; and though I, of course, had forecast in my melancholy and ever-misgiving mind all manner of petty incidents and vexations to cross us by the way, — laying out of the question the *possible possibilities* of explosions, crashes, dangers, and deaths, that imperil travellers by railway, we might, undisturbed, have slept and dreamt most marvellously of these horrors, without one hair-breadth 'scape, between the Mount and *Cornwall House*, where we are now quartered, and which ought to

be called 'The Mount' of Harrogate, being on the highest point yet built upon, and overlooking all below, at a safe distance from the smoke, the smells, the bustle, and 'all the goings on' (Coleridge's phrase) of human life in this strange place. Strange, surely, it is, where more is seen, and heard, and done, and thought, and said, and suffered, and all the rest of sublunary things — more of these occur and pass in the three months of which a Harrogate year consists than in the remaining nine that complete the rounds of day and night in *common places*, where everything is *common-place* from the first of January to the last of December. . . . . We are very comfortably lodged under the same roof with Mr. Blackwell's family, having our separate establishments, but being very good neighbours. Miss Gales, with her kind regards, says, you shall be very welcome if you will visit us here, and we will make as much of you as we can. Don't forget to call at the Mount; and any letters worth sending, forward as soon as you can. I have neither room nor time to say *Farewell*, as witness the word itself.

"I am, truly and ever your sincere friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. John Holland, Sheffield."

The death of C. F. Favell, M. D., one of the physicians of the Sheffield General Infirmary, having occurred just before Montgomery left home, he addressed officially the following letter to the widow of that gentleman. The writer, it will be seen, departs from the common formula of mere official condolence; nor can he who transcribes the document into these pages resist the opportunity of here recording a slight tribute of respect to the memory of a personal friend, whose professional merit as a practitioner and a teacher were not more generally and justly appreciated, than were his virtues and usefulness as a Christian, and his urbanity and intelligence as a man:—

James Montgomery to Mrs. Favell.

"Low Harrogate, Sept. 23. 1846.

"DEAR MRS. FAVELL,

"I am charged by the Weekly Board of Governors held at the Sheffield Infirmary on Friday last, to express their sincere sorrow, and deep sympathy with you, on the bereavement suffered by his family and yourself in particular, but shared also by all who knew his worth,—in the removal of your beloved, esteemed, and honoured partner in life from the scene of his beneficent labours and domestic enjoyments here, to that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God,' as we humbly yet fervently believe the late transition, so dark to us, but to him so glorious, must have been.

"He was truly one of 'the excellent of the earth;' and now, as one of the excellent in heaven, beyond the peril of falling from that high and holy estate, it becomes us, the survivors, to pray, and to hope, that, through the trials and temptations which continually beset pilgrims and sojourners below, we may be so preserved by Divine Grace as to be ever prepared (as we know he was), for reception into the 'House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"Thither may you and the precious ones whom he has left behind (belonging equally to you both) follow him, quietly and happily, as Christiana (so John Bunyan tells us) followed her husband and forerunner to 'the Celestial City;' and may you, at every step, be accompanied by that invincible champion ('Great Heart') whom 'the Interpreter' gave her and her little convoy for a guide and a guardian to their journey's end; fighting all the battles for them, and delivering them through all the dangers of the war.

"Forgive me, if personal feeling and affectionate regard for the memory of the deceased, whom I had watched from his childhood up to manhood, matured for eminent usefulness, have led me into warmer and less formal language on this occasion than becomes an official communication. But I yielded to the impulse of a grateful heart, rather than

consulted a calculating head. Be this as it may, with an honest hand, at least, I subscribe myself,

"Truly and respectfully your friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mrs. (Dr.) Favell, Sheffield."

James Montgomery to John Holland.

"Harrogate, Sept. 26. 1846.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"This must be a letter of scraps, for I have only a few moments, flying like loose feathers from the moulting wings of Time, to say—I thank you for two communications of post from Sheffield.—*All right.*

"I have just mentioned to the Ladies Blackwell here, your inquiry respecting 'Fanny'*, and they assure me that their sister did duly make all search in the neighbourhood for information concerning her, but none could she learn: and if you want to know and to make the search for yourself among the annals of oblivion on the spot, Mr. Blackwell desires me to say that you will be welcome at Ellison Place, as a friend whom he and his family will be glad to see.

"I have now only to say that as you did not avail yourself of Miss Gales's challenge, the time is gone by, and you may repent at your leisure; — by the by, what a vast deal of good repentance is wasted in this world, under such disadvantage! Half, at least, of my life is thus misemployed; and I never become wiser or better by the experience of the folly and misery of doing nothing in the right time. Pray call at the Mount, and tell *Cilla*, or *Zillah*, if that be more poetical, that we hope to reach home on Wednesday forenoon. We are both no worse for our temporary sojourn here: the

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* Said, in "Whychcote of St. John's," to have formed the sole inscription on a head-stone in Tynemouth Priory burying-ground, where some old persons in the neighbourhood fancied they had once seen it, but the sexton knew nothing of such a memorial. *Vide* p. 276. *antè*.

weather has been favourable, and other circumstances as pleasant as could be reasonably desired.

"I am truly your obliged friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. John Holland, Sheffield."

By a curious coincidence, there happened to be *four* Montgomeries at Harrogate during the second week in September, including Robert, the clergyman, who preached once in the church there, and printed in the "Advertiser" a poetical account of his visit to Scarborough. The same number of the local journal contained a column-long extract from a series of rhymed epistles, entitled, "A Season at Harrogate," published forty years before, by Mrs. Hofland; and containing the following lines:—

"This morning I dazzled the minds of the crowd,
By pronouncing Lord Byron 'a poet' aloud;
Of Strangford and Moore then condemned the sweet flummery,
Talked of Southey the chaste, and the matchless Montgomery;
Call'd Campbell the elegant, Wordsworth the wild,
And great Walter Scott, Inspiration's own child."

Montgomery and his companion returned to Sheffield on the 30th of September, both parties being evidently improved in health and spirits: the poet referring with unusual satisfaction to the various little incidents which had diversified the period of his brief absence from home. Nor was the wonted drawback of correspondence in arrear altogether disheartening.

"I write," says Montgomery in a letter to Mr. Latrobe, October 3rd, "to say that I have received a *hundred pounds* from our old benefactor, Mr. Samuel Roberts, to bestow, according to my own discretion, for the Moravian Brethren's

use.* As he declined to specify anything, I told him I should give fifty pounds to their missions, and fifty pounds to their ministers' fund. . . . . Of this appropriation I trust you will approve; I once before received a similar donation, and divided it in this manner. I hope you and your dear ones have been well and happy since I last heard of you; here has been much sickness (English cholera): I have suffered two attacks; but am much recovered after paying a visit to Harrogate. While there I received two letters from Mr. Leach, on his missionary travels through the country with your relative, Dr. Latrobe. He, of course, proposed to visit and hold a meeting at Sheffield,—for nothing will ever satisfy him less than the most and the best that can be done, under any circumstances, for the good cause in which he is engaged, as fervently and self-devotedly as ever Red Cross Knight was in crusading times, to see and win the Holy Sepulchre; but with far more light from heaven than the Christian champions under Godfrey of Boulogne, or our Richard the First, were favoured with in the visitations of the Day-spring from on high, campaigning in those regions of darkness, which they panted with a zeal without knowledge to restore to a Saviour whom they only imperfectly knew. . . . . I was compelled to say to him that had I been at home I could not have encouraged the project of a public meeting, after the recent one of last year; for I dare not and cannot be an importunate beggar, where I stand alone, and feel as though whatever is done for my brethren is a personal favour and obligation laid upon myself. . . . . I would that there were a host of brethren and sisters in Sheffield, to do the missionary pleading and praying here, and that I were the least among them."

October 7. Mr. Wyse, son of the member for Waterford, called upon Montgomery, with a message of kind-

* Montgomery mentioned this donation to Mr. Holland at the time, but without naming the gentleman, who, he said, had made him his almoner to the amount of six or seven hundred pounds, at one time or another, in a similar way.

ness from Wordsworth, at whose house he had met with the gentleman who furnished him with the following token of respect, as an introduction :—

"*To the Poet James Montgomery.*

"Poets there are, whom I am well content
Only to see in mirror of their verse,
Feeling their very presence might disperse
The glorious vision which their lines present:
But never could my shaping wit invent
An image worthy of a Christian bard
Such as thou art — but ever would discard
Conceit too earthy and irreverent
To be thy likeness. Therefore I regret
The fate, or fault, or whatsoe'er it be,
Hath made thy holy lineament as yet
A vague imagination unto me.
I more should love and better understand
Thy verse, could I but hold thee by the hand.
"HARTLEY COLERIDGE."

October 17. After adverting in stronger terms of indignation than he was wont to use, to the abominable attempt to injure or destroy the mirror of Lord Rosse's telescope*, Montgomery said, "I have been exceedingly impressed while reading an account of the discovery of the new planet by Leverrier. I know very little of the precise methods by which these abstruse astronomical problems are wrought out, but any idea of the exactitude of the observations by which this sublime discovery of so remote a point in space is said to have been anticipated, and, as it seems, all but predicted, is scarcely less bewildering to my mind than the reported revelations of the great telescope itself in the remote

* Mentioned in the newspapers *passim*.

depths of the stellar universe." *Holland:* "What most deeply impressed my own mind, when I read the account to which you refer, was, the reflection that here is a vast orb which has been pursuing its rounds in space ever since the creation, but at such an amazing distance that the luminous point which it presents to telescopic observation had never been noticed by the eye of man during a period of 6000 or 7000 years of celestial observation; and that at last its existence was determined to the satisfaction of science, *not* at first by the instruments of the observatory, but by the patient marshalling, in the mathematician's study, of masses of figures hardly less apparently numerous than the stars themselves!" *Montgomery:* "On closing the account, I could not but feel that, wonderful as the planet must be considered, the mind that could conceive, estimate, and announce its position, must be more wonderful still." *Holland:* "I should like to see this remote wanderer in space." *Montgomery:* "I would rather see Sir John Herschel, who made a remark at the late meeting of the British Association at Southampton, which now appears like a prediction: namely, that science was on the brink of the discovery of a new planet."

October 27. Montgomery left home to spend ten days with the relict of his old friend, R. C. Brackenbury, Esq., at Raithby Hall, in Lincolnshire. He appeared on his return to have enjoyed this as he did his visit to Harrogate, and was as decidedly improved by it in health and spirits. He had been out a good deal in the open air without any risk of getting the ague, once very prevalent in these "parts of Lindsey," before the fens were so generally drained and cultivated as they are at present. One of his visits was to the small but ancient market-town of Bolingbroke, where Henry IV.,

Shakspeare's "Henry Bolingbroke," was born, and from which St. John, the celebrated friend of Pope, derived his title. Some small portion of the ruins of the castle of the old Earls of Lincoln, is still extant. He read Jackson's "Life of the Rev. Richard Watson," — a no less appropriate than agreeable recreation to the poet, when he was thus a guest in one of the most respectable Wesleyan families in Lincolnshire, and recollected that the eminent preacher in question, whom he had often met on missionary occasions, was not only a native of that county, but had been a visitor at the same hospitable mansion; and besides was, doubtless, with the exception of John Wesley himself, the most intellectual individual that ever adorned the ranks of Methodism.* Our friend, as already mentioned, never having acquired the management of a razor by his own hand, and as the nearest tonsor was at Spilsby, about two miles from Raithby, thither the ladies drove, dropping him in the morning, and afterwards, either taking him up again on their return, or leaving him to pursue his own course. On the Saturday evening, he chose to walk to the town on this important errand; but choosing also to return by another road than that by which he went, and committing an unperceived mistake at the outset, he got completely lost. Mystified by the notion

* This was the opinion of Montgomery, whose testimony is cited in Mr. Jackson's interesting volume. "It was the character of his (Mr. Watson's) great mind to communicate its own power and facility of comprehension to all minds that came under his influence. He so wholly possessed us with his spirit, that during his progress through regions of intellect or mazes of argument, we were not aware of the speed at which we were carried, or the elevation to which he had borne us beyond ourselves, till some mighty thought came rushing by, like a roll of thunder beneath the car of the aëronaut, reminding him that he is far above the clouds." — *Life of Watson*, p. 656.

that he was not far from the Hall, perplexed by the intricacy of country lanes, and finding it too dark to read the guide-posts, he wandered about some time before he saw a light, which, although it did not literally turn out to be one of those Will-'o-wisps for which the county was formerly so noted, was scarcely less misleading; for he could make little of the information of the woman at the cottage, beyond the self-evident fact that he was in the wrong road. After plunging some time longer through the dirt and darkness, he came up with a person whom he at once engaged to pilot him to the house. On rejoining the family circle, Montgomery was not more pleased than his hostess to find the adventure ended; for the latter had not only sent out two men in the direction of Spilsby, but the Hall bell had been rung, to guide the belated poet back to Raithby. This was his last visit to a spot, endeared by many pleasant recollections; and, as it happened, also his final interview with a venerable Christian lady, who was not only, like himself, "waiting the heavenly Bridegroom's call," but who, with the candour and delicacy of her sex, always turned towards our desponding poet the encouraging example of her steadfast faith and cheerful hope.

In the course of the first week after his return home he was exposed to a much more serious misadventure than taking the wrong turnpike. Coming down from his bedroom in the dark, a most unusual thing with him, he missed the first step, and fell headlong down a whole flight of stairs! Instantly conscious of the danger, he had the presence of mind to spread out his arms, and thus, in some degree to protect his head from contusion or worse. His face, however, was dreadfully bruised, though, happily, not much cut; and he was, of course, sadly shaken and unnerved for a time. When

Mr. Holland was leaving the room, after seeing the poet a few days after the accident, the latter called out, "Come back a minute, Mr. Holland. I will tell you of a very poetical sight; I shall never make use of it, but you may: there is, perhaps, no light more soft and delicate than that of the setting sun at the close of a clear mild autumnal day; but when, thus low and mellow, its rays fall upon an old pasture, the long spires of grass project very distinct shadows, and these, crossing one another, form a net-work of exceeding delicacy and beauty, which I have often noticed myself but never seen described." *Holland:* "I have sometimes witnessed a similar effect, but on a much larger scale, produced by the chimneys, when the adjacent hills have been steeped in, and the whole town of Sheffield suffused with a mellow summer sunset; the view of the whole panorama, thus seen from the Park hill-top, at a moment when the long shadows checquered the soft golden haze between a spectator and the West Moors, is sometimes indescribably picturesque and beautiful." On another occasion Mr. Holland staid in the room while a napkin was placed upon the sufferer, and a large sponge and bowl of warm water brought in; then, rising to go, said, "I will now make way for the doctor." *Montgomery:* "No, no; you need not move; for

"'Herein the patient *can* minister to himself.'"

Holland: "And this would be the time for you to make an experiment in the tonsorial art." *Montgomery:* "I shall never do that now: as I once before told you, Mr. Roberts long since made me a present of a pair of razors that were to shave of themselves, — with a little assistance from a better hand than mine! I believe one reason why I do not learn to perform that necessary office to myself, is the fear that I might some-

times be tempted to neglect it, which my barber now prevents me from doing."

December 23. Mr. Holland met Montgomery at dinner, with four other gentlemen, at the house of Mr. Jones, Broomgrove. A recent assize trial was mentioned, in which the eloquence and ingenuity of counsel for the prisoner had availed to persuade the jury to acquit, in an apparently flagrant case; this led to a discussion on the morality and tendency of the practice of barristers in criminal proceedings in the English courts of law. The Rev. S. D. Waddy very ably advocated the course usually pursued of advising a culprit to plead "not guilty;" arguing also that a professional prosecutor ought to do his best to obtain, and the counsel for defendant his best to resist, a conviction, apart from the real or apparent merits of the case. Montgomery concurred with Mr. Waddy in opinion that, on the whole, especially taking into account the general caution and independence of the judge, the irrespective relation of the jury, and especially the otherwise unprotected and often prejudiced position of the party at the bar, the modern course was probably the safest and best that could be adopted. The severity of some of our criminal punishments was only tolerated at all, in the confidence that no individual could be brought under their infliction without the fullest and fairest sifting of whatever charges might be preferred against him; so that in most of the serious cases involving strong *primâ facie* presumption of guilt, and in which a conviction has *not* been obtained, some material link in the chain of legal evidence was found to be either defective or altogether wanting. The late Sir Richard Phillips, the London publisher, was mentioned by one of the gentlemen present in connection with a business transaction of his own. *Mont-*

gomery: "He once outwitted me most completely; no great wonder, perhaps, considering who were parties to the transaction, which was this: — he had run up a heavy advertising account in my newspaper; and as I could not get money from him, I privately agreed with Longmans to take on my account a quantity of his publications, which they were then constantly selling; and then sent my order to Sir Richard, instructing him, to avoid, as I thought, exciting suspicion, to deliver the parcel to my address, at a wholesale house in the city. He did so; but when the books were sent for, it was found that the wily bibliopolist had obtained a written engagement from my agent that none of them should be sold in London! They were, therefore, forwarded to me in Sheffield, and ultimately disposed of at great loss; but I must confess I laughed when I found how cleverly I had been outmanœuvred. I had in early life a narrow, and I may say a happy escape, from a more intimate connexion with that once noted publisher. Soon after I came to Sheffield, more than half a century ago, he advertised for a person capable of such services as, in those days, I thought I could render; I answered; some letters passed between us; and but for the kind and judicious advice of Mr. Gales, I believe I should have formed an engagement with him. In that case, whatever had been my lot, it is not too much to say that the whole of my subsequent life, every thought, word, and action, would probably have been different from what they have been." *Holland:* "And how little likely is it that such alteration would have been for the better, at least in a moral point of view?" *Montgomery:* "The strong probability is, considering the waywardness of my own heart at that time, and the nature of the situation in which I should have been placed, that I should have been worse in every respect."

Just before the year closed Montgomery indulged his Christian wishes, if not his reasonable hopes, by signing, along with the clergy of Sheffield and other gentlemen, a memorial to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, praying that her Majesty's Government would effectually interpose to mitigate or remove the evils endured by the inhabitants of Tahiti from the usurped domination of the French authorities in that beautiful island.

The printers of America having resolved to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Dr. Franklin, by the celebration of a public festival on the anniversary of his birthday, January 16th, 1847, one of them wrote to Montgomery, soliciting some effusion of his pen for the occasion. "I have," said he, Dec. 29., "just sent a few lines which, as usual with me, have been delayed till they will be too late for their object; but after I had determined to do nothing, a train of thought occurred to me which I believe will be found to be developed in an original form." *Holland:* "I shall think so, if you have avoided the introduction of a topic which will be sure to present itself to every versifier on the occasion. You recollect Lord Byron's determination not to allude to the phœnix in his address for the opening of Drury Lane, when it was rebuilt after the fire?" *Montgomery:* "I see what you mean; but I should as soon think of omitting all reference to the theory of gravitation in a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, as I should think of eulogising the name of Franklin without mentioning his lightning conductors; but you shall see what I have written. I speak of Franklin as a printer, philosopher, and patriot. I suppose you will turn your nose up at the latter term; but you must recollect the lines are adapted for the meridian of New York." *Holland:*

"I have no quarrel with the memory of Franklin on account of his patriotism."

JAMES MONTGOMERY to the Committee for celebrating the Anniversary of the Birth-day of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, at Rochester, New York, in 1847.

"The Mount, near Sheffield, England, Dec. 29. 1846.

"Gentlemen,—Circumstances which I cannot here explain, have hitherto prevented me from acknowledging your circular application to persons on this side of the water — in reference to your proposed celebration of the birth-day of the illustrious FRANKLIN. Great infirmity, both of body and mind (neither of them ever strong), has so far brought down my spirit, and quelled my poetic fire, if I *once* had any, that I seldom meddle with verse, except in its humblest form — a Hymn or an occasional Sketch like the following. This, however, has cost me so much labour to make it brief and yet comprehensive, that I may fear you will be more disposed to commend my self-restraint, than congratulate me on my success. Such as they are (though probably too late for your patriotic purpose, even if approved), please to accept these few lines as a proof that my heart is with you, though my hand has been too slow to present it, with its best wishes for the fulfilment of your own most enlarged hopes for the future welfare of your country, and all its inhabitants, living and to be born between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. So long may the common bond of union, *the mother tongue of both*, be spoken in the *Fatherland of each*, and Britain and America, having one literature, perpetually interchanging benefits, remain to the end of time as distinct and as amicable as Day and Ngiht, which never encroach upon each other, but make the world beautiful and fertile for the abode of all the dwellers upon the face of it: under those two great lights, which the wise and beneficent Creator made in the firmament of heaven, and set them for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and

for years (Gen. i. 14 to 18.). 'And God saw that it was good.'

"I am very truly,

"Your friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P.S. I beg to state that since the year 1825, I have had no other connection with the *press* than as an author, occasionally appearing in prose or rhyme."

Dec. 31. *Montgomery:* "There is in this day's 'Iris' a little poem by a poor man of Dore Moor Side, Richard Furniss, the author of the 'Rag Bag' verses — which is of an exceedingly striking character, and, without reference to the circumstances of the author, contains passages of genuine poetry. Coleridge, you know, has a splendid ode 'On the Departing Year;' and I think you will agree with me, that 'The Old Year's Funeral,' by the humble mountain bard, is worthy of a comparison with it. I read it twice over with undiminished pleasure, and when did *you* pay that compliment to newspaper verses? I remember the poet waited upon me several years ago, to demonstrate to me that he had resolved the notable problem of the quadrature of the circle! As I could not at once detect the fallacy of his very elaborate scheme, I showed it to a mathematical friend, who instantly perceived and pointed out the erroneous datum which lay at the very foundation of this ingenious specimen of labour in vain; but do read his lines while they have a seasonal interest."

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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